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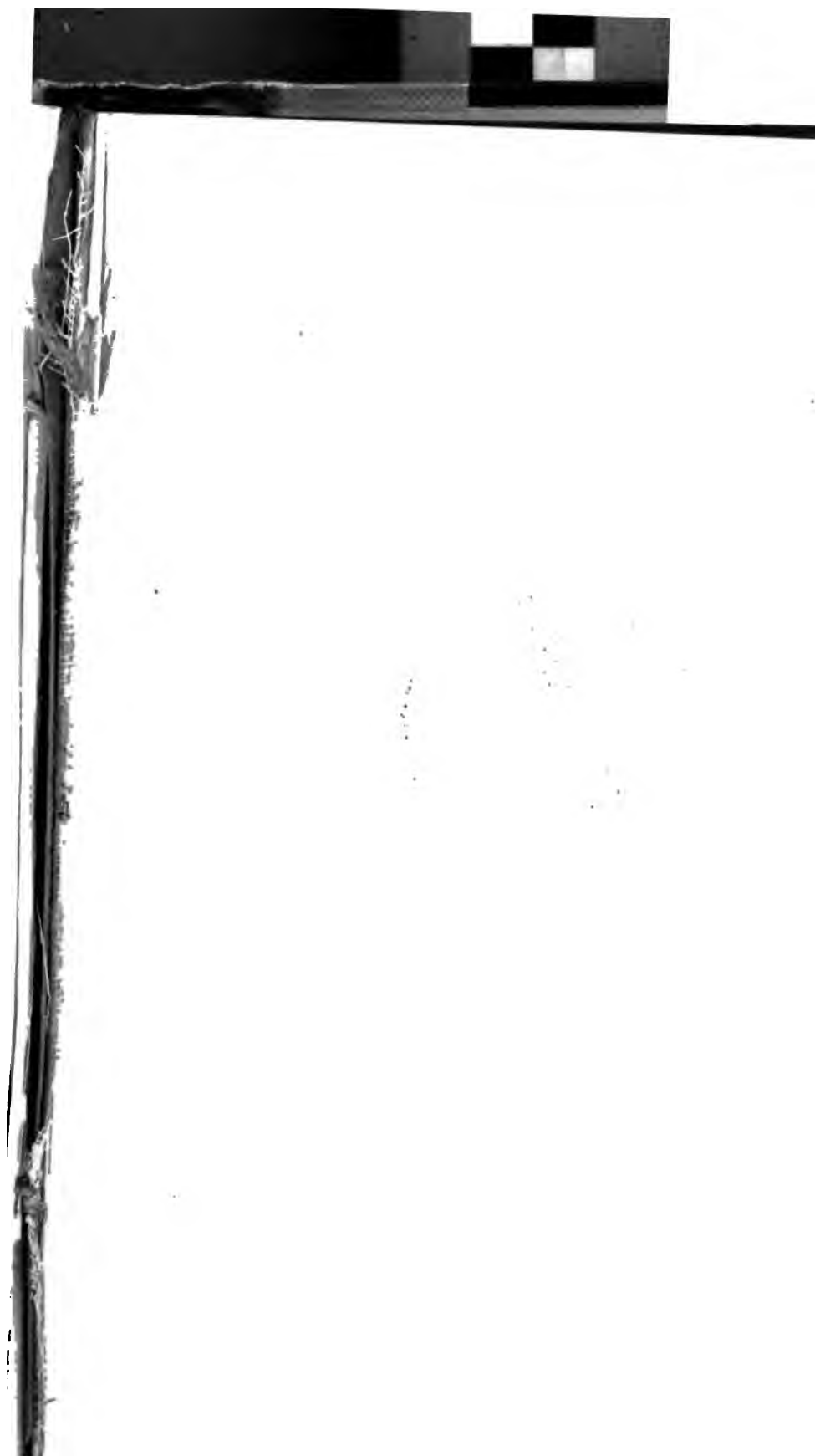
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THE LETTERS
OF
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD;
INCLUDING

NUMEROUS LETTERS NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY LORD MAHON.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

(LETTERS, POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.)

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CONTENTS OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS, POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

[The letters, either wholly new, or now first printed entire, are marked N.]

1751.

	PAGE
To Madame de Monconseil, Dec. 30.—Death of Lord Bolingbroke.	
Succession of mournings in England. Lady Hervey	1
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Dec. 31.—Indiscretion of Lord Lincoln (N.)	3

1752.

To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Jan. 14.—The <i>Gouvernante</i> in Holland. Conversation with the Duke of Newcastle (N.)	4
To the same, Feb. 7.—Mr. Mitchell sent to Berlin. The King's journey to Hanover (N.)	6
To Madame du Bocage, March 4.—Her intended poem on the discovery of America	7
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., March 17.—Chapter of the Garter. Lady Coventry and Duchess Hamilton. Election of the King of the Romans (N.)	9
To Madame de Monconseil, April 2.—Projects relative to his son .	12
To Mr. Sexton, April 8.—Advice for directing a paper manufactory. Example of a thread merchant at Rotterdam	13
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., April 17.—Lay-baptism. His son's travels in Germany (N.)	15
To Major Irwine, April 25.—Affairs of Ireland. Lady Blayney .	17
To Madame de Monconseil, May 7.—On the dissensions between the priests and the Parliament of Paris	19
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., May 19.—Fall from his horse in Hyde-Park. His increasing deafness. State of affairs in France (N.) . .	21
To Madame du Bocage, May 20.—On Voltaire's <i>Siècle de Louis XIV.</i>	23
To the Bishop of Waterford, May 22.—Ward's drop. Project of an asylum in Ireland for the French Protestant refugees . . .	25
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., June 30.—His own deafness. Cante ^l melons (N.)	

	PAGE
To Madame de Monconseil, June 30.—Present of porcelain. On <i>Gourmandise</i>	29
To Baron de Kreuningen, July 7.—Complaints of his deafness. Tacitus his favourite historian	81
To the Bishop of Waterford, July 14.—Condolences on the death of Mrs. Chenevix, the Bishop's wife	82
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., July 24.—Congratulations on the birth of his son. Nostrum of an Eyndhoven farmer for deafness (N.)	83
To Madame de Monconseil, Aug. 20.—On the dangerous illness of the Dauphin	84
To M. de Voltaire, Aug. 27.—Thanks for his gift of the <i>Siècle de Louis XIV.</i> Frederick II. of Prussia recommended as a worthy subject for his next history	86
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Sept. 15.—Advice on young Dayrolles's education. Projects for his own son's appointment as Envoy to Venice (N.)	88
To the same, Oct. 7.—Inquiries as to Mr. Stanhope at Brussels (N.)	41
To the same, Oct. 18.—The same subject pursued. The Duke of Newcastle. Lord and Lady Coventry (N.)	43
To the same, Oct. 25.—Views for his son (N.)	47
To the same, Oct. 30.—Untoward accident to his son at Brussels (N.)	49
To Madame de Monconseil, Nov. 11.—His son's visit for the third time to Paris	50
To Alderman Faulkner, Nov. 11.—Advice to undertake a <i>Typographia Hibernica</i> , and a collection of <i>Anas</i>	52
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 11.—Collection for the French Protestant refugees. The Bath waters	54
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Dec. 4.—His deafness not relieved. Dissensions in the Household of the Princess Dowager of Wales (N.)	56
To Madame de Monconseil, Dec. 18.—Lady Hervey's gout in both her hands. His son's little progress in the Graces	57
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 19.—Advice for retaining health of body and mind	59
To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, — —. A piece of pleasantry, soliciting a large pension on the ground of his deafness, and consequent inaptitude for business	60

1753.

To A. B—t, Esq., Feb. 10.—On the affairs of the late Lord Strathmore and his young family	63
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Feb. 16.—Negotiations at Brussels. Hopes of the <i>Residency</i> at Venice for his son	64
To the same, March 18.—Affairs of the House of Austria. Alarms at Hanover of the designs of the King of Prussia. Madame de Mirepoix (N.)	66

CONTENTS.

V

	PAGE
To the same, April 6.—Charge brought by Mr. Fawcett against the Solicitor-General and Mr. Stone (N.)	70
To Madame de Monconseil, May 3.—His son's deficiency in manners and politeness. <i>Bagatelle</i> and <i>Babiole</i> . Postscript by Mr. Stanhope	72
To Baron de Kreuningen, May 8.—Lord Bolingbroke's letter to Sir William Wyndham. Tragedy of the <i>Earl of Essex</i> . Jones the Poet. Trade to the East Indies (N.)	74
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., May 25.—Arrival of Count Bentinck. Sir James Gray at Naples (N.)	77
To the same, June 22.—The Jews Naturalization Bill. Popular clamour. The Marriage Bill. Breach between the Chancellor and Mr. Fox (N.)	78
To Madame de Monconseil, June 24.—Messrs. Francés and Buchelay, in London. Postscript by Mr. Stanhope	82
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Aug. 16.—The Bishop of Waterford in England. Miss Elizabeth Pitt. Refusal of the King to appoint Mr. Stanhope <i>Resident</i> at Venice (N.)	84
To Madame de Monconseil, Sept. 13.—His son to proceed again on his travels. The second Lord Bolingbroke	87
To Alderman Faulkner, Sept. 15.— <i>Sortes Virgilianæ</i> . Parallel between Atticus and Mr. Faulkner	89
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Sept. 21.—Marriage of Miss Harenc. Comte Cobentzel (N.)	91
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 10.—Complaints of his exclusion from social life. Course of reading recommended for the Misses Chenevix	92
To Madame de Monconseil, Nov. 12.—Wish for wings to fly over to <i>Babiole</i> . Abbé Sallier	94
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Nov. 16.—Meeting of Parliament. Approaching General Election. Sale of the borough of Stockbridge (N.)	97
To Major Irwine, Dec. 29.—Irish politics	99
To the Bishop of Clonfert, — —. Schemes for the improvement of the University of Dublin, and for encouraging foreign Protestants to settle in Ireland	101

1754.

To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Jan. 1.—Account of his own writings. Recall of the Duke of Dorset from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Arrival of Lord Kildare as Ambassador from the Opposition to the King (N.)	103
To the Bishop of Waterford, Feb. 7.—Account of his late illness	106
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., March 1.—Intended journey to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, for the benefit of his health	107

	PAGE
To Major Irwine, March 7.—Irritation in Ireland. Assault upon Mr. Faulkner	110
To his son, March 8.—Death of Mr. Pelham. Speculations on the Ministerial changes	112
To the same, March 15.—Severity of the season. Cabals which followed the death of Mr. Pelham. His own approaching journey	115
To the same, March 26.—Study of oratory. Mere set speeches and holyday eloquence of small value	120
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., April 2.—Commissions at Brussels. Changes in the Ministry (N.)	125
To his son, April 5.—Niceties of style not to be neglected. Plan of war recommended	127
To Madame de Monconseil, April 6.—Consolations of friendship during sickness	130
To Alderman Faulkner, April 18.—Assault upon the Alderman. The <i>Noctes Atticæ</i> of Ireland. Riot at the play-house	131
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., April 23.—Plans for his journey	134
To the same, June 4.—His life at Spa. Substitute for a pair of bellows (N.)	136
To the same, June 12.—Dullness of Spa. Increased by the arrival of Lord Drogheda (N.)	137
To the Bishop of Waterford, June 15.—Account of his health	138
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Aug. 1.—His return to Blackheath. Lord and Lady Cardigan	139
To the same, Sept. 25.—Himself "a deaf vegetable." Lord Huntington	140
To Madame de Monconseil, Oct. 2.—Complaints of his feeble and declining state	142
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Oct. 25.—On the heir of the C—— family (N.)	143
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 14.—His journey to Bath	144
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Dec. 17.—Lottery tickets at Brussels. Ministerial movements (N.)	146
To Baron de Kreuningen, Dec. 27.—Packet of books. Dread of surviving his mental faculties (N.)	147

1755.

To Madame de Monconseil, Jan. 10.—The Abbé de St. Julien's nostrum against deafness	149
To the Bishop of Waterford, Jan. 29.—Lord Limerick's Bill. Form of oath of allegiance recommended for the Roman Catholic priests. Advice that all penalties of death in these Acts be altered to imprisonment	150

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Feb. 4.—Deaf men and dead men differ very little. Great naval armament preparing. <i>Bon mot</i> of the Comte d'Estaing. State of politics (N.)	153
To the Editor of the London Evening Post, — —. Character of Montesquieu for insertion	156
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 12.—Philosophy learned only by experience. Lord Hartington the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Prospects of war	157
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., May 2.—What can a deaf hermit write? Journey of the King to Hanover. Earl Poulett's motion, and Lord Chesterfield's speech upon it	159
To M. de Bougainville, June —. On his election as a Member of the <i>Académie des Inscriptions</i> at Paris	161
To the Bishop of Waterford, June 26.—His thoughts in illness. Hopes should predominate over fears on consideration of the Divine Mercy	163
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., July 10.—Further increase of his deafness. Situation of public affairs. Clamour at the inaction of the government (N.)	166
To the Members of the <i>Académie des Inscriptions</i> , Aug. — His thanks for his election. General view of literature	169
To S. Dayrolles, Aug. 15.—Rumours of war. Taking of the <i>Alcide</i> and the <i>Lys</i>	171
To Madame de Monconseil, Aug. 21.—Congratulations on the birth of her grand-child. Approaching war between France and England.	174
To the Bishop of Waterford, Aug. 30.—Doctor Seed's sermons. Irish affairs	175
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Sept. 12.—Speculations on the designs of France. Melons from the ancient Mesopotamia (N.)	177
To the same, Oct. 4.—Hopes of Peace. Prospects for the next Session (N.)	180
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 8.—General views of the policy to be pursued in Ireland	182
To his son, Nov. 17.—Mr. Stanhope's first speech in Parliament. Encouragement to persevere	184
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 15.—Sheridan's book <i>British Education</i> . Newly-raised regiments	186
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Dec. 19.—The House of Commons. Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend against Mr. Fox and Hume Campbell. Debate in the Lords on the Russian and Hessian Subsidiary Treaties (N.)	188
To Madame de Monconseil, Dec. 25.—Anxiety for other's health produced by one's own sickness	191

1756.

	PAGE
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Jan. 23.—Declarations of war daily expected. Our "immense National debt." The <i>barrière</i> for the Dutch in Flanders (N.)	192
To the same, Feb. 8.—Sir Charles Hotham at Brussels	194
To the same, April 5.—His own declining health	195
To the same, April 30.—Advising Mr. Dayrolles not to apply for leave of absence	196
To the same, June 17.—Loss of Minorca. Apprehensions of a secret treaty between France and Austria. Distracted state of the ad- ministration at home (N.)	198
To the same, June 27.—Advice in the education of Mr. Dayrolles's Children. State of public affairs	198
To the Bishop of Waterford, July 15.—His own unhappy state	200
To Lieutenant Jevers, Aug. 9.—Lord Chesterfield could as soon pro- cure him a Bishoprick as a company of foot	201
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Sept. 16.—Commencement of the Seven Years' War. Political predictions	202
To the same, Oct. 5.—On his having obtained for his son the Resi- dency at Hamburgh. Competition with Mr. Dayrolles's views for himself (N.)	204
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 11.—His mode of life at Black- heath	205
To Sir T. Robinson, Oct. 13.—"Inevitable ruin" of the country. His sensations of it blunted by his long illness	206
To his son, Nov. 15.—Treaty between the two Emperesses in 1746. Surprising changes at Court	207
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 21.—Bulletin of his health	209
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Nov. 26.—Resignation of the Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Fox (N.)	210
To his son, Dec. 14.—His mode of life at Bath. Long conversation with Mr. Fox	212

1757.

To his son, Jan. 12.—Perilous situation of the King of Prussia in war. And of Mr. Pitt in politics	214
To Sir T. Robinson, Jan. 15.—Attempt at assassination of Damiens. Vindication of Archibald Bower	216
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Feb. 28.—Reprieve of Admiral Byng. Specu- lations on the coming campaign. Death of Fontenelle (N.)	218
To Major Irwine, March 15.—Installation of Knights of the Garter at Windsor	220
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., April 26.—Dismissal of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge from office. Confusion and uncertainty of public affairs (N.)	221

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
To the same, July 4.—Formation of a new administration. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt combine (N.)	223
To the same, Aug. 15.—Advice on Mr. Dayrolles's affairs	226
To the Bishop of Waterford, Sept. 8.—His own "state of vegetation"	227
To his son, Sept. 17.— <i>Début</i> of Mr. Stanhope at Hamburgh. Secret expedition supposed to be against Brest	228
To the same, Sept. 23.—Convention of Closter-Seven. Probable ruin of the King of Prussia. Lord Loudon's <i>retraite des dix milles</i>	231
To the same, Sept. 30.—The King of Prussia's victories. Views for the West Indies. Negotiation with the Corsican insurgents	234
To the same, Oct. 10.—Account of the expedition against Rochefort	238
To the same, Oct. 17.—Resignation of the Duke of Cumberland. Advice to Mr. Stanhope what to say upon it	240
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Oct. 24.—Views of an appointment for his friend (N.)	243
To his son, Oct. 26.—Mission of M. de Münchhausen to Stade. Popular clamour against General Mordaunt. Russian affairs	243
To the same, Nov. 4.—Brave conduct of Colonel Wolfe at Rochefort. Speculations on the meeting of Parliament. Hopes of peace	246
To Sir T. Robinson, Nov. 17.—General Mordaunt's affairs. The King of Prussia's victory at Rossbach	250
To his son, Nov. 20.—Affairs of the King of Prussia. Report on General Mordaunt. The Birthday	252
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 22.—His pleasure in reading. Lord Clanbrassil's Bill. Advice to relax extremely the laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland	255
To his son, Nov. 26.—Scheme for opening a separate negotiation with Russia	258
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Dec. 10.—Mission of Mr. Keith to Petersburg. Affairs of Denmark. Retirement of the Duke of Cumberland at Windsor. The Duke of Bedford in Ireland (N.)	261
To the same, Christmas-day.—Battle of Leuthen. The House of Lords	265
To the same, Dec. 29.—Prospects of the Belligerent powers (N.)	266
To his son, Dec. 31.—Negotiations in the North. Monsieur Hecht	268

1758.

To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Jan. 7.—How to urge his application to the Duke of Newcastle (N.)	271
To the Duke of Newcastle, Jan. 7.—Recommending Mr. Dayrolles for an appointment (N.)	272
To his son, Feb. 8.— <i>Point d'argent, point de Russe</i> . Unanimity in Parliament. Anecdote of an apothecary at Twickenham	273

	PAGE
To the same, Feb. 24.—Death of Mr. Burrish. Reflections on the war	276
To the same, March 4.—Frenzy of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams .	278
To the same, March 22.—Sir Charles Williams still in confinement. General Yorke	280
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 28.—Lord Clanbrassil's Bill .	282
To the same, April 14.—Dr. Brown's estimate of the manners of the times	283
To his son, April 25.—Mr. Pitt's ascendancy in the House of Commons. Baron Kniphausen. Intrigues at Petersburg	284
To Earl Stanhope, May 18.—Sends his proxy on the Habeas Corpus Extension Bill. Reflections on that measure	286
To his son, May 18.—Siege of Olmütz. Expedition preparing in the Isle of Wight. Domestic affairs	288
To the Bishop of Waterford, May 23.—Swift's history of the four last years of Queen Anne. The Parliamentary Undertakers in Ireland	291
To his son, May 30.—Her Royal Highness of Cassel. Dilatory conduct of the Russians. Sir Andrew Mitchell	294
To the Bishop of Waterford, June 2.—Cloth and <i>Usquebaugh</i> . .	296
To his son, June 18.—Expedition against St. Malo. Good news from Africa, Asia, and America	297
To the same, June 27.—Books for Princess Amelia of Prussia. The expedition on the coasts of France. Prorogation of Parliament .	299
To the same, June 30.—Rhenish of 1665. Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crefeld	302
To the same, July 18.—Troops sent to Germany. Negotiation between Lord and Lady Rochford	303
To the same, Aug. 1.—Raising of the siege of Olmütz. Three months of incessant rain in England	305
To the Bishop of Waterford, Aug. 29.—Resignation in illness .	306
To his son, Aug. 29.—Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c.	307
To the same, Sept. 5.— <i>Senatus Consultum</i> at Hamburgh for the delivery of wine. Defeat of the Russians at Zorndorf	308
To the same, Sept. 8.—The King of Prussia greater than any ancient or modern hero	310
To the same, Sept. 22.—Second attempt upon St. Malo. The Cassel Court at Bremen	311
To the same, Sept. 26.—Advice to Mr. Stanhope as to leave of absence	313
To the same, Oct. 18.—Lord Titchfield. Present of wine . . .	315
To the same, Oct. 28.—Chalybeate waters. Battles of Lutterberg and Hochkirchen	316
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 8.—The University of Dublin .	318
To his son, Nov. 21.—The Garter for Prince Ferdinand. Disputes in England about Continent and No Continent	319



CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
To the same, Dec. 15.—Candidates for the Garter in England. The estimates for the year twelve millions sterling: "a most incredible sum"	820

1759.

To his son, Jan. 1.—Sir Clement Cotterel and the late Prince of Orange. Mr. Grevenkop on tiptoe. Poems of Cardinal Bernis	822
To Alderman Faulkner, Jan. 16.—Dr. Lawson's Lectures on Oratory	824
To his son, Feb. 2.—Quiet and silence of the Session. The Duchess of Hamilton refuses the Duke of Bridgewater and marries Colonel Campbell	825
To the Bishop of Waterford, Feb. 20.—His own ill-health. Condolences on the death of Colonel Chenevix	827
To his son, Feb. 27.—Unanimity in Parliament under Mr. Pitt. The <i>Country Lass</i> by Soame Jenyns	828
To the same, March 16.—The next campaign of Prince Ferdinand. Study of Spanish recommended	830
To the same, March 30.—Leave of absence for Mr. Stanhope refused by the King. Mr. Harte's history of Gustavus Adolphus	832
To the same, April 16.—Gloomy prospects of the war in Germany. Robertson's history of Mary Queen of Scots. The Pyrmont waters	834
To the same, April 27.—Prospect of seeing him before the close of the year	836
To the same, May 16.—His own milk diet and consequent improvement in health. Threatened invasion from France	839
To the Bishop of Waterford, June 13.—His white <i>Amalthæa</i>	841
To his son, June 15.—Good news from Guadeloupe	842
To the same, June 25.—The Maréchal de Richelieu's rapacity in Hanover. Guadeloupe and Canada	843
To A. C. Stanhope, Esq., Sept. 28.—To announce the marriage of his brother Sir William Stanhope	845
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 9.—Comparison between himself and the primitive Anchorites of the Thebais	847

1760.

To the Bishop of Waterford, Jan. 22.—His dangerous illness	848
To Alderman Faulkner, Feb. 7.—Troubles in Ireland. New edition of Swift	849
To the Bishop of Waterford, April 29.—Voltaire's paraphrase of the Ecclesiastes	851
To the same, Aug. 28.— <i>Scribere est agere</i> . Melon-seed	853
To the same, Dec. 16.—Portrait of Lord Scarborough. Contested elections in Ireland	854

1761.

	PAGE
To his son, Feb. 26.—Election for the borough of St. Germaina	356
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 19.—Lord Halifax appointed Lord-Lieutenant. His own retirement from politics	357
To the same, June 9.—Character of Lord Halifax	359
To the same, Sept. 12.—His own growing disinclination to write. The Bishop of Ossory. The new Queen	360
To the same, Oct. 31.—His "three favourite points" in the govern- ment of Ireland	361
To his son, Nov. 21.—The Queen's jointure. Lord Wilmington and Queen Caroline. Company at Bath	363
To the same, Dec. 6.—Life at Bath. Dismal state of Mr. Harte	364

1762.

To Alderman Faulkner, July 1.—Mr. Faulkner taken off by Foote in his farce <i>The Orators</i> . <i>Agere est agere</i> ; a maxim held by great legal authorities	365
To the Bishop of Waterford, July 8.—His "vegetation" at Black- heath	367
To Colonel Irwine, Aug. —. Mr. Hutchinson. Jacky Barnard	368
To the Bishop of Waterford, Sept. 4.—Resignation in suffering. Piece of raw silk	369
To the same, Oct. 7.—How Montesquieu bore blindness. Expulsion of the Jesuits from France	370
To his son, Nov. 2.—Reports in London occasioned by the resigna- tion of the Duke of Devonshire	371
To the same, Nov. 13.—Remarks on the Preliminaries of Peace with France	372
To the same, Nov. 27.—The King's speech on opening the Session. Terms of the Peace	374
To the same, Dec. 4.—Further remarks on the Preliminaries	376
To Madame de Monconseil, Dec. 7.—Congratulations on the return of peace. Popularity of the Duke de Nivernois as French Am- bassador in England	376
To his son, Dec. 13.—Debate on the Preliminaries. Mr. Pitt. Charles Townshend	378

1763.

To Alderman Faulkner, Jan. 4.—Verdict against Foote for <i>The Orators</i>	379
To the Bishop of Waterford, Jan. 6.—New Year's wishes	381
To Madame de Monconseil, Feb. 14.—The Abbé de Voisenon. The Duke de Nivernois	382

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
To S. Dayrolles, Esq., June 10.—Congratulations on his first fit of the gout	383
To Madame de Monconseil, June 10.—Prince Ozartorinski. Madame de Boufflers	384
To his son, June 14.—Mr. Stanhope's visit to the Hague and to Hanau	385
To the same, July 14.—Advice on points of etiquette at Ratisbon .	385
To the same, Aug. 1.—Title of Excellency. Attack of stone or gravel	386
To E. Jerningham, Esq., Aug. 12.—Thanks for a piece of poetry in his praise	387
To his son, Aug. 22.—Death of Lord Egremont. The Ratisbon ceremonial	390
To the same, Sept. 1.—Three conferences between the King and Mr. Pitt. That negotiation already at an end	391
To the same, Sept. 30.—Lord Halifax appointed to the Southern Province. Charles Townshend. Separation between Sir William and Lady Stanhope	393
To the same, Oct. 17.—Mr. Stanhope's visit to Paris. Lord Hertford. New works by Voltaire	394
To the same, Nov. 24.—Pope Lambertini. Mr. Wilkes	396
To the same, Dec. 3.—Accusation of Wilkes by Lord Sandwich. Lord Craven's papers on the <i>bellum tricennale</i>	397
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 5.—Frauds in the public charities of Ireland	399
To his son, Dec. 18.—Sameness in the life at Bath. Mr. Harte's poems	400
To the same, Dec. 24.—Refusal to interfere in any party contests .	402
To the same, Dec. 31.—Gout and rheumatism distinguished. Voluntary exile of Wilkes	403

1764.

To the Bishop of Waterford, March 17.—Excuses for not having answered his last letters	404
To Madame de Monconseil, April 23.—His deafness incurable. Appointment of his son as Envoy to Dresden	405
To the same, June 5.—The name of <i>Babiole</i> for his villa altered to <i>la petite Chartreuse</i>	406
To his son, July 20.—Death and will of Lord Bath. Baron Bielefeld's Letters	407
To the same, July 27.—High prices at Dresden. "Rage of marrying" in London	409
To the same, Sept. 3.—Comte Flemming and the Saxon finances. Mr. Harte's work on agriculture	411

	PAGE
To the same, Sept. 14.—State of politics. Character of the Empress of Russia	412
To A. C. Stanhope, Esq., Sept. 29.—Account of the progress in education of his godson and heir	414
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 1.—New version of <i>rude donatus</i> ; given to be rude	415
To his son, Oct. 4.—Our tameness and forbearance to France and Spain. <i>Contes de Guillaume Vadé</i>	416
To the same, Oct. 19.—Proposal from Lord Halifax relative to the borough of St. Germain's	419
To the same, Nov. 10.—On his son's illness	420

1765.

To his son, Feb. 26.—Diplomatic disputes at Dresden. Count Brühl	421
To the same, April 22.—Affair of M. de Guerchy and M. d'Eon. Death of Mallet	422
To the same, July 2.—Ministerial crisis. Character of the Queen	425
To the same, July 15.—Formation of the Rockingham administration	427
To the same, Aug. 17.—Political speculations	429
To the same, Aug. 25.—Formidable opposition to the new Government. Lord Townshend and his brother Charles	430
To the same, — —. Paper-war of pamphleteers. Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston	431
To the Bishop of Waterford, Sept. 25.—Lord Hertford, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	433
To A. C. Stanhope, Esq., Oct. 12.—In answer to an application for his advice, Mr. A. Stanhope having thoughts of a third marriage	435
To his son, Oct. 25.—State of parties. The late Ministers and the new	437
To the same, Nov. 28.—Illness of Mr. Pitt. Congress of the <i>ex-Ministers</i> at Bath	438
To Sir T. Robinson, Dec. 3.—Monastic Retreat in Ranelagh Garden	440
To his son, Dec. 27.—The Stamp Duty in America. Separation of Lord and Lady Warwick, and of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke	441

1766.

To the Bishop of Waterford, Jan. 26.—Dr. Lucas. The pretended prophets in Moorfields under Queen Anne	443
To his son, Feb. 11.—Precarious state of the Ministry. Ill effects of the Stamp Act in the Colonies	444
To the same, March 17.—Change of Ministry reported. Repeal of the Stamp Act carried	446
To the Bishop of Waterford, May 17.—His declining health. He rather glides than tumbles down hill	448

CONTENTS.

XV

	PAGE
To Alderman Faulkner, May 22.—Study of Celtic. Septennial Bill in Ireland. Foote's loss of a leg	449
To his son, June 13.—Dislocation of the Ministry. Reasons of the Duke of Grafton for resigning the Seals.	451
To the same, July 11.—Approaching interview between the King of Prussia and the Emperor. The Abbé de St. Pierre. A change imminent in the administration	453
To the same, Aug. 1.—New Ministry formed by Mr. Pitt, now created Earl of Chatham	455
To Alderman Faulkner, Aug. 13.—Invitation to Blackheath	457
To his son, Aug. 14.—Breach between Lord Temple and Lord Chatham. Loss of popularity incurred by the title of the latter	457
To the same, Sept. 12.—Political changes, and speculations upon them	459
To the same, Sept. 20.—Climate of the south of France	460
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 10.—His own many physical ills	461
To his son, Oct. 29.—Journey to Bath. Ill terms between Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend	462
To the Countess of Suffolk, Nov. 6.—Humorous account of himself, written in the name of his footman	464
To the same, Nov. —. The same pleasantry pursued	465
To his son, Nov. 15.—Advice as to health	467
To Dr. Monsey, Nov. 26.—The Goddess Venus or <i>Vana</i> (Lady Vane) at Bath	469
To his son, Dec. 9.—Fruitless negotiation between Lord Chatham and the Duke of Bedford	470

1767.

To S. Derrick, Esq., Feb. 6.—Cabals at Bath against the authority of the Master of the Ceremonies	472
To his son, Feb. 13.—State of politics. Fashionable marriages	473
To the same, March 3.—Illness of Lord Chatham. Victory of the Opposition in the House of Commons by taking off one shilling in the pound of the Land-tax	475
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 12.—Third marriage of Mr. Stanhope of Mansfield. Lord Chesterfield adopts his godson and next kinsman for his heir	476
To S. Derrick, Esq., March 17.—Triumph of the Master of the Ceremonies at Bath over his opponents	478
To his son, April 6.—Unaccountable state of Lord Chatham	479
To the same, May 5.—The Polish Dissidents. Expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain	480
To the same, June 1.—A Mosaic ministry. Marriage of Count Brühl to Lady Egremont	481
To the same, July 2.—Ministerial affairs	483

	PAGE
To Alderman Faulkner, July 7.—New edition of Swift's Works	484
To his son, July 9.—The French <i>Refugiés</i> . Relapse of Lord Chatham. Death of Comte Flemming	485
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 16.—Thanks for his visit	487
To his son, Oct. 30.—Supposed cabals of Lord Bute. Lord Chatham at Burton Pynsent. Death of General Pulteney	488
To his son, Nov. 3.—Medical advice	489
To Sir T. Robinson, Nov. 30.—Names more important than things to popular apprehension. A General Excise	490
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 5.—Account of himself	491
To his son, Dec. 19.—Lord Chatham become invisible. All business left undone	493
To Doctor Monsey, Dec. 23.—Account of himself	495
To his son, Dec. 27.—Outlines of a new Ministry	496

1768.

To the Bishop of Waterford, March 2.—Octennial Bill in Ireland. Approaching General Election	497
To his son, March 12.—Mr. Stanhope's journey to the South of France. His seat in Parliament	498
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 29.—Riots and tumults at the General Election	500
To his son, April 12.—Mr. Keith at Dresden. Frenzy of contested elections in England	501
To Madame de Monconseil, June 14.—Later works of Voltaire. Their impiety censured. General Irwine	502
To the Bishop of Waterford, June 25.—His own continual <i>malaise</i>	503
To his son, Oct. 17.—Dangerous (and as it proved fatal) illness of Mr. Stanhope in the south of France	505
To the Bishop of Waterford, Oct. 30.—Go-cart at Blackheath. Character of Lord Mountmorris	506
To General Irwine, Nov. 21.—The Duke de Richelieu. Views of the French on Corsica and our incapacity to prevent them. Sir Jeffrey Amherst. Death and character of the Duke of Newcastle (N.)	507
To the same, Nov. 27.—General Conway's motion on Corsica. Rising dissensions with the North American Colonies. Verses by the Chevalier de Boufflers (N.)	509

1769.

To Mrs. E. Stanhope, March 16.—His son's secret marriage now first discovered	511
To Alderman Faulkner, March 25.—His bust for the Dublin Society. Habit of hard drinking in Ireland	512
To Mrs. E. Stanhope, — —. Arrangements for her sons	514
To the same, — —. Her sons to be equipped for school	514

CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
To the Bishop of Waterford, July 9.—Inflammation in his eyes.	
Laws affecting the Irish Roman Catholics	515
To General Irwine, Aug. 6.—Reconciliation between Lord Chatham and his two brothers-in-law. Saying of Lord Halifax to Charles the Second	516
To Mrs. E. Stanhope, Oct. 11.—Crawling about on his <i>three</i> legs.	
The Sphynx's riddle	518
To the same, Oct. 28.—Further account of his health	519
To the same, Nov. 5.—Usual conduct of widows. Charles and Philip Stanhope	519
To the Bishop of Waterford, Nov. 21.—The Archbishop of Cashel at Bath. Vicissitudes of Irish politicians	521

1770.

To Alderman Faulkner, Jan. 2.—The Dublin Society. Schemes for a national Militia in Ireland	522
To the Bishop of Waterford, March 11.—Excuses for his irregularity in correspondence. Complaints of old age. Infectious distemper that month in the house of Stanhope	523
To the same, June 14.—His exercise taken by several snatches.	
Irish linen	525
To the same, Aug. 15.—Clothing the naked	526
To the Earl of Arran, Oct. 22.—Visit of Lord and Lady Sudley to Geneva. The Countess Stanhope. Administration of Ireland during the rebellion of 1745	527
To Mrs. E. Stanhope, Oct. 9.—Visit to Bath. Pine plants . . .	529
To the same, Nov. 4.—The plague busy in some parts of Europe.	
His own health	530

1771.

To Alderman Faulkner, March 11.—Disturbed state of Ireland . .	530
To the Bishop of Waterford, Aug. 12.—His trembling hand. He can scarcely hold a pen. Journey of Mr. Chenevix to Nice . . .	531
To Mrs. E. Stanhope, Oct. 27.—His arrival at Bath	532
To Charles and Philip Stanhope, Oct. 27.—Their life at school . .	533
To the Bishop of Waterford, Dec. 19.—Condolences on the death of Mr. Chenevix	533

1772.

To S. Dayrolles, Esq., Sept. 10.—His desire to open a confidential correspondence with M. d'Eyverdun, the travelling governor to his godson and heir (N.)	534
To the same, Sept. 17.—Addition to his former letter	535
To the same, Sept. 24.—Thanks for his letter to M. d'Eyverdun.	
His own diarrhœa. Intended removal to London; "the best place for sick people or well people" (N.)	536

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS, POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 263.)

à Londres, ce 30 Decembre, V. S. 1751.

JE ne veux donc plus être le Roi des deux Siciles, puisque, si vous étiez Pape, vous n'en seriez pas contente, et j'aime mieux relever de vous comme serf par des hommages plus fréquens. Je les souhaiterois seulement plus dignes de vous être présentés.

N'êtes-vous pas bien touchée, mais je suis sûr que vous l'êtes, de la misérable mort de notre ami Bolingbroke? * Le remède a avancé sa mort, contre laquelle il n'y avoit point de remède, car son cancer n'étoit point ce qu'on appelle topique, mais universel, et tout son sang en étoit infecté incurablement. Ce que je regrette le plus, c'est que le remède lui a causé des douleurs cruelles; mal que je crains bien plus, pour mes amis et pour moi-même, que la mort. Je perds un ami chaud, aimable, et instructif; je l'avois vu quinze jours avant sa mort, quand il comptoit, comme je faisois aussi, sur sa guérison, et il me pria de ne plus revenir jusqu'à ce qu'elle fut complète, à quoi il s'attendoit en dix ou douze jours. Le lendemain, les

* Lord Bolingbroke died December 15, 1751.

grandes douleurs commencèrent, et ne le quittèrent que deux jours avant sa mort, pendant lesquels il resta insensible. Quel homme ! Quelle étendue de connoissances ! Quelle mémoire ! Quelle éloquence ! Ses passions, qui étoient fortes, faisoient tort à la délicatesse de ses sentimens, on les confondoit, et souvent exprès : on lui rendra plus de justice à présent, qu'on ne lui en a rendu de son vivant.

J'espère que la parfaite convalescence de Madame votre mère aura contribué à vous consoler de la perte d'un ami, qui vous aimoit, et qui vous honoroit.

Il n'est question chez vous actuellement que de fêtes, jeux, feux d'artifices, enfin

" Ce ne sont que festons, ce ne sont qu'astragales," *

au lieu que chez nous, les deuils se succèdent, et depuis neuf mois tout est noir.† Le Duc de Mirepoix, qui devoit nous égayer un peu, par sa fête, l'a laissé tomber. On en donne mille raisons, et pas une bonne ; en tout cas, il en est bien-aise, et je ne m'en étonne point. Pour moi, je ne suis plus dans le cas d'en être fâché ; les foules et les plaisirs bruyans n'étant plus de mon ressort.

Votre élève me jure qu'il fréquente les bonnes compagnies, et qu'il tâche de se former, et qu'on lui dit même qu'il a de meilleures manières, et meilleur air qu'il n'avoit : cela est-il bien vrai, Madame ? Il vous cite même pour une de ses prôneuses, ce que je comprends bien, sans qu'il le mérite ; l'esprit étant en amitié, aussi bien qu'en amour, souvent la dupe du cœur.

* A line from Scudery, quoted in ridicule by Boileau.

† Since the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, March 20, 1751.

Nous regardons Milady Hervey comme expatriée, et naturalisée Française. Je la regrette sans l'en blâmer; j'en connois d'autres qui en feroient autant, s'il en étoient les maîtres, et qui alors ne vous écriroient plus, mais qui vous diroient en personne ce que vous m'avez défendu de vous dire par écrit.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

London, December 31, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LORD LINCOLN* should have been either sure that he understood your letter right, or more cautious in showing it, for I can assure you that they all took it *au pied de la lettre*. You did no harm in acquainting him that I had wrote to you upon that subject, for I had told them that I would. I will when they return to town (for they are now all in the country) abuse them for not distinguishing jest from earnest, and so the whole thing will be over. But by the way, in your situation, you ought to have a constant letter of attorney in the hands of somebody you can trust here. For there are occasions in which a Minister abroad may be obliged to draw on a sudden for a sum of money.

Nothing so still and quiet as London at this moment; no Parliament, no Ministers in town. One only hears of whist, a Merry Christmas, and Many happy New Years! These usual compliments I make

* Henry Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, succeeded in 1768 as first Duke of Newcastle of his family.

to you and Mrs. Dayrolles, but not as they are usually made, but with great truth.

I am sorry that Chais has spun out your letter to such a length; for those sort of things which can contain nothing new, should at least have the advantage of brevity. But parsons and lawyers cannot be short.

Your most faithfully.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, January 14, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YESTERDAY I received yours of the 21st, N. S. You have done very wisely in leaving the Hague, and presenting your memorial without further order; for had you waited here for the return of it revised, corrected, and amended by his Grace, you would have seen not only the funeral of the late, but the majority of the present, Stadtholder; two objects that appear very difficult to be settled. If the *Gouvernante* be not both in earnest and in haste to have a proper provision made for the probable case of her death, she must be mad. Her son's life possibly may, but his power certainly will, depend upon that previous care. The *quomodo* will not be so difficult there as it was here, there being no uncles in the question.*

By all that I have heard of the character of the Prince of Brunswick,† I should wish him to be the

* An allusion to the Duke of Cumberland and the recent Bill of Regency.

† Prince Louis of Brunswick.



1

[illegible]

I know of no other persons connected with these
 matters & ~~therefore~~ ^{therefore} I am not sure
 you will have any of them in the future
 being Yours truly,
John H. Johnson

I am very much the humble servant of Madame Dayrolles and company; I hope they are well. Observe, I do not say both, as they may possibly be more than two.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, February 7, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LAST post brought me your notification of your establishment at Brussels: *quod felix faustumque sit!* You begin well at least. You are soon to have a colleague there, not as Minister, but as Commissary for the *barrière* and the *tarif*. It was first offered to Tom Page at Chichester, whom I suppose you know; but he refused it: now I believe it will be Mr. Mitchell,* a Scotch Member of Parliament, who, I dare answer for him, will not refuse it. The Scotch, though not too proud to ask, are too civil to refuse. *D'ailleurs* he is a sensible good sort of man, and easy to live with.

Though Madame Dayrolles has a very good natural colour, yet, living with people so highly coloured, if I were she, I would allow myself an ounce of red to their pound, which I think would be a fair composition. As for her *fabrique* of children, which she chuses to make at various *reprises*, and piece by piece, rather than glut the market at once, I subscribe to her decision and think her extremely in the right.

All business, or expectation of business, is over in

* Afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell, Knight of the Bath, and during many years Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Berlin.

Parliament, which sits now only for details, such as Turnpike Bills, Poor Bills, &c., and will certainly rise the first week in April at farthest, when his Majesty proposes going to Hanover, to settle the tranquillity of the North. I am called away suddenly: *bon jour, donc.*

A MADAME DU BOCCAGE.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 379.)

à Londres, ce 4 Mars, V. S. 1752.

VOTRE entreprise est brillante, Madame, digne de vous, et nullement au dessus de vos forces, j'en atteste les mânes de Milton, qui ne me désavoueroient point. La seule chose qui m'en déplaît est le tems que vous y destinez, suelement toute votre vie, de sort qu'on ne lira votre poëme qu'en regrettant qu'il est fini. Au reste, les loix de l'épopée, selon Aristote, n'exigent point la mort de l'auteur. Pour moi je ne le verrai donc jamais, puisque vous devez naturellement me survivre un grand nombre d'années. J'ai cinquante-sept ans; et selon le compte de David, il ne m'en reste au plus que vingt-trois à vivre. Fixez donc, je vous prie, un terme plus court à vos travaux épiques, et faites-le moi savoir au juste; j'aurai soin de ma santé à proportion.

Je voudrois bien, Madame, lire votre *Découverte du nouveau Monde*,* avant que d'aller faire la mienne. J'ai cherché selon vos ordres les livres, qui pouvoient avoir quelque relation à votre sujet, et je n'en ai trouvé que deux, que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer. L'un est une tragédie de Dryden, intitulée, *La Con-*

* The *Columbiad*, by Madame Du Boccage.

tout en l'Amour pleine de belles choses mêlées avec
 quelque chose de triste : il ne vous sera pourtant pas
 sans intérêt. Il représente vivement les idées
 et le sentiment généralement à ces bons sauvages
Amérindiens qui venoient pour les
Amérindiens à leur saint. L'autre est un
Amérindiens Amérindiens que j'ai trouvé
 par Monsieur Lacroix qui vous en fait cadeau. C'est
 à l'Amérindiens le Amérindiens et nommément du Bré-
 sil par Vespasius Americus en quarante chants.
Amérindiens se borne au Brésil, il vous laisse place de
Amérindiens à l'Amérique, et je suis persuadé que vous ne
 l'oublierez pas : c'est une allégorie à perte de vue.
 Le Brésil est le Christ : Vespasius c'est le Chrétien qui
 parvient malgré bien des travaux et des souf-
 frances, le tout enveloppé d'un Phœbus digne de de-là
 les monts. Mais sans une entreprise telle que la
 vôtre, il est bon de voir ce qui peut y avoir le moindre
 rapport, tant pour éviter que pour imiter.

Il m'a aussi l'honneur de vous envoyer notre *Cénie* Anglaise, qui a pris le nom d'*Eugénie*. Les honnêtes gens l'ont goûtée, mais le parterre et les galeries n'ont pu s'accommoder d'une tragédie sans carnage ; les sentimens délicats ne remuent pas assez le cœur de notre peuple, il lui faut des objets sensibles, il n'est touché que des malheurs qu'il voit, encore faut-il qu'ils soient teints de sang. Je crois que vous trouverez la traduction ou plutôt l'imitation bonne, et que vous ne saurez pas mauvais gré à notre poète d'avoir substitué le caractère d'*Emilie* à celui de *Lisette*. Je suppose que *Madame de Graffigny* n'entend pas

* A gentleman of French extraction, a near neighbour and friend of Lord Chesterfield at Blackheath.

l'Anglois sans quoi je lui en aurois envoyé une copie. Si elle l'entend, Monsieur Stanhope* en a une qu'il sera charmé de lui présenter. A propos de lui, sa reconnoissance de vos bontés supplée à ce qui lui manque du côté de la politesse et des manières. Il croit pourtant avoir fait des progrès; mais je n'en ai d'autre témoignage que sa parole, à laquelle je me fierois plutôt à tout autre égard; espérons tout du tems, c'est sur vos conseils que je compte le plus.

Je devrois, Madame, vous remercier des livres, que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer; mais il me semble que c'est trop tard. S'il y avoit eu du vôtre, cela ne me seroit pas arrivé; mais vous ne m'enrichissez qu'aux dépens d'autrui. Autrefois vous étiez plus généreuse, vous devenez comme les avarés: pour mourir riche, vous travaillez, vous amassez, et ne donnez rien. Je vous prendrois trop de momens, si je vous faisois tous les complimens, dont on me charge pour vous. Ce seroit encore plus en abuser que de vous détailler les sentimens de respect et d'attachement, avec lesquels je mourrai,

Madame,

Votre, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, March 17, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE you half the economist you are supposed to be, you would not pay for my letters, but return them to the postman. If they only tell you that I am your

* His son.

sincere friend and servant, they tell you nothing new. You have known it long; and the repetition of that assurance is not worth the shilling it costs you. Any news they can tell you, will, I fear, not be new news; and nothing is so dull as old news. Fresh virgin news, whether of a public or a private nature, does not come to my share; nor is it the object of my inquiries.

The Chapter of the Garter, as I dare say you already know, was held last Friday.* I was at it, and so was at least half the town. Lord Lincoln's head is half turned with private joy, and is quite turned every night by claret; he is in the fairest way of turning sot of any young man that I know. The Countess of Coventry appeared as such, for the first time, at the Chapter, and was afterwards presented to the King, and, in the newspaper style, met with a most gracious reception. My Lord has adorned and rigged her out completely. She adorns herself too much, for I was near her enough to see manifestly that she had laid on a great deal of white which she did not want, and which will soon destroy both her natural complexion and her teeth. Duchess Hamilton, her sister,† is to appear next week, and will, in my mind, outshine her, though I fear not long.

* See vol. ii. p. 240, of this edition.

† James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, had recently married the youngest Miss Gunning, after only a month's acquaintance. One scene in his courtship is described as follows by Horace Walpole: "About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of 300*l.* each; he soon lost 1000*l.*!" (To Sir H. Mann, February 27, 1752.)

The King sets out for Hanover as soon as ever he can, and that, I believe, will be within three weeks. Much business is intended to be done at Hanover this year: the election of the King of the Romans is to be attempted, which, I think, will now meet with very great difficulties, and two years ago would have met with none. France and Prussia have had time to work against it, and I fear with success, at least with so much, that it will now be the most contested, and the most important affair, that has happened these many years. It must have great, and God knows what, consequences. France is able, but, I hope, at present not inclined, to quarrel. The House of Austria is always inclined to quarrel, though seldom able. The King of Prussia is inclined to fear Russia; but Russia is inclined to English subsidies, which England cannot pay, and without which he will not fear Russia. The Republic of the United Provinces is totally impotent. Three of the Electors will protest against the other six, and the Princes will protest against all the Electors, as to the question *an?* This great business will engross the attention of all Europe this year; so that, I believe, the *barrière* and the *tarif* will be pretty much neglected till the next. In the mean time I advise you and Mr. Mitchell, to divert yourselves as well as ever you can at Brussels. But whenever you do proceed to business, remember to put the Dutch Ministers in the front of the battle, and sustain them in every thing. As they are the most immediately concerned, you may trust to them as to their demands; but then you must take care to support them with so much vigour, that wherever they fail, as in many points they will, they may not lay

the blame, which they would be willing enough to do, upon the slackness and indifference of the English Commissaries, which would hurt you both here.

My compliments to Madame Dayrolles, and so we bid you heartily farewell.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 267.)

à Londres, ce 2 Avril, V. S. 1752.

VOTRE petit garçon, Madame, me mande que vous êtes fâchée contre moi. Voilà justement ce que je voulois ; hormis que je voulois le savoir de vous-même. C'est que vous vous fâchez avec grace, et vos reproches sont flatteurs. D'ailleurs, qui peut exciter la colère peut se rassurer contre l'indifférence.

Nous possédons ici le corps de Milady Hervey, mais sans le cœur ou l'esprit, qu'elle avoue être encore à Paris. Elle languit, elle s'ennuye, elle respire à la vérité, mais elle ne vit, dit-elle, qu'à Paris : je la plains plus que je ne la blâme, sachant par expérience tous les agrémens du séjour qu'elle a quitté, et tout l'ennui de celui-ci ; mais je lui souhaiterois plus de philosophie, pour en tirer au moins le meilleur parti.

Je mettrai bientôt votre petit garçon à la même épreuve, en le retirant de Paris au mois de Juin. Je vois bien que c'est à contre-cœur qu'il se dispose à partir ; il y aura été alors seize mois, et si, sous vos ordres, vos soins, et votre exemple, il ne s'est pas formé dans ce tems-là, il ne s'y formeroit pas en seize ans. Il me jure qu'à cette dernière reprise à Paris,

il a pris plus l'air, et les manières de la bonne compagnie. Cela seroit-il vrai, Madame? car je me defie trop de son jugement sur cet article pour l'en croire sur sa parole. Il prendra quelques Cours d'Allemagne, qu'il n'a pas encore vues, dans son chemin à Hanovre où il doit faire quelque séjour, et où je compte pouvoir lui procurer quelque destination dans le département des Affaires Etrangères. Le plutôt qu'il débute, c'est le mieux, puisque dans ce département là, on prend date, en quelque façon, d'ancienneté, comme dans le militaire; mais, arrive ce qui pourra, il retournera avant qu'il soit fort longtems à Paris, pour vous y faire sa cour et peut-être avec plus d'avantage, quand il sera un peu plus mûri.

Le bagage de Milady Hervey, qui n'est pas encore arrivé, me désespère. Je languis, je m'impatiente pour votre porcelaine, bien entendu parceque c'est la vôtre, car je ne suis nullement connoisseur, mais je me connois assez en amitié, pour chérir toutes les marques de la vôtre, et pour en conserver le souvenir le plus tendre et plus respectueux tant que je vivrai.

TO MR. SEXTON (AT LIMERICK).

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 101.)

London, April 8, 1752.

SIR,

I AM sincerely glad of the reward and encouragement which your industry has met. I never doubted but that it would; for, though imaginary merit commonly complains of being unrewarded, real merit, sooner or later, in some shape or other, seldom fails of

success. You have already experienced this, and will, I hope and believe, experience it every day more and more. Your paper already wants but very little of equalling the best that any other country furnishes, and I see no reason why you should not bring it soon to such a point of perfection as to supply all the demands of Ireland, and possibly some of England; for at present we import a great deal from other countries. Let me give you one piece of advice, though I believe you want it less than most manufacturers in Ireland. Never think your paper either good enough or cheap enough, be it ever so good or ever so cheap, but always endeavour to make it both better and cheaper, and sacrifice a little present and precarious to future and permanent profit. Acquire the public confidence in the goodness and reasonableness of your manufacture, and your fortune will be solid and lasting, both to you and your family, if they will tread in your steps.

I know a thread-merchant at Rotterdam, who has got above thirty thousand pounds by his industry, punctuality, and integrity. He never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and never took a farthing more than reasonable profit. By these means he has acquired such confidence, that people make no difficulty of sending a blind man or a child for what thread they want, sure not to be deceived either in the quantity or the quality of it. At first he got little, but then he lived low; his profits increased faster than his expenses, and his expense now bears a just proportion to his fortune. Most tradespeople in Ireland begin just at the other end, and therefore end so ill as they frequently do. By what you have done,

it is plain you do not want these hints, and I hope your example will suggest them to those who do. I am, with that esteem which you deserve from all Ireland, and from all those who wish it as well as I do,

Sir, Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, April 17, O.S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DID not expect to have heard from you so soon, well knowing the variety of trifling business, which always takes up more time than great business, that you must have been plagued with of late. I wish you joy of your good delivery from it. I hope Madame Dayrolles' delivery will be much quicker. I am very much at the service* *du petit Flamand, ou de la petite Flamande*, whichever it may be, for Madame Dayrolles has, I think, declared that she will not have both at once; but take them at different *reprises*. I tell you beforehand, that for my own part, I do not question the validity of lay baptism; so that should you want a Protestant parson, which may be the case at Brussels, and officiate yourself, I hold myself to be as legally God-father, as if the Archbishop of Canterbury himself performed the ceremony, and shall think myself under the same obligations of teaching my god-child the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue.

I am very glad to hear, that the election of the King of the Romans is in so fair a way. It tends

* As God-father.

eventually to preserve the peace of Europe, which, I am sure, is very necessary for this country in particular. Pray, let me know as soon as you know, when and where that election is likely to be. My reason for thus interesting myself, as to the time and place of it, is upon account of my boy, who, I am determined, shall be at it, and I would adjust the other parts of my plan for his motions to that circumstance. He is to leave Paris in about six weeks, and to go through the Courts upon the Rhine in his way to Hanover, where I did not propose his arrival till September. But if the election should be sooner, he must be there sooner, because he is to go to that election in the *suite* of one of the King's Electoral Ambassadors, the only way in which strangers, who are otherwise excluded the town upon that occasion, can see that ceremony. Next March, he shall make his court to you at Brussels for a month or two, where I will beg of you to employ him in your *bureau*, in the things of no importance, and also that you will make him read those pieces, and give him those verbal instructions, which may put him *au fait* of the affairs of the *barrière* and the *tarif*.

I am of your opinion, that your conferences upon those points will break up, as they have often done already, *re infectâ*. Nay, considering the resolution, which you think is taken, of making Flanders once more a commercial country, it will be well if insensibly the Scheldt be not opened, and the port of Antwerp restored, like that of Dunkirk, though contrary to treaties. That would be the last finishing stroke to the commerce of the United Provinces, and would extremely affect ours.

I have been extremely deaf, and consequently extremely dull, this last fortnight. I am something better now, though far from being restored to my former hearing. As I have no cold, nor any bodily disorder to ascribe this deafness to, as symptomatical only, it makes me the more uneasy, by reviving in my thoughts my strong hereditary right to it; a right, which, as I do not indefeasibly allow even in Kings, I would by no means exert as a private man, but would very willingly part with it to any Minister, to whom hearing is often disagreeable, or to any fine woman, to whom it is often dangerous! But whether deaf or dumb, blind or lame, for I am come to the period at which one has only one's chance of different ills, I shall be invariably and sincerely

Yours.

TO MAJOR IRWINE (AT DUBLIN).

(Works, vol. iv. p. 354.)

London, April 25, 1752.

SIR,

I AM two letters in your debt, a debt which I am more inclined to acknowledge than able to pay. Yours bring me informations, mine only can return you thanks. I make you therefore no excuse for the delay—possibly I deserve your thanks for it. I live too much out of the world to entertain you, and lately I have lived too much out of it to entertain myself; for I have been for these last two months extremely deaf, from what cause I know not any more than the doctors whom I have consulted; but the effects I still feel, though not in quite so great a degree. This

makes me very disagreeable, both to myself and to the few people with whom I desire to converse, and puts me in the situation of a man who understands at best but half the language of the country he lives in. If the weather, which is hitherto very bad, would but mend a little, and look something like summer, I would settle at Blackheath, where I can amuse myself by myself, better than in town.

As well as I can judge at this distance, from the various accounts I have had of your squabbles and quarrels in Ireland, *c'est tout comme chez nous*. The great point is, who shall govern the Government; and I presume that all heads have been too busy upon that point to think one moment of the real interests of Ireland. What an effusion of claret must all this have occasioned! For it is a maxim, that business is best done over a bottle, and that people are never so fit for it as when they are fit for nothing else. I make no doubt, but that there has more claret been drunk over the barracks this winter than will be drunk in them these ten years; and I wonder the bridge was not agreed to, considering the national aversion to water. I not only hope, but am persuaded, that you do not give into this *cochonnerie*, which ungentlemans everybody. A sprightly *débauche* now and then is very well; but the dull, sedate, and continued guzzling of claret is very unbecoming to a young fellow.

I find that Dublin has been this winter the seat of pleasure as well as of war. We have heard of the magnificence of your balls and entertainments: they are liberal and proper diversions, and, with submission to the grave and the wise, that luxury and ex-

pense is beneficial to the public—it employs many hands, and circulates property, provided that luxury be confined to home produce.

We have married you here to the daughter of Lady Blayney;* but that is no proof that you have married yourself to her in Ireland. If you have, I heartily wish you joy, for it is possible, though not very probable, that there may be joy in marriage. In either case, I hope that we shall see you this year in England. You have attended your post as Major long enough, I should think, to be allowed a furlough for next winter; and I take it for granted that your whole regiment is very perfect now in the roundabout way of doing everything. I assure you, that of all your friends here, none can, with more satisfaction and sincerity, tell you they are so than

Your faithful humble servant.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON- CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 271.)

à Londres, ce 7 Mai, V. S. 1752.

J'AIME et je respecte trop le maître de — pour lui envier le bonheur de votre séjour dans ce charmant endroit, mais j'aurois voulu que c'eût été uniquement votre choix qui vous y eût envoyé. Prendre du lait veut dire que vous êtes malade; cette conclusion me déplait infiniment, et d'autant plus que vous avez la poitrine naturellement délicate. Depuis que j'ai

* Mary, daughter of Sir Alexander Cairnes, and widow of Cadwalader, seventh Lord Blayney. The report alluded to by Lord Chesterfield proved to be without foundation.

éprouvé ce que c'est que la mauvaise santé, je suis bien plus sensible qu'autrefois à celle de mes amis.

Je disois, il y a trente ans, mais comment peut-on être malade? je dis à présent, ah! si l'on pouvoit trouver le secret de ne l'être pas! je ne le troquerois pas contre tous les secrets du monde. J'en parle actuellement, Madame, avec connoissance de cause. Depuis deux mois j'ai été sourd, mal dont l'esprit souffre plus que le corps, et depuis dix jours, j'ai été estropié d'une malheureuse chute que j'ai faite de cheval, et dont mon corps souffre plus que mon esprit; si bien que, l'un portant l'autre, votre très humble serviteur est dans une très jolie situation. La faculté me promet hardiment de mettre bientôt bon ordre à tout cela; mais s'il y faut de ma part la co-opération de la foi, je doute fort que ma guérison soit si prompte.

Voilà bien du bruit chez vous pour une omelette au lard! Votre Parlement, à qui vous laissez peu de part aux affaires de ce monde, voudroit bien s'en dédommager sur celles de l'autre, et accorder des passeports, pour ce pays là, sans obliger le mourant à produire son billet de santé. Vos prêtres, au contraire, qui s'attribuent ce département exclusivement; exigent un billet de santé, préalablement aux passeports, pour que le mourant ne communique pas la contagion du pays d'où il vient, à celui où il va, et la Cour semble vouloir—ma foi je ne sais quoi!* Ici nous laissons

* Lord Chesterfield here refers to the famous *Billets de Confession* which were at this period exacted from the sick and dying at Paris before they could be admitted to the Sacraments. The curate of *St. Etienne du Mont* having refused the Sacraments accordingly to one of the *Conseillers du Châtelet*, a violent collision ensued between the Parliament of Paris and the clergy, headed by their Archbishop, Christophe de Beaumont.

mourir les gens à leur goût, moyennant quoi, nos morts ne troublent point la paix des vivans.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, May 19, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS goes to you from a deaf crippleman, confined to his bed or his chair for above a fortnight past. My little black mare, whom you have long known to be as quiet as anything of her sex can be, wanted to drink in Hyde Park. Accordingly I rode her into one of the little ponds, and in order to let her drink I loosed the bridon, which, by her stooping, fell over her head. In backing her out of the pond, her foot unluckily engaged itself in the bridon; in endeavouring to get clear of it, she hampered herself the more, and then, in a great *saut de mouton* she fell backwards, and threw me with great violence about six feet from her. I pitched directly upon my hip-bone, which, by unaccountable good fortune, was neither fractured nor dislocated; but the muscles, nerves, &c., are so extremely bruised and strained, that to this moment, and this is the nineteenth day, I feel some pain, and cannot stand upon that leg at all. This confinement, especially at this time of the year, when I long to be at Blackheath, is not, as you will easily guess, very agreeable; and what makes it still less so, is my increasing deafness. I have tried a thousand infallible remedies, but all without success. I hope for some good from warm weather, for hitherto we have had none. But this is more than enough concerning my own infirmities,

which I am of an age to expect, and have philosophy enough to bear without dejection. I recommend some of that philosophy to Madame Dayrolles two months hence, and take the liberty of warning her against any rash and embarrassing vows, which present pain has sometimes, though seldom indeed, extorted from ladies upon those occasions.

I can much more easily conceive that your affairs go on very slowly, than I can that they ever will be finished; but in the meantime, *vous êtes bien, belle ville, bonne chère, et belle femme*: make the most of them all, enjoy them while you can, and remember that our pleasures, especially our best, last too little a while to be trifled with or neglected. As for your business, you and Mitchell, to whom my compliments, have nothing else to do, but to put yourselves behind your Dutch colleagues, whose distinguishing talent is to wrangle tenaciously upon details.

I do not believe now that a King of the Romans will be elected so soon as we thought. The Court of Vienna, long accustomed to carry its points at the expense of its allies, and sensible that we wish to bring this about, will not contribute anything to it; but truly we must satisfy the Electors and Princes, who stand out still, and form pretensions, possibly because they hope that it will fall to the share of England, who pays well, to satisfy them. My young traveller will therefore, I fear, have full time to walk about Germany before he has a call to Frankfort. He is now at Luneville, from whence he goes to Strasburg, and then follows the course of the Rhine, through Mayence, Manheim, Bonn, &c., to Hanover.

. By his last account of the present state of France,

the domestic disorders are so great, and promise to be so much greater, that we have but little to fear from that quarter. The King is both hated and despised, which seldom happens to the same man. The Clergy are implacable, upon account of what he has done; and the Parliament is exasperated, because he will not do more. A spirit of licentiousness, as to all matters of religion and government, is spread throughout the whole kingdom. If the neighbours of France are wise, they will be quiet, and let these seeds of discord germinate, as they certainly will do, if no foreign object checks their growth, and unites all parties in a common cause.

Having now given you an account of my distempers, my philosophy, and my politics, I will give you quarter, which I can tell you is great lenity in me; for a man, who can neither use his legs nor his ears, is very apt to be an unmerciful correspondent, and to employ his hand and eyes at the expense of his friends. I close this letter and open a book. Adieu.

Yours affectionately.

A MADAME DU BOCCAGE.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 385.)

à Londres, ce 20 Mai, V. S. 1752.

JE suis trop flatté, Madame, de la part que vous voulez bien prendre à ma chétive santé, pour ne pas me hâter de vous en témoigner ma reconnoissance. Une chute de cheval, et non à la chasse, m'a estropié depuis trois semaines. Le coup étoit violent, et je n'ai pourtant rien de disloqué; j'en suis quitte à bon

marché, et ne suis pas si brouillé avec le hazard, contre lequel vous vous irritez par des raisons qui me seroient bien flatteuses, si votre jugement y avoit autant de part que votre politesse. Je sors de prison aujourd'hui pour la première fois; et la foulure des nerfs de la jambe est au point, qu'un gros bâton m'est fort nécessaire.

Admirez, je vous en supplie, Madame, l'histoire de Voltaire,* pour autoriser mes sentimens: je l'ai lue trois fois, et la relirai trente; enfin j'en suis fou. Elle est critiquée ici, et encore plus à Paris; je le veux bien, mais j'ai pour Chimène les yeux de Rodrigue;† je n'en vois point les défauts au travers des beautés, qui m'enchantent. Il y manque, dit-on, la dignité de l'histoire. Elle est, il est vrai, en deux petits volumes *in-12*, au lieu de deux grands volumes *in-4*, avec vignettes, culs de lampe, &c., mais les réflexions n'y sont pas introduites par le fastueux *tant il est vrai* des historiens *in-folio*. Convenons entre nous qu'on y trouve tout ce qu'un homme d'esprit bien informé voudroit dire, et tout ce qu'un homme d'esprit voudroit apprendre d'une époque éternellement célèbre. Connoissant ses sentimens, j'admire même sa retenue. Il attaque les préjugés du monde, et la folie et la fureur des sectes, finement et seulement en passant. On voit qu'il en pense plus qu'il n'en dit, et qu'il ménage même les plus folles opinions établies.

Mr. Stanhope, actuellement passé en Allemagne,

* The *Siècle de Louis XIV.* It had been sent to Lord Chesterfield by Voltaire himself at Berlin. See vol. ii. p. 248, of this edition.

† An allusion to the well-known lines of Boileau in his ninth Satire:

“En vain contre le Cid un Ministre se ligue
“Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.”

m'a témoigné ses regrets d'avoir quitté Paris. Il sent tout le prix de vos bontés; mais je doute qu'il vous l'ait exprimé avec toute l'élégance que je lui souhaiterois. Permettez, Madame, que j'y supplée en vous assurant de nouveau des sentimens d'attachement et d'admiration, avec lesquels je serai éternellement,

Madame, Votre, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 239.)

London, May 22, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM doubly concerned at Mrs. Chenevix's illness, for while she is so ill, I am sure you cannot be well. Though in some cases I would take Ward's remedy myself, I cannot recommend it to others. It has certainly done a great deal of good in many cases, in others it has sometimes done harm. He gives it indiscriminately in all, and consequently improperly in some: it is all one and the same medicine, though he gives it in different shapes, and calls it by different names, of drop,* pill, and powder. The principle is known to be antimony, but in what manner prepared, nobody yet has been able to discover.

You are engaged in a most useful and charitable design, and I think that you and my friend the Bishop of Meath have begged very successfully for the time: he is an old experienced beggar, and you cannot learn the mendicant trade under a better master. This undertaking is worthy of both your characters, and

* According to Pope—

"Ward tried on puppies and the poor his drop!"

becomes you as men, citizens, and Bishops. I desire that I may be upon your list of contributors; therefore, pray, lay down fifty pounds for me, and draw upon me for it by the very first opportunity. Private subscriptions can never extend this excellent scheme so far as it ought to be carried, though nothing but private subscriptions and diligence could have laid the foundation of it. You have made a beginning, which is often the greatest difficulty; and I think it is now impossible but that the Government and Parliament must carry it on. I will venture to say that they have no object which so well deserves their attention. Could the Government and Parliament be brought to adopt this affair heartily, and push it effectually, a considerable sum ought to be granted for that particular purpose, as was done in England, at the time of the great *réfuge* upon the revocation of the *édit de Nantes*. Lands too might be purchased, and houses and necessities provided, for the refugees in Kerry and in Connaught, near and under the protection of some of the barracks, which would greatly improve and civilise, and in time enrich, those two at present inhospitable and almost barbarous counties. The opportunity is now extremely favourable, while the weakness of the French Government suffers the rage and fury of the Clergy to drive such numbers of its subjects into other countries. I wish we could get them all into England and Ireland; that would be the true and justifiable way of promoting the Protestant interest, instead of following the example of the Papists, by persecuting them. *Est aliquid prodire tenus*; you have that merit, and I dare say these new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain de-

gree, even should the Government not think them worth its attention ; but I hope it will.

I have been now confined near a month by a fall from my horse, which, though by good luck it neither broke nor dislocated any bone, bruised the muscles so much, that I have yet very little use of my leg. I can just hobble across my room with a stick, and that is all ; but I have had, and still have, a much worse complaint, which is my deafness, for which I have yet found no relief, though I have tried a thousand infallible remedies ! As soon as my lameness will allow me, I will go to Blackheath, and seek the refuge of a deaf man, reading and walking.

Lady Chesterfield sends her compliments to you and Mrs. Chenevix, at whose illness she is much concerned. She has sent you from Bristol a busto of your humble servant, cast from a marble one done by Mr. Hoare, at Bath, for Mr. Adderly : it is generally thought very like. Adieu, my dear Lord.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Greenwich, June 30, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE public events were neither the cause, nor the cement, of our long correspondence, that private friendship that began, may even continue, without the assistance of foreign matter. We will reciprocally ask, and tell one another, how we do, and what we do. If we do little worth telling, which is and will be my case, our letters will be the shorter, but not the less welcome for being only the messengers of friendship.

I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone. I read as much as my eyes will let me, and I walk and ride as often as the worst weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs*, good health, natural good spirits, some philosophy, and long experience of the world, make me much less dejected and melancholy than most people in my situation would be, or than I should have been myself some years ago. I comfort myself with the reflection, that I did not lose the power, till after I had very near lost the desire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head; and when I consider how much of my life is past, and how little of it, according to the course of nature, remains, I can almost persuade myself that I am no loser at all. By all this, you see that I am neither a dejected nor a sour deaf man.

I long to hear of the arrival of a young Dayrolles, for I cannot think the world complete till there is both an old and a young Dayrolles in it. You will probably endeavour to keep, for some time at least, the distinction of *père et fils*; but I tell you fairly, that I shall insist upon that of *le vieux et le jeune Dayrolles*, out of regard to my godson, *le jeune* being a genteeler and prettier epithet; and as for you, provided Madame Dayrolles does not find you *le vieux Dayrolles*, it is no matter who calls you so: it cannot deceive her, and it will give you more dignity as a man of business. Besides, I really question whether you will be able to finish the *Tarif* and the *Barrière* before you are in good earnest *le vieux Dayrolles*.

In spite of this cold and rainy weather, I have

already eaten two or three of your Cantelupe melons, which have proved excellent, and some very ripe Muscat grapes, raised in my anana-house, which is now stocked with African ananas, much superior to the American ones. The growth, the education, and the perfection, of these vegetable children engage my care and attention, next to my corporal one, who is now going to Hanover, and who I hope will reward all my care as well as all my ananas have done. Adieu, my dear Dayrolles!

Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 273.)

à Londres, ce 30 Juin, V. S. 1752.

A LA fin, à la fin, Madame, Milady Hervey a reçu ses ballots, et je reçu la porcelaine que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer. Elle est charmante, parfaite et fait rougir notre manufacture d'ici. Je l'ai montrée à l'intendant, qui en a été véritablement piqué, et qui m'a demandé en grace de vouloir bien la lui prêter pour quelques jours, pour lui servir de modèle, ce que je n'ai pas pu lui refuser, et d'autant moins, que j'en ai commandé deux ou trois de même, pour m'en servir, puisque la vôtre me sera totalement inutile. Je ne la risquerai point dans des mains profanes, et elle sera consacrée comme une offrande à l'amitié, dans ma petite chambre, qui se trouve déjà ornée par deux précieux témoignages de votre souvenir.

Vous m'avez rassuré au sujet de votre santé; ce n'est donc que pour être impunément gourmande, que

vous vous êtes mise au lait, c'est reculer pour mieux sauter. Vous avez raison, Madame; il faut profiter de nos goûts pendant que nous le pouvons, avec le ménagement nécessaire pour leur durée. Je suis devenu plus gourmand qu'à mon ordinaire, et ayant actuellement un sens de moins, je tire tout le parti que je puis de ceux qui me restent: ma surdité continue, et par conséquent mon ennui augmente. J'ai beau philosopher, et tâcher de m'en dédommager par la lecture, la promenade, et la table; il reste, à mon âge, un furieux vuide, quand en ne jouit plus des douceurs de la société. Dans la dissipation, et le tumulte de la jeunesse, on n'en connoît pas tout le prix; c'est à mon âge qu'elle devient un véritable et presque le seul bien, et c'est justement à cette heure que je m'en vois privé. Je vous avoue que j'en suis extrêmement abbattu, malgré tout ce que ma raison, ou mes amis, peuvent m'offrir de consolations sur ce sujet.

Votre élève est en Allemagne, courant les cours de l'empire, dans son chemin à Hanovre. Je ne suppose point qu'il y prenne ces couches de vernis, que Paris n'a pu lui donner, et dont vous paraissez faire si peu de cas, mais que je crois très nécessaires dans le cours du monde. Il retournera sûrement à la source où il a pris le peu qu'il a, et où il peut seulement, et exclusivement, prendre ce qui lui manque encore, c'est-à-dire qu'il viendra encore vous faire sa cour à Paris. Il vous est uniquement redevable, Madame, de ce qu'il a de passable; il le sent bien, je puis vous en assurer: et pour ma reconnoissance, soyez bien persuadée, qu'elle ne finira qu'avec mes jours.

A M. LE BARON DE KREUNINGEN.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 387.)

à Blackheath, ce 7 Juillet, 1752.

QUE vous dirai-je, mon cher Baron ? sourd et solitaire, ennuyé de moi-même, je ne puis qu'ennuyer les autres. Cet endroit, que j'avois destiné aux douceurs de la société, en y rassemblant successivement quelques amis, est devenu à présent le lieu de mon exil de toute société. Un sourd est un banni, un proscrit, partout où il est, puisqu'au crime près, il n'y a pas la moindre différence entre celui, à qui personne ne veut parler, et celui, qui ne peut entendre personne. J'ai beau avoir recours à la philosophie, et tâcher de me dédommager par les sens qui me restent, de celui que je n'ai plus ; j'ai beau lire, écrire, me promener à pied et à cheval, ce n'est plus choix, c'est nécessité, par conséquent c'est sans agrément ; et même avec tout cela, dans le cours de vingt-quatre heures, il reste un grand vuide. Mais en voilà déjà trop sur mon propre sujet ; votre amitié, qui en a été la cause, en doit faire aussi l'excuse.

Les sourds sont bavards sur le papier ; ils en ont tout le loisir. Pour moi, je ne juge des ouvrages que par le plus ou le moins de plaisir qu'ils me donnent en mon petit particulier, et j'ose même dire, à la face de tous les pédans de l'univers, que les épîtres et les satires de Pope ont tout le bon sens et toute la justesse, avec mille fois plus d'esprit que celles d'Horace. Je dirai encore que le théâtre François est infiniment supérieur au Grec ou au Latin. Je dirai aussi que le divin

Homère m'ennuye fort souvent, que le Docteur Swift vaut mieux que Lucien, et que Tacite, de tous les historiens du monde, est mon favori.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 242.)

London, July 14, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it* too well to blame it. No; in such cases it is a commendable, not a blamable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite, and always unavailing, arguments of consolation; but, as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a Bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as far as possible their loss, and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and Christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the Bishop's wife.

assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 122.)

Blackheath, July 24, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I MOST heartily congratulate you upon the safe arrival of my godson, and Madame Dayrolles upon his civil departure; but as for himself, considering the place he has left, and that which he is come into, I suspend my congratulations, but most sincerely wish that he may have great reason to receive, and his friends to make him, those congratulations three-score years hence. When one is in the world, one must make the best of it; but, considering what that best is upon the whole, I doubt it is only making the best of a bad bargain. However, may that best be as good to him as it ever has been, or can be, to anybody!

* * * * *

A propos, pray give me credit for whatever is proper to be done with regard to nurses, midwives, &c., and do for me whatever you are to do for *mon compère*.*

I am very far from resolving not to try the Eyndhoven farmer,† but as all his skill can only consist in

* The second god-father to Mr. Dayrolles's son was the Duke of Newcastle.

† Famous for curing deafness.

a nostrum or two, which he indiscriminately makes use of, I postpone that trial, till I have first taken all regular steps to no purpose. I have just now begun fumigations, from which I am promised wonders. Pumping at Bath is to be the next step; and, in case of necessity, even electrification is to be tried. For my own part, I expect no considerable relief, and rely much more upon my own temper and philosophy to bear my misfortune tolerably, than I do upon any medicines to remove it. I suppose you have seen your old friend Lady Coventry, who made her husband take the route of Flanders to Paris, in order, as she said, to make her court to you. *Cela ne sent pas son vieux Dayrolles, enfin, vieux, jeune, et belle, Dayrolles, fussiez, vous dix mille, je suis votre très fidèle serviteur.*

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 277.)

à Londres, ce 20 Août, V. S. 1752.

Si un sourd pouvoit avoir de la consolation, vous m'en auriez donné, Madame, par la dernière lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire. Les choses flatteuses que vous m'y dites, et les graces avec lesquelles vous les dites, aidés de mon amour propre, qui ne manque jamais de venir au secours de ces sortes de choses, auroient bien pu séduire mon esprit; mais les sens sont bien plus opiniâtres, ils raisonnent plus juste, et connoissent précisément leur étendue, et leurs bornes. J'en ai presque perdu un, et je ne puis, même avec votre secours, me faire illusion là-dessus. Mais,

si vous le vouliez, vous pourriez m'en procurer quelque dédommagement; ce seroit en occupant mes yeux, et mon esprit, par le nombre et la longueur de vos lettres, qui me recompenseroient bien de ce que j'ai perdu du côté de l'ouïe.

Je vous félicite de tout mon cœur, Madame de la convalescence de Monseigneur le Dauphin. Il me semble que l'alarme que la France a eue de sa maladie, devrait introduire, chez vous, l'inoculation de la petite vérole. Elle est généralement établie chez nous, et pas un de cent n'en est mort, au lieu que, de la petite vérole naturelle, on compte un de sept; d'ailleurs, personne absolument n'en est gâté: je sais que vos prêtres s'y opposent, crient au péché mortel, et disent bien des sottises là-dessus. Les nôtres ont d'abord fait la même chose, mais on les a laissé crier, et on n'en a pas moins fait pour cela. En effet, sur leurs propres principes, les saignées et les purgations par précaution ne sont-elles pas également criminelles? Si on mettoit quelque taxe sur l'inoculation qui fut appropriée au patrimoine de l'église, je m'engage que ces Messieurs en feroient l'éloge. Introduisez cette coutume hardiment, Madame, en dépit de votre Directeur, et en faveur de Mademoiselle votre dernière fille, dont je ne voudrois pas que le teint fût gâté.

A MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE (ALORS A
BERLIN).

(Letters, vol. iii. p. 343.) *

à Londres, ce 27 Août, V. S. 1752.

MONSIEUR,

JE m'intéresse infiniment à tout ce qui touche Monsieur Stanhope, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre; c'est pourquoi je prends la liberté de vous le présenter; je ne peux pas lui en donner une preuve plus convainquante. Il a beaucoup lu, il a beaucoup vu, s'il l'a bien digéré voilà ce que je ne sçais pas; il n'a que vingt ans. Il a déjà été à Berlin il y a quelques années, et c'est pourquoi il y retourne à present; car à cette heure on revient au Nord par les mêmes raisons pour lesquelles on alloit il n'y a pas longtems au Sud.

Permettez, Monsieur, que je vous remercie du plaisir et de l'instruction que m'a donné votre Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV. Je ne l'ai lu encore que quatre fois, c'est que je voudrois l'oublier un peu avant la cinquième, mais je vois que cela m'est impossible; j'attendrai donc l'augmentation que vous nous en avez promis, mais je vous supplie de ne me la pas faire attendre longtems. Je croyois sçavoir passablement l'Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV. moyennant les milliers d'histoires, de Mémoires, d'Anecdotes, &c., que j'en avois lu, mais vous m'avez bien montré que je m'étois trompé, et que je n'en avois qu'une idée très confuse à bien des égards, et très fausse à bien d'autres. Que je vous sçais gré sur tout, Monsieur, du jour dans

* This letter, being one of introduction for Mr. Stanhope, has hitherto been printed in the series of letters to him.

lequel vous avez mis les folies et les fureurs des sectes ! Vous employez contre ces fous ou ces imposteurs les armes convenables ; d'en employer d'autres ce seroit les imiter : c'est par le ridicule qu'il faut les attaquer, c'est par le mépris qu'il faut les punir. A propos de ces fous, je vous envoie ci-jointe une pièce sur leur sujet par le feu Docteur Swift, laquelle je crois ne vous déplaira pas.* Elle n'a jamais été imprimée, vous en devinerez bien la raison, mais elle est authentique. J'en ai l'original écrit de sa propre main. Son Jupiter, au jour du jugement, les traite à-peu-près comme vous les traitez, et comme ils le méritent.

Au reste, Monsieur, je vous dirai franchement, que je suis embarrassé sur votre sujet, et que je ne peux pas me décider sur ce que je souhaiterois de votre part. Quand je lis votre dernière histoire, je voudrois que vous fussiez toujours historien ; mais quand je lis votre Rome Sauvée (toute mal imprimée et défigurée qu'elle est) je vous voudrois toujours poète. J'avoue pourtant qu'il vous reste encore une histoire à écrire digne de votre plume, et dont votre plume est seule digne. Vous nous avez donné il y a longtems l'histoire du plus grand Furieux (je vous demande pardon si je ne peux pas dire du plus grand Héros) de l'Europe.† Vous nous avez donné en dernier lieu, l'histoire du plus grand Roi ; donnez nous, à présent, l'histoire du plus grand et du plus honnête Homme de

* This piece of poetry is entitled "The Day of Judgment," and thus begins :

"With a whirl of thought oppressed
"I sunk from reverie to rest."

It is included in the modern editions of Swift's Works (vol. xiv. p. 267, ed. 1814).

† Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.

l'Europe, que je croirois dégrader en appelant Roi.* Vous l'avez toujours devant vos yeux, rien ne vous seroit plus facile; sa gloire n'exigeant pas votre invention poétique, mais pouvant se reposer en toute sûreté sur votre vérité historique. Il n'a rien à demander à son historien, que son premier devoir comme historien, qui est, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*. Adieu, Monsieur, je vois bien que je dois vous admirer de plus en plus tous les jours, mais aussi je sçais bien que rien ne pourra jamais ajouter à l'estime et à l'attachement avec lesquels je suis actuellement.

Votre, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, September 15, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IN the first place I make my compliments to my godson, who I hope sucks and sleeps heartily, and evacuates properly, which is all that can yet be desired or expected from him. Though you, like a prudent father, I find, carry your thoughts a great deal farther, and are already forming the plan of his education, you have still time to consider of it, but yet not so much as people commonly think, for I am very sure

* Frederick the Second of Prussia. It appears that between his Majesty and Lord Chesterfield there was a frequent interchange of compliments and expressions of regard. Many years later, after the Seven Years' War, Monsieur Dutens states: "En me congédiant le Roi me dit: 'Je n'ai qu'un ami en Angleterre, c'est Milord Chesterfield; je vous prie de lui faire mes complimens.'" (Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose, vol. i. p. 379.)

that children are capable of a certain degree of education long before they are commonly thought to be so. At a year and a half old, I am persuaded, that a child might be made to comprehend the injustice of torturing flies and strangling birds; whereas, they are commonly encouraged in both, and their hearts hardened by habit. There is another thing, which, as your family is, I suppose, constituted, may be taught him very early, and save him trouble and you expense—I mean languages. You have certainly some French servants, men or maids, in your house. Let them be chiefly about him when he is six or seven months older, and speak nothing but French to him, while you and Madame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but English: by which means those two languages will be equally familiar to him. By the time that he is three years old, he will be too heavy and too active for a maid to carry or to follow him, and one of your footmen must necessarily be appointed to attend him. Let that footman be a Saxon, who speaks nothing but German, and who will, of course, teach him German without any trouble. A Saxon footman costs no more than one of any other country, and you have two or three years to provide yourself with one upon a vacancy. German will, I fear, be always a useful language for an Englishman to know, and it is a very difficult one to learn any other way than by habit. Some silly people will, I am sure, tell you, that you will confound the poor child so with these different languages, that he will jumble them all together, and speak no one well; and this will be true for five or six years; but then he will separate them of himself, and speak them all perfectly. This plan, I am sure,

is a right one for the first seven years; and before the expiration of that time we will think farther.

My boy has been a good while at Hanover: he kissed the King's hand, which was all I expected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you take for granted, *et c'étoit dans les formes*. But the Duke of Newcastle has been most excessively kind and friendly to him: had him always to dine with him, even *en famille*; and has even suggested to me a very-advantageous foreign commission for him, which I hope and believe will take place. Between you and me (pray do not mention it yet to any mortal living), it is to succeed Sir James Gray at Venice, as Resident, Sir James being appointed the King's Envoy at Naples. This is a much better thing than I either asked or could have hoped for. It will initiate him in the trade and routine of business, without exposing him to the ill consequences of any slips, errors, or inadvertencies of youth and inexperience; for there will be little for him to do there, and nothing of importance, and yet it will teach him the forms, the *trin-tran*, and the outlines of his trade. Besides, that to be able to date from Resident at twenty years old, will give him a very early rank and seniority in his profession. I am really most extremely obliged to the Duke of Newcastle, and will show him that I am so if ever I have an opportunity. He is now gone to Brunswick, and from thence goes to pass the Carnival at Berlin. He will kiss your hands at Brussels in March or April, unless the Venetian affair should require his return here before that time, or an election of a King of the Romans should call him to Frankfort; for I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding what I read in the

newspapers, and what you hint in your last, but that there will be a King of the Romans elected before it is long. That affair has been too eagerly and publicly pursued to be now dropped without ridicule and disgrace. At bottom, the Court of Vienna must earnestly wish it, and its pretended indifference was merely to throw the whole expense upon us. We have been haggling all this time about it with the Court of Vienna, which, I suppose, will at last be prevailed with to do something, and we shall, according to custom, do all the rest. The Electors, who are to be paid for it, as those of Palatine and Cologne, will be paid in a few ducats and a great many guineas!

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped little good comes of it. However, I will try everything, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to Madame Dayrolles, who, I am told, looks next May. Adieu, *mon cher enfant*!

I have paid the ten guineas, for which you gave me credit, to your treasurer.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, October 7, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BEFORE this packet will reach you, another little round packet of mine probably will; I mean, Mr. Stanhope, who, by a letter of the 26th of September,

which I have just received from him from Hanover, acquaints me, that he is setting out to make his court to you at Brussels. I know your friendship for me too well to want any new proofs of it; and therefore I do very seriously insist, whatever either your friendship to me, or your attention to him, might otherwise make you intend, that you do not make him lodge in your house. Let him be your guest at dinner or supper, as often as you please, but very positively no longer. A dissipated young fellow of twenty is a very improper piece of furniture in a regular family. In short, *en un mot comme en mille*, all ceremony apart, I will not have him lodge in your house. *Au reste*, I put him entirely into your hands, do whatever else you will with him. Thrust him into company, and give him up to some Madame de Lursay, *quelque coquette un peu sur le retour et aguerrie, qui le décrottera*, if such a one there is at Brussels. Pray inform him a little of the affairs of the *barrière* and *tarif*, which are not of a secret nature; and inform me truly, and *de bonne foi*, how you find him now. Has he better air, address, and manners, than when you saw him last? * I beg of you to reprimand him seri-

* The following is Mr. Dayrolles's reply to these inquiries: "I think
"Mr. Stanhope a good deal improved in his manners and address.
"However, I must confess, when one thinks of the great pattern he
"ought naturally to take after, one is rather surprised to find that he
"has not acquired a greater degree of perfection in that bewitching
"art, which nobody ever possessed with so much success as your Lord-
"ship. This negative fault in my friend does not proceed from any
"awkwardness or *mauvaise honte*, nor did he seem in the least embar-
"rassed with some ladies that supped one night with him at our house;
"but he shows, methinks, too much indifference for the fair sex, and
"does not endeavour sufficiently to make himself agreeable."—To
Lord Chesterfield, November 3, 1752. MS. Letters.

ously if he has not. As being mine, look upon him as your own; as I should look upon my god-son as mine, being yours, were he with me, and of an age to be rebuked and reprimanded for his good.

I have been here now just a week, blistering, pumping and drinking; by all which I think I have gained a little, though very little, as to my hearing.

Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, October 18, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere upon the road, for I received yours four days after I had sent mine. I think I rather gain ground by the waters and other medicines; but, if I do, it is but slowly, and by inches. I hear the person who sits or stands near me, and who directs his voice in a straight line to me; but I hear no part of a mixed conversation, and consequently am no part of society. However, I bear my misfortune better than I believe most other people would; whether from reason, philosophy, or constitution, I will not pretend to decide. If I have no very cheerful, at least I have no melancholy, moments. Books employ most of my hours agreeably; and some few objects, within my own narrow circle, excite my attention enough to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now with you; and I am very glad that he is, because I expect, from your

friendship, a true and confidential account of him. You will have time to analyse him; and I do beg of you to tell me the worst, as well as the best, of your discoveries. When evils are incurable, it may be the part of one friend to conceal them from another; but at his age, when no defect can have taken so deep a root as to be immoveable, if proper care be taken, the friendly part is rather to tell me his defects than his perfections. I promise you, upon my honour, the most inviolable secrecy. Among the defects, that possibly he may have, I know one that I am sure he has; it is, indeed, a negative fault, a fault of omission; but still it is a very great fault, with regard to the world. He wants that engaging address, those pleasing manners, those little attentions, that air, that *abond*, and those graces which all conspire to make that first advantageous impression upon people's minds, which is of such infinite use through the whole course of life. It is a sort of magic power, which prepossesses one at first sight in favour of that person, makes one wish to be acquainted with him, and partial to all he says and does. I will maintain it to be more useful in business than in love. This most necessary varnish we want too much: pray recommend it strongly.

I have heard no more of the Venetian affair, nor do I suppose that I shall till the Duke of Newcastle comes over. I hope it will do, and have but one reason to fear that it will not. I look upon it as the making of his fortune, and putting him early in a situation from whence he may in time hope to climb up to any.

He has, I dare say, already told you himself, how

exceedingly kind the Duke of Newcastle was to him at Hanover, for he wrote me word with transports of it. *Faites un peu valoir cela*, when you happen either to see or to write to his Grace, but only as from yourself and historically. Add too, that you observe that I was extremely affected with it. In truth, I do intend to give him to the two brothers for their own; and have nothing else to ask of either, but their acceptance of him. In time he may possibly not be quite useless to them. I have given him such an education, that he may be of use to any Court; and I will give him such a provision, that he shall be a burthen to none.

As for my god-son, who, I assure you without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far beforehand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this. Pray let my god-son never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him for falling down, bep—g himself, or not standing still to have his head combed, and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for, if a poor child is to be whipped

equally for telling a lie, or for a snotty nose, he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

I have ordered Mr. Stanhope to pass six weeks in Flanders, making Brussels his head quarters. I think he cannot know it as he should do in less time; for I would have him see all the considerable towns there, and be acquainted and *faufilé* at Brussels, where there is a great deal of good company, and, as I hear, a very polite Court.—From thence he is to go to Holland for three months. Pray put him *au fait* of the Hague, which nobody can do better than you. I shall put him into Kreuningen's hands there, for the reading, and the constitutional part of the Republic, of which I would have him most thoroughly informed. If, by any letters, you can be of use to him there, I know you will. I would fain have him know everything of that country, of that Government, of that Court, and of that people, perfectly well. Their affairs and ours always have been, and always will be, intimately blended; and I should be very sorry that, like nine in ten of his countrymen, he should take Holland to be the Republic of the seven United Provinces, and the States-General for the Sovereign.

Lord Coventry has used your friend Lady Coventry very brutally at Paris, and made her cry more than once in public. On the contrary, your other friend, Lady Caroline,* has *si bien morigéné* my kinsman, that no French husband ever behaved better. *Mais à force*

* Petersham.

d'être sourd je deviens bavard ; so a good night to you with Madame Dayrolles ; and I think that is wishing you both very well. Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, October 25, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this instant received yours of the 17th. If you are not partial to what belongs to me, I will hope, by your account, that your little friend is improved in his air and manners ; there was undoubtedly great room for it. As I find that you expect the Duke of Newcastle soon at Brussels, I will put you *au fait* of that whole affair, which I hinted to you in a former letter, and in which should his Grace speak to you about it, if you can lend us a helping hand, I am sure you will.

When your little friend went to Hanover, I gave him a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, recommending him only in general to his Grace's favour and protection, and hinting only at some foreign destination *en tems et lieu*. To this I received from the Duke himself the kindest answer imaginable, in which he pointed out to me the Residency at Venice, eventually, and in case Lord Holderness, in whose department it was, were not engaged. I returned him a letter of thanks for such a mark of his friendship, and expressed to him the infinite satisfaction it would give me to see the boy so very advantageously placed at his first setting out in the profession for which I have always designed and educated him. There the affair rests, and

I do not expect to hear anything more of it till after the Duke of Newcastle's return to England, when I suppose he will speak to Lord Holderness about it himself. If the thing succeeds, it will make me happier, than, in my present situation, any one other thing in the world could make me, for it would be the making the boy's fortune in his way at once. If it does not succeed, I do not doubt, from the very friendly manner in which the Duke of Newcastle has acted, but that he will in time think of something else for him, though nothing can be half so good as this. Therefore, should you be talked to about it, press that individual situation as far as you can. *Au reste*, I have not told the party concerned one word of it, and pray do not you, for at that age a thing of that kind but barely mentioned, is looked upon as done, and would be particularly so by him, who already boasts from the Duke of Newcastle's kindness to him at Hanover, that he is *son enfant gâté*. If he does not divert himself so well at Brussels, as from the reputation of Brussels one might expect, he will only have the more time to inform himself of the very many things that he ought to know relatively to Flanders. I am as much obliged to you for your intentions to lodge him in your *hotel*, as if he were actually lodged there; but I do seriously and earnestly insist that he be not your lodger. When he comes even to London, he shall not lodge in my house, though it is full big enough to hold him: but youth and spirits never do well under the same roof with age and gravity. Do not think from this, that I call you an old fellow. God forbid! but you will allow yourself to be something older, and rather graver, than a boy of not quite one and twenty.

I think I gain a little ground by pumping my head, and by all the other operations which I undergo here; but it is very little. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 133.)

Bath, October 30, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very sure that you are much more concerned than I am at the accident that happened between you and Marquis de Botta relatively to my boy.* My greatest concern arises from the apprehensions that it may possibly affect you at that formal Court; if it does not, there is no harm done. You conducted yourself, in the whole affair, with all the prudence of a man much less irascible than you naturally are, especially where your friends are concerned. As for

* It appears that Mr. Stanhope, having come to Brussels, and having been introduced to the Emperor's representative, Prince Charles of Lorraine, a violent remonstrance was made in consequence by the Imperial Minister, Marquis Botta. "He attacked me," says Mr. Dayrolles, "in a manner I little expected, on the irregularity of my behaviour in presenting to his Royal Highness, the Emperor's own brother, a person of Mr. Stanhope's birth; in consequence of which he had himself invited him to dine at his table on the most solemn occasion. . . . I told him I did not see why a gentleman who had been well received by the Kings of Sicily and Poland, who had been presented by Lord Albemarle to the King of France, and by the Duke of Newcastle to the King of England, might not have the honour likewise of being presented to Prince Charles of Lorraine." (To Lord Chesterfield, October 20, 1752. MS. Letters.) The result was, however, that on the one hand Marquis Botta agreed to keep the matter secret and to make no public objection, and on the other hand Mr. Dayrolles prevailed upon Mr. Stanhope to set off immediately from Brussels.

the boy himself, people in his situation must sometimes expect disagreeable things of that nature; and I have made use of this incident in my letter to him,* to shew him how necessary it is for him to counterbalance this disadvantage by superior merit and knowledge. He has desired to go again to Paris; which I have very willingly consented to, as he is received there in the best companies, and employed by Lord Albemarle in the most secret correspondence.—This incident makes me still more desirous than before, that the Duke of Newcastle's proposal for him may take place; which, together with his being in Parliament, as he will be in the next, will put an end to all these discussions. Adieu; I have pelted you lately with so many letters, that you will be afraid, for some time, of every post from England. Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 279.)

à Londres, ce 11 Novembre, V. S. 1752.

VOTRE petit galopin vous aura, à coup sûr, déjà fait sa cour, pour la troisième fois, à Paris. Je ne comptois pas qu'il y retournât encore si tôt; il devoit hiverner à La Haye, mais il m'a prié si instamment, et même d'une manière si touchante, de vouloir bien lui permettre de passer encore au moins une partie de cet hiver à Paris, que je n'ai pu lui refuser; et au fond, j'ai été bien aise de lui voir cette envie, que je considère comme une preuve de son bon goût. Pour obtenir plus facilement mon consentement, il m'a promis

* That letter is missing.

de travailler assidument à acquérir ces couches du beau vernis, qui sont si nécessaires à tout le monde, et dont il a plus besoin que tout autre ; au moins il ne tiendra qu'à lui de les prendre. S'il peut profiter des meilleurs modèles, il vous verra, et vos amis ; si, en échange, vous souhaitiez d'apprendre le bon ton, les agrémens, et les graces du corps Germanique, il doit être en état de vous les enseigner, ayant fréquenté les Cours d'une demi-douzaine d'Electeurs, et d'une soixantaine de Princes du saint empire Romain. Au reste, Madame, je vous en supplie, ne le ménagez point, dites-lui fortement ses vérités, ne lui passez rien, il vous en croira plus que tout autre, et par conséquent en profitera plus.

L'intérêt, que vous daignez prendre à ce qui me touche, m'oblige de vous dire deux mots au sujet de ma chétive santé, qui d'ailleurs ne vaut pas la peine qu'on en parle. Ces eaux m'ont fait quelque bien ; j'entends mieux que je ne faisais quand je suis venu ici, mais pas encore assez bien pour être réhabilité comme membre de la société. Je n'entends que quand on m'adresse la parole, et qu'il n'y a pas d'autre bruit, c'est-à-dire, que je n'entends que dans les tête-à-têtes ; et hélas ! les tête-à-têtes ne sont plus de mon ressort. Que mon sort seroit triste, si je n'avois pas du goût pour la lecture, qui me fait souvent oublier, pendant que j'y suis, que je ne suis plus bon à autre chose. A tout âge, il faut chérir les illusions consolantes ou agréables ; dans la jeunesse, elles se présentent, dans la vieillesse, il les faut chercher, ou même en faire, et avec tout cela, l'ennui en est l'appanage. Pour ne vous pas communiquer une partie du mien, je vous donne le bon soir, Madame, et même sans vous dire ce que je vous suis.

To ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 77.)

Bath, November 11, 1752.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

You judged very rightly (as you always do) in thinking that I have the greatest esteem for the works of the Bishop of Cloyne, and you acted very kindly (as you always do too) in sending them to me. I have since received them from the Bishop himself, but feloniously printed in London by Tomson and Draper, and like most stolen goods strangely altered and disguised, as well by larger and whiter paper, as by ink of the blackest dye. I always expect your pacquets with impatience, and receive them with pleasure; but that pleasure would be much more complete, if some productions of your own now and then accompanied the excellent ones which you send me of other people. I must freely tell you that you have been long enough the celebrated and successful man midwife of other people's conceptions; and it is now high time that you should take up the other end of the business, and beget, conceive, and bear fruit, yourself. The most illustrious of your predecessors did so. The Stephens's, the Alduses, and many others, acted as men-midwives to the greatest authors, but then they acted as men too, and begot, as well as delivered: and indeed there is such a relation and connection between these two operations, that it is next to impossible that one, who has been so able as you have been in the one, should be deficient in the other. You have, moreover, one advantage which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally

acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others, whose productions they brought to light, but were obliged to exhibit them in the, always imperfect, often deformed, state in which they found them, in ragged and worm-eaten vellum and parchment. Whereas you have been always at the fountain-head; you have not only printed and read, but you have heard Swift, Berkeley, and all the best authors of the Irish Augustan age. You have conversed with, you have been informed, and to my knowledge consulted, by them. Should you ask me, my friend, what sort of work I would particularly point out to you, I can only answer, consult your genius, which will best direct you; if it does not lead you, or rather hurry you, whether you will or not, into poetry, do not attempt verse, but take the more common manner of writing, which is prose. Cicero himself had better have done so. A *Typographia Hibernica*, which no man in the kingdom is more capable of doing well than yourself, would be a useful work, and becoming your character. I do not recommend to you any ludicrous performances; they must flow naturally, or they are good for nothing; and though, were it only by your long and amicable collision with Sheridan, Delany, Swift, and others, you must be very strongly impregnated with particles of wit and humour, yet I take your natural turn to be grave and philosophical. A collection of *Anas* would admit of all subjects, and in a volume or two of Swiftiana, you might both give and take a sample of yourself, by slipping in some Faulkneriana; the success of which would, I am persuaded, engage you to go further. Biography should in my mind be your next step, for which you appear to be thoroughly

qualified, by the clear and impartial accounts which your hebdomadal labours give of the deaths of all people of note. History would soon follow, which in truth you have been writing these many years, though perhaps without thinking so. What is history but a collection of facts and dates? Your Journal is a collection of facts and dates; then, what is your Journal but history? Our friend the Chief Baron, with whom I have often talked upon this subject, has always agreed with me, that in the fitness of things it was necessary you should be an author; and I am very sure, that if you consult him he will join with me in exhorting you to set about it forthwith. Whenever you assume that character, I claim a very strong dedication with the first copy of the work, as an old friend, which, joking apart, I sincerely am, and

Your humble servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 243.)

Bath, November 11, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is only to ask you how you do, and what you do, in both which I need not tell you how truly I interest myself. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed, and agreeably amused, you will probably, considering your sobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to answer both those ends. Their establishment should excite your attention; and their conversation and

progressive improvement amuse your leisure hours. Your son is of an age to enable you to guess a little at his turn and disposition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you must certainly send him to some great school; but if you would have him a better thing, a very honest man, you should have him *à portée* of your own inspection. At those great schools, the heart is wholly neglected by those who ought to form it, and is consequently left open to temptations and ill examples; paternal care and inspection, attended by proper firmness and authority, may prevent great part of that mischief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond; by which I find, with great pleasure, that both the collection and the object of it, the refugees, increase daily. If the receiving and retrieving those poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and political duty, what must be the guilt and madness of those, who, by persecution for matters of mere speculation, force those poor people to carry their industry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries! I wonder the French Government does not rather choose to burn them at home, than persecute them away into other countries; it would be full as just, and much more prudent.

These waters, which I have now used six weeks, in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly; as I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more wel-

come. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate, without either melancholy or murmur; for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the Eternal Divine Being, who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here.

Adieu, my dear Lord; believe me most truly and affectionately
Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, December 4, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RETURNED here yesterday from Bath, the better in my health, but little so in my hearing, for the stay I made there. The bathing and pumping my head did me a great deal of good at first, but I gradually lost what ground I had gained, and am now just as deaf as when I went there. Thus deaf, and not having been four and twenty hours in town, you will easily judge that I have seen little, and heard less. All that I have heard (and it is true) is, that the Prince of Wales's family are altogether by the ears. Lord Harcourt and the Bishop* will resign, and complain of Stone and Scott. The Princess and the two boys† are for the two latter, and the King (though to

* Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich.

† The Prince of Wales (afterwards King George the Third) and Prince Edward.

no purpose) cries, *accordez vous, canaille !* My godson will be much better educated without such bustles. Princes have long had the exclusive privilege of being worse educated than all the rest of mankind.

Your little friend and servant is at Paris, where he will continue three or four months longer, and where I hope he will learn more manners and attentions. If I can get him into this Parliament for any of the vacant boroughs, I will, and that, as you justly observe, will remove all difficulties ; but I fear they are all engaged. I am hurried at present by visits and ceremonies, though, thank God, not by business ; so must abruptly wish you all well, and tell you that I am, most sincerely,

Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON- CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 285.)

à Londres, ce 18 Décembre, 1752.

IL y a quatre mois, que Milady Hervey a eu la goutte aux deux mains, ce qu'elle ordonne à la mienne de vous dire ; je lui ai montré votre lettre : elle s'impatiente de sa goutte, que ne la fait pourtant plus souffrir à présent, mais qui lui a affoibli la main, au point qu'elle ne peut pas encore tenir la plume. Elle vous fait mille complimens.

Je suis bien aise que votre petit galopin ait gagné un peu du côté de l'air et des manières, mais je ne comprends point comme quoi il n'a pas gagné beaucoup davantage, vu qu'à présent il y a sept ans qu'il a

été dans tous les pays de l'Europe, et qu'il y a réellement fréquenté tout ce qu'il a de mieux. Il devrait actuellement avoir, non seulement l'air, la politesse, et les attentions nécessaires, mais même le plus beau vernis, et tout ce qu'il y a de plus séduisant dans l'art de plaire. Ce n'est pourtant rien moins que cela ; et il a encore un furieux chemin à faire pour parvenir au nécessaire. Comment combinez-vous cela, Madame, avec l'esprit juste, et la docilité que vous lui donnez ? Un esprit peut-il être juste, et ne pas voir la nécessité de plaire ? Et peut-il être docile, et n'en pas apprendre les moyens ? S'il n'est pas encore, comme vous le dites, et comme il n'est que trop vrai, assez persuadé de la nécessité de plaire, quand le sera-t-il ? Mille personnes lui ont assez dit tout ce qu'on peut dire sur ce sujet, et j'ai épuisé cette matière dans les lettres que je lui ai écrites depuis quatre ans ; mais il y a des propositions si évidentes en elles-mêmes, qu'il n'y a pas moyen de les rendre plus claires.

Je suis revenu des Bains, tout aussi sourd que j'y suis allé ; je n'ai plus d'espérance, et me voici biffé pour toujours de la société. Il ne me reste donc d'autre ressource que la lecture et les réflexions, dont les plus flatteuses seront l'amitié dont vous avez bien voulu m'honorer, et les sentimens d'estime et de reconnaissance, avec lesquels je vous donne le bon soir.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 245.)

London, December 19, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy that greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind. Proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects to excite its attention, otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: your son learns what a boy should learn, and your daughters read what girls should read—history; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest which you take in whatever concerns me makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last. I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am,

Yours, &c.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY.*

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 333.)

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and contemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your Majesty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of serving your Majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leisure and a large pension.

Your Petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension: he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has an estate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the same time (though he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expression you are used to) *insist* upon it.

That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but as,

* It seems scarcely necessary to observe, that the following piece of pleasantry was never really sent, nor intended to be sent, to the King.

after all, some justice is due to one's self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent: That his loyalty to your Majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at least, three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as, unquestionably, he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expense, in support of your Majesty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of these Realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.*

Your Majesty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil List must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various, frequent, and profuse evacuations, which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he has good reasons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Pension-fund are, by no means, the last that will be made good by Parliament.

* A satirical allusion to the conduct at that period of the Dukes of Bedford, Bolton, and Montagu, Lords Harcourt, Halifax, and many other Peers. Horace Walpole gives the following account of it in a note to Sir C. H. Williams's ballad *The Heroes*: "In the time of the Rebellion these Lords had proposed to raise regiments of their own dependents, and were allowed; had they paid them too the service had been noble; being paid by Government obscured a little the merit; being paid without raising them would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain that not six regiments ever were raised, not four of which were employed."

Your Petitioner begs leave to observe, That a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other: but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side; on the other, regard and esteem; which, doubtless, your Majesty must entertain in the highest degree, for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your Eleemosynary list. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than three thousand pounds a year will not be proposed to him: if made up of gold the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner persuades himself, that your Majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, Sir, he confesses his own weakness; Honour alone is his object; Honour is his passion; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and upon this general principle, singly, he now solicits that honour, which in the most shining times distinguished the greatest men of Greece, who were fed at the expense of the public.

Upon this Honour, so sacred to him as a Peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst Minister can ever suggest to your Majesty: but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in Honour to de-

clare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your Majesty's Petitioner will ever pray, &c.

TO A. B—T, ESQ. (AT EDINBURGH).

(Supplemental volume of Works, p. 31.)

London, February 10, 1753.

SIR,

I AM extremely concerned to find the report of Lord Strathmore's death* confirmed to me by the favour of your letter of the 31st ultimo.

As soon as my compliments of condolence to Lady Strathmore upon this occasion will be less troublesome, I will beg of you, Sir, to assure her Ladyship of the sincere part I take in her misfortune.

The confidence which my late kinsman† seems to have placed in me, by naming me one of the guardians of his children, deserves a better return on my part than I fear I can make. My own infirmities (particularly an obstinate deafness), the distance of place, and my utter ignorance of the present state of the children, all concur in making me absolutely unfit to advise as to the further progress of their education, which they who are acquainted with them (and especially Lord Morton) must be the best judges of.

* Thomas, eighth Earl of Strathmore, succeeded to the title in 1735, and died at Glamis Castle, January 18, 1753.

† The Earls of Strathmore are kinsmen of the Earls of Chesterfield, as descending from Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, who married the fourth Lord Strathmore, and who was the only surviving child of Philip, second Lord Chesterfield, by his second wife—*la belle Chesterfield*, described in the *Mémoires de Grammont*, and painted by Sir Peter Lely.

One thing I will venture to suggest only. The present Lord is seventeen, a good classical scholar, and with a turn to learning. At this age Lady Strathmore will probably think it proper to send him either to an university or to travel; and if to an university, I should much prefer an university in Scotland to either of ours here.

But, in either case, I would most earnestly recommend (as well to preserve his understanding from reproach as his person and estate from danger), that he be put into the hands of persons who should instil into him true and rational principles of government, and show him the natural and unalienable rights of mankind, in opposition to the absurd, monstrous, and impudent doctrines of the absolute power—the divine, indefeasible, and hereditary rights of Kings! Some of Lord Strathmore's family have fallen victims to those extravagant notions. May their fall prove a warning to the remains of it!

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 135.)

London, February 16, O.S. 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

It is true that I have been long silent, and am, contrary to custom, two letters in your debt. I would have paid better had my specie been better, but it is really so bad, that it would be both impudent and fraudulent in me to pretend to give it currency; but, since you will take it for the sake of him whose image

and inscription it wears, you shall have it, and with my wishes that it were better.

I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society, every day. I can now say of the world, as the man in Hamlet, *What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?* My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one. I will keep dipping in it, for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself—that self, as now circumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.

I am very glad to hear that my godson flourishes. I hope he is very noisy and very active, which, at his age, are the only symptoms of health and parts. I would much rather that Madame Dayrolles' increasing circumference ended in a *paroli* of two sons more, than in a single *couche* of one daughter, unless she can engage, which is not very probable, that that daughter shall be exactly like her, both in body and mind.

I believe you are not at all sorry, for in your case I know I should not, that your great men—your Cautizes and your Bentincks*—have taken your negotiations out of your hands: it secures you Ministers

* "Count, now Prince, Kaunitz, and Count Bentinck, who repaired to Brussels upon this occasion, but to as little purpose as the Commissioners." (Note by Mr. Dayrolles.)

of a subordinate rank from any blame, in whatsoever manner the negotiations may be concluded, if ever they are concluded at all. The credit or the blame will be theirs, the appointments *en attendant* are yours.

I have great reason to believe that the Residency at Venice will soon fall to the share of your little friend. The two brothers* are, I am convinced, very sincere in endeavouring to procure it him, and I am apt to think that his Majesty is so extremely indifferent who goes to Venice, that he will not be unwilling to oblige me *à si peu de frais*. If that happens, I shall look upon the boy's fortune to be made, by such a first stride upon the political ladder at one and twenty. With that, his seat in Parliament, and what I shall leave him, it must be his own fault if he does not make some figure and a tolerable fortune in the world.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am, most warmly and affectionately, Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, March 13, O. S. 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE Madame Dayrolles is recovered of her accident, which I am very glad to hear, you have lost nothing by it but the fashion, which is a trifle to such workmen, and who have such a stock of good materials. Considering the subject you have to work upon, one may justly apply to you the late Lord Chancellor

* Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle.

King's motto, *Labor ipse Voluptas*. I dare say the whole damage is by this time repaired.

I think it is very lucky for you inferior ministers, that those *de la première volée*, your Caunitzes and your Bentincks, have taken the work off your hands; for the blame, which always exceeds the honour in those affairs, will be theirs too. A good *tariff*, if we can get one, would be a good thing; but for the *barrière*, I could wish that there were no treaty at all, and that the Dutch would, as they easily might, make their own interior *barrière* impenetrable, and leave the care of Flanders entirely to the House of Austria, who would, in that case take care of it, notwithstanding all they give out concerning it, as that it is an expense to them, and only of use to the Maritime Powers. They know the contrary; and they know that it is the single point of union between them and the Maritime Powers, a connection which they would be very sorry to lose. That haughty House ought to be made sensible, that the money and the fleets of the Maritime Powers are more necessary to them, than their land forces are to the Maritime Powers. The late Duke of Marlborough, for his own private interest, laid the foundation of our subserviency to the Court of Vienna. Upon the same principle, the late King carried it on, till upon private *pique* in the year 1725 he ran into the other extreme, and, by the treaty of Hanover, more absurdly threw himself into the arms, and consequently into a dependency of the House of Bourbon. England ought to be the friend, but neither the slave nor the bubble, of the House of Austria; we have nothing to fear but from the House of Bourbon.

Poor Hanover is frightened out of its wits, if it had

any before, by the King of Prussia's ordering an encampment at Magdeburg, which he does only to frighten them, knowing their tendency to fear, for he dares not touch them, even should we take one of his Embden ships, which I dare say we shall not. He is a great deal too wise to attack Hanover, without being previously very sure of some things, which I am sure that he cannot be sure of. He must be sure, that, in consequence of such a measure, the two Empresses* will not fall upon both ends of his dominions; and he must be as sure that France will effectually assist him. He is sure of no one of these things: he is certainly an able man, and therefore I am sure that he will be quiet. But he will pocket the 40,000*l.* that he has stolen from us,† for which he knows very well that we shall not begin with him.

But what have I to do, my dear Dayrolles, either to talk or think of these matters, which I long ago renounced by choice, and am now unfit for from necessity? And what is public life to me, who am cut off from all the comforts even of social? This political excursion, which is *un reste de l'homme d'affaires*, puts me in mind of Harlequin's making several passes against the wall, *par un reste de bravoure*.

By your account, Madame de Mirepoix has had one fine night on't: could I have such a one for my ears as she has had for her whole head, I should

* Of Russia and of Germany.

† "The King of Prussia (in the year 1752) evinced the most hostile disposition towards England, by erecting courts of his own to overthrow the sentences of our Admiralty Court of Appeal, and by appropriating the interest due to the creditors of the Silesia Loan for the payment of such sums as were adjudged in this unjust and irregular manner." (Coxe's Pelham, vol. ii. p. 233.)

prefer it to the best night I ever passed in my life; but sleep is now the only business, and the only hope, of my nights. It is my greatest comfort, for it banishes the thoughts of my deafness, and my deafness in return renders my sleep less liable to interruption.

Your little friend will come here from Paris in about a month, and, as I hope and believe, will succeed Sir James Gray, when he shall be declared Envoy to Naples. I hear of no competitor, and every Minister is, I really think, in good earnest to serve him. I own I have set my heart upon the success of this affair, which I think is decisive of his fortune. I tell you nothing of the affair of Stone and the Solicitor-General, which makes so much noise here,* because I really know nothing of it with certainty; for, as nobody is unprejudiced on either side, but, on the contrary, warm and violent on each, one hears no undisguised truth on either. I *believe* that *factums* and proceedings are to be published; I will read them all, and believe none entirely. By all I have yet heard, Mr. Fawcett seems to have proved too little and Mr. Stone too much.

My compliments to Madame Dayrolles; and lay by a stock of them for my god-son, to deliver to him when he shall be willing or able to receive them.

Yours most affectionately.

* An accusation brought by Fawcett, an attorney at Newcastle, against Stone (sub-governor of the Prince of Wales) and Murray (the Solicitor-General) of having twenty years before drank the health of the Pretender. This ridiculous charge, which was completely disproved by the accused parties, is much magnified by Horace Walpole, both in his correspondence and his Memoirs, from his dislike of Murray.—See Lord Dover's note to the letter to Mann, of March 27, 1753.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, April 6, O. S. 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

TELL Madame Dayrolles from me that her blushes were conscious ones, and confirmed the truth of my conjecture, and the justness of my application. From conjecture, the transition is natural to prophecy, and I do prophesy, that within the time required from the date of her accident, my god-son will most certainly not be the only fruit of those labours. So much the better for him; I pity an only son, and indeed they are commonly very piteous creatures.

Mr. Stone's affair begins now to subside a little. Fawcett's accusation was very ill supported by his testimony, which was frivolous and prevaricating, but certainly not malicious, for he was a rising lawyer, and hoped for preferment from the favour of the Solicitor-General. Lord Ravensworth's* conduct was merely the result of honest, wrongheaded Whig zeal. The parties accused, you easily imagine, were to be cleared, but, in my mind, they were cleared too much; for they made oath, that from their infancy they never were Jacobites, nor in company where the Pretender's health was drank. This seems very extraordinary, considering that they were of Jacobite families, bred up at Westminster school, and sent from thence to Oxford, the seat of Jacobitism. - All I can say to this last particular is what Ariosto says of Angelica, who,

* Sir Henry Liddell, Bart., created Lord Ravensworth in 1747. It was at his table that Fawcett first mentioned the story.

after having travelled all over the world *tête-à-tête* with her lover, professed herself an untouched virgin,

Forse era ver, ma non però credibile.*

Had the affair been healed with less solemnity, and the justification of the parties accused less laboured, I think they would have been better justified. The evidence against them was really nothing; but, upon the whole, the affair has affected them both, and they will feel the weight of it as long as they live. No reasonable man, I believe, thinks them Jacobites now, whatever they may have been formerly. But parties do not reason, and every Whig party man, which is nine in ten of the Whig party, is fully convinced that they are at this time determined and dangerous Jacobites.

Your little friend's affair, though it has transpired and is generally believed, is not yet so fixed that I can think it quite safe, though I think it very probable. I have sent for him from Paris, and I expect him here next week. I thought it right for him to be upon the place, and to attend three or four Wednesdays' and Fridays' levees, now that the affair comes so near to a decision; for Sir James Gray, I am told, is to kiss hands for Naples before the King goes to Kensington, which will be the first week of next month.

Here is a Comte de Paar arrived from Brussels, who brought me a letter from my old friend, and your present ally, Monsieur Van-haren.† He dines with me to-morrow, though God knows that, deaf as I am, I am very unfit to do the honours of either my

* See vol. i. p. 439 of this edition.

† At that period the Dutch Minister at Brussels.

own country, or my own house, to foreigners. He seems to be a very good sort of man, without *la morgue Autrichienne*.

I am now, for the first time in my life, impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath, and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal*, which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. I propose to migrate there in about three weeks, and idle away the summer, without fearing or wishing the return of winter. Deaf as I am, I would not change the interior quiet and tranquillity of my mind, for the full possession of all the objects of my former pursuits. I know their futility, and I know now, that one can only find real happiness within one's self. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 285.)

à Londres, ce 3 Mai, 1753.

UN vieillard, un sourd, un hermite, ne pouvoit guères contribuer à rendre le peu de séjour que Monsieur d'Ennery a fait ici agréable ; mais heureusement pour lui il avoit de meilleurs guides pour le labyrinthe de Londres. Il y a tout vû, il a été partout, et partout où il a été, on a souhaité de l'y revoir. Son mérite, ses manières, et l'Anglois, qu'il parle très-pas-sablement, lui auroient toujours frayé le chemin à tout ce qu'il a de bonne compagnie ici ; mais, faits comme nous le sommes, il lui auroit fallu du tems pour

cela, au lieu que le grand nombre de nos jeunes gens, qui avoient eu le plaisir de le connoître à Paris, l'ont initié d'abord dans tous les mystères de la bonne compagnie.

Votre autre enfant, pour lequel, en vérité, vous avez eu les mêmes bontés que s'il eût été réellement le vôtre, a, il est vrai, la figure un peu plus dégagée, l'air un peu meilleur, et les manières un peu moins mauvaises qu'autrefois ; mais vous m'avouerez aussi, que, du point où il est actuellement, aux graces, au liant, à l'aimable, il a encore un furieux chemin à faire. J'espère que la réflexion, et l'usage du monde, les lui donneront avec le tems. Il n'y a rien de plus nécessaire, non seulement pour les agrémens de la société, mais pour les succès dans les négociations. Le bon sens, et le savoir, sont des fondemens nécessaires ; mais sans les graces, ils deviennent presque inutiles : on ne porte pas les diamans bruts, la valeur y est pourtant, mais c'est que le lustre n'y est pas.

Voici, Madame, la saison pour *Bagatelle* et *Babiole* ; en peu de jours je compte d'aller à ce dernier endroit, m'y enterrer, je ne dis pas vif, car sela ne se dit pas d'un sourd, mais végétant. J'y serai dans la seule compagnie à laquelle je ne suis pas à charge actuellement, c'est-à-dire mes choux ; mais pour vous, qui avez tout ce qu'il faut pour goûter, et pour donner, les douceurs de la société, profitez de *Bagatelle* pour le rétablissement de votre santé, et pour l'oubli de vos chagrins. Voyez-y vos amis, amusez-vous, et bannissez, autant que vous le pourrez, des souvenirs aussi inutiles que désagréables. Nous sommes, plus que nous ne le croyons généralement, les maîtres des sentimens de notre cœur, et des mouvemens de notre

esprit; il leur faut nécessairement un objet, mais en prenant un peu sur nous, nous pouvons en grande partie leur choisir ces objets, et en substituer d'agréables aux désagréables. Au moins je prêche d'exemple, puisqu'au lieu de succomber sous le plus grand malheur qui pouvoit m'arriver à mon âge, la surdité, je m'occupe à en chercher tous les dédommagemens possibles, et je me prête d'autant plus à tous les amusemens, qui sont à ma portée. Voilà, Madame, la véritable philosophie, je vous la recommande.

Vous reverrez bientôt Madame d'Hervey, qui meurt d'ennui ici, et d'envie pour Paris: je regretterai son absence, mais sans blâmer son goût; c'est dans mon système de philosophie. J'en connois d'autres qui feroient de même, si les circonstances leur permettoient de vous donner à *Bagatelle* au lieu d'ici le bon soir.

PERMETTEZ, Madame, à votre petit serviteur d'ajouter une petite apostille à cette lettre, pour vous assurer qu'il conservera éternellement les sentimens de la plus vive reconnaissance des bontés, que vous lui avez témoignées pendant son séjour à Paris, et qu'il est avec l'attachement le plus respectueux,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur

P. STANHOPE.

A M. LE BARON DE KREUNINGEN.

(Now first printed.)

à Londres, ce 8 Mai, 1753.

JE vous envoie, mon cher Baron, par l'Evêque de Waterford, un petit paquet principalement domestique, à l'exception du livre du feu Milord Boling-

broke, qui vient de paroître,* et qui mérite bien votre attention. Vous y verrez le caractère du vieux Prétendant bien peint, et vous y trouverez des anecdotes très curieuses touchant la Rebellion de l'année 1715, et le tout de main de maître. La tragédie du Comte d'Essex, qui étoit autrefois très mal écrite, mais dont le sujet et la conduite étoient intéressans, est écrite tout de nouveau, mais sans le moindre changement au vieux plan, par un poëte que j'ai déterré à Dublin, qui étoit maçon,† et qui ne savoit pas un seul mot de Grec, ou de Latin, mais à qui Dieu seul avoit donné un génie véritablement poétique. Je crois que la poésie vous plaira, pour le reste le poëte n'en est pas coupable, puisqu'il n'a travaillé que sur le vieux plan. La tragédie du *Joueur*, en prose, a été fort goûtée ici, et en vérité je la trouve fort touchante. Pour celle des *Deux Frères*, il y a sûrement quelques beaux morceaux, mais aussi beaucoup de Phœbus et de Galimatias; l'auteur est plus qu'un fou, mais avec beaucoup de génie. D'ailleurs je n'ais rien trouvé digne de grossir de paquet dont j'ai chargé l'Evêque. Cet Evêque étoit autrefois mon chapelain à la Haye. C'est un Israelite sans tache, et qui ressemble plus à ces premiers Evêques qui se croyoient responsables des ames de leurs troupeaux, qu'aux Evêques d'aujourd'hui qui ne s'informent que des revenus. Il est ni grand

* The letter to Sir William Wyndham.

† His name was Jones, and he had been, as Lord Chesterfield states, a bricklayer at Dublin, "composing," says his biographer, "a line of "brick and a line of verse alternately." When in 1750 Colley Cibber believed himself at the point of death, he wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, recommending Mr. Jones for his successor as Laureate, and Lord Chesterfield urged the same application, telling Horace Walpole that a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it.

clerc, ni grand génie, mais parfaitement honnête homme.

Je croupis toujours, mon cher Baron, dans ma surdité, tâchant toujours de charmer mon ennui par la lecture, la promenade, et d'autres amusemens frivoles; mais j'ai beau faire, *Haeret lateri lethalis arundo*. Les conversations que je vois sans pouvoir les entendre me rappellent à tous momens le sentiment de mon malheur, et je suis cent fois par jour l'eunuque dans le sérail. Je compte d'aller la semaine qui vient me cacher dans mon petit hermitage à Greenwich, où je peux être beaucoup plus souvent seul, qu'il m'est possible de l'être en ville. Je puis dire comme le philosophe, *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*.

D'ailleurs je jouis d'une parfaite santé, et c'est toujours une consolation. Comment vont vos migraines et vos langueurs? L'été, et votre jardin ne vous font-ils pas du bien? Promenez-vous beaucoup dans votre jardin, l'air et l'exercice sont nécessaires pour entretenir et pour rétablir la santé. Je le sais par expérience.

Je m'informe peu, et je sais encore moins des affaires politiques. Je n'en sais absolument que ce qu'il plait à la Gazette de Cologne, dont j'admire également l'éloquence et la profondeur, de me dire. J'y vois que vous êtes toujours à faire les meilleures choses du monde, mais sans les finir; et j'y vois que le Roi de Prusse établit deux Compagnies pour le commerce des Indes, en beaucoup moins de temps que vous n'aurez un seul port pour le vôtre. Je prévois que ce dégourdi là fera bien du tort à votre commerce, et au nôtre. Je tiens les beaux jours de notre commerce pour passés. Autrefois les grandes Puissances avoient la bonté de n'y pas penser seulement et nous

en avions en quelque façon le monopole ; les armées, les conquêtes, les occupaient ; à présent il n'est question que de commerce. Tout le monde en veut, et il n'y en a pas pour tout le monde. Bon soir, mon cher Baron, je crains de vous avoir déjà ennuyé, car je deviens trop bête. Mais tel que je suis très véritablement à vous.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, May 25, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I SUSPENDED the course of my letters for some time, from mere compassion to you. Dull they must be from one who has neither business nor pleasure, and whose fancy must consequently stagnate. Our friendship only can make them either worth writing or reading, and it is upon that principle only that this goes to you. I hope it will find you, Madame Dayrolles, and my god-son, all well ; I am sure I sincerely wish it.

I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horse's agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them.

Bentinck arrived here last Saturday, but I have not seen him, and very probably shall not ; for I believe he will not seek me, and I seek nobody. Some say that he is come over to transact great and important affairs ; but others say, and I have some reason to think with more truth, that he is come *parce qu'il boude*

Madame la Gouvernante, and threatens her with retiring from business, and leaving her to herself and de Bacq, without either knowing who governs her, or whom she governs; this I know, that nothing is done in that declining Republic: they begin many things, and finish none.

When the Neapolitan Minister, who is now at Paris, arrives here, Sir James Gray will be appointed the King's Envoy to Naples, and then I both hope and believe that your little friend will likewise be named Sir James's successor at Venice, which is the place in all the world for him to begin with. The variety of passengers from all countries that he will see there, will, I hope, give him more desire to please, which is what he wants, and what I endeavour to inculcate into him. He is too careless and indifferent for one of his age; and has not yet *l'art de se faire valoir*, which is a very necessary one. La Bruyère observes very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. I hope that will come. Good night.

Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, June 22, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

It is very true, that I am very well in health; but I can assure you that my deafness is much more than a thickness of hearing, and that I am very far from being a social animal. I will never be an unsocial one, however, and I will wish my fellow-creatures as well as if I heard them. I have natural good spirits to support me under this misfortune, and philosophy

enough not to grieve under any that I cannot remove, bodily pain excepted, of which, thank God, I have had as small a share as any body of my age, perhaps even a smaller. My only society is the person, who, for the time being, sits near me. It is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that I retired from business to the comforts of a quiet and private life, before my unfortunate deafness reduced me to the necessity of doing it; or it would never have been thought choice, had it been ever so truly so, the generality of mankind not having the least notion of giving up power or profit.

Our Venetian affair, which I look upon as almost sure, waits for the arrival of Marquis Albertini, who is still at Paris; his Majesty insisting that he shall be landed in England before he will name his Minister for Naples: and his Neapolitan Majesty thinking that he has gone far enough in sending his Minister as far as Paris, before any one is named on our part. Between you and me, he is certainly in the right, and we are in the wrong, there being no such great inequality among Crowned Heads: some have indeed a *préséance* before, but none have (not even the Emperor, who in vain pretends to it) a pre-eminence over others. But I suppose this will be patched up somehow or other. I am impatient for it, because I want to have the boy enter upon his business, and set up a little shop, *en attendant mieux*.

I hope my god-son and Madame Dayrolles's son will divert part of her grief for the loss of her father; and it is her duty to think more of one to whom her attention is both useful and necessary, than of one to whom all grief is unavailing. Wise people may say what they will, but one passion is never cured but by

another: grief cannot be talked away, but it may and will be insensibly removed by other objects of one's attention. You should, therefore, put my god-son much in her way, and talk to her constantly upon his subject. *Au reste*, your precaution about him is, I hope and believe, very unnecessary, though eventually very prudent. You will probably live till he will want no guardians. In the course of nature, not to mention my shattered constitution, I probably shall not; but however, in the uncertainty of events, I accept that mark of your friendship and confidence, which you propose giving me, and promise you in return, that, should the case exist, which I both hope and believe will not, I will take the same care of my god-son, that I would, were he my own son. But, as I am utterly ignorant of all pecuniary affairs, I could rather wish that you would appoint proper trustees for the care of his fortune, and me only guardian of his person and education.

I suppose he now aims at some words, and, considering the composition of your family, I suppose in various languages: all the better, let him go on with all the languages of Babel if he pleases, English, French, Flemish, and German; for though he will certainly jumble and confound them now, he will as certainly *débrouiller* them hereafter, and it will be so much clear gain for him, without any trouble. Pray let him neither be chid nor whipped for any childish trick; but reserve chiding and whipping for his first deliberate act of obstinacy, falsehood, or ill-nature, and then do it to the purpose. I am persuaded that a child of a year and a half old is to be reasoned with.

The Bill, which passed last session, for the Naturali-

zation of the Jews, and which was a very right one, makes a strange noise among the generality of the people here. Many really think it, and many pretend to think it, calculated and intended for the destruction of the Christian Religion in this kingdom, which they tell you will become the New Jerusalem, and be not only inhabited but governed by the Jews. Among the thousand absurd and scurrilous pamphlets, letters, and advertisements, that have been published upon this occasion, there has been but one good conceit, and that I think has some humour in it. It is an advertisement inserted lately in the Evening Post, as from a surgeon, who takes the liberty to inform the public upon this occasion, that he has a fine hand at circumcision of adult persons as well as children, and that he performs that operation with little pain and no danger to the patient, and at the most reasonable rate.

The Marriage Bill, which, by the way, I think might have been as well let alone, has excited great clamour too, which clamour, together with the other, is treasured up for the approaching elections; but I believe to little purpose. Fox made this a public point (which otherwise it never would have been) by his manner of opposing it, for he fell upon the Lord Chancellor with great virulence, and did not spare Mr. Pelham. In return, the Lord Chancellor, when the Bill came up again from the House of Commons, fell upon Fox most bitterly. Fox immediately complained of it to the King, who answered him coolly, that he was always against the aggressor, and that he (Fox) was the aggressor.* Upon this Fox

* See some further details of this transaction in H. Walpole's letter to Mann, of June 12, 1753.

made very mean submissions to the Ministers, invited them all to dine with him at Holland House, and so this affair was patched up till it breaks out again.

From a hermitage, this is, I think, a very long letter and full of news. You may very probably think the letter too long, and the news too old; but I will conclude it with a piece of much staler and older news, which you have known these twenty years, that I am, affectionately and sincerely, Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON- CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 291.)

à Babiole, ce 24 Juin, 1753.

VOTRE silence ne vous cachera pas, Madame; tout ce que vous faites est trop marqué au coin de l'amitié, et du bon goût, pour ne vous pas décéler. J'ai actuellement devant mes yeux une preuve de l'une et de l'autre. C'est la plus belle pièce de porcelaine de Vincennes que j'aie vu de mes jours: le fond de la matière, la forme, les couleurs, enfin tout en est parfait, et ne pouvoit venir que de votre part. Supposez, je vous en supplie, tout ce que je devrois vous dire de la mienne, et faites (comme dit le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) comme si je ne savois que vous dire là-dessus.

* See the play of Molière, act ii. scene 6.

LE MAITRE DE PHILOSOPHIE.

"Vous savez le Latin sans doute?"

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN.

"Oui, mais faites comme si je ne le savois pas, et expliquez moi ce que cela veut dire."

Je vous avouerai, puisque vous le sauriez d'ailleurs, que vos faveurs m'ont rendu indiscret, et que je vous ai joué un tour de petit maître, en présence de Messieurs Francés et Buchelay, en me plaçant entre vos bras dans mon boudoir à Londres, leur donnant en même tems à comprendre que c'étoient les vôtres. J'ai eu le plaisir de voir ces deux Messieurs à Londres et ici, mais il les falloit tirer en volant ; car, comme ils vouloient absolument tout voir, ils étoient toujours par voies et par chemins, de sorte que je les ai vus bien moins que je ne l'aurois souhaité.

Je suppose que vous êtes actuellement à *Bagatelle*, où vous vivez ; je suis depuis un mois ici, où je végète tout au plus. La société vous rend au moins quelques uns des agrémens que vous lui donnez ; pour moi, je n'y donne, et je n'en reçois plus.

Si je n'ai pas le desir de plaire en général, c'est votre faute, Madame, et je m'en prends à vous. L'honneur de vous avoir connue m'a rendu le goût trop délicat ; mais je vous promets que partout où je trouverai des gens qui vous ressemblent, mon desir de leur plaire égalera, s'il est possible, le respect et la reconnoissance avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Madame,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur

P. STANHOPE.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, August 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU very much over-rate an office of friendship, which I both hope and believe it will never be in my power to perform. There is little probability, I had almost said possibility, that my shattered carcase, with twenty years more over my head, should survive your strong and healthy constitution, in the meridian of your life. But, should the unaccountable chapter of accidents determine otherwise, you may depend upon my taking all the care of my god-son that his mother would take, and at the same time with all the strictness that a father ought to use. I owe you much more than that in return for your constant friendship and attachment to me, in all times and upon all occasions, since our first acquaintance. With regard to myself, I might have added the epithet *singular*; for I have not met with the same return from many others, for whom I have done much more. I forgive them, because it is the general way of the world; but then that reflection endears those to one the more, who have virtue enough to deviate from it.

The good Bishop of Waterford, singular too in the goodness and tenderness of his heart, is now here with me, but sets out to-morrow for Ireland. He was charmed with your reception of him at Brussels. He gives me a good account of the health and strength of my god-son; and tells me what, begging your pardon, I am not sorry to hear, that the resemblance of his mother is predominant. If you are angry at me for

this, complain to Madame Dayrolles, who probably will not; and so I shall have one friend in the family still.

You certainly could not do otherwise, than as you did, with regard to the fair Miss Betty Pitt.* There are some reputations *un peu hasardées* that one must suppose are sweet, but hers is really too strong, *et sent trop le relais*, to be served up in good company. I have not seen her since her return, and probably I shall not, as I frequent little company, and as she is received in none. Her compliment to you was a most impertinent one, and I believe her brother will not thank her for naming him upon such an occasion.

You will be surprised when I tell you, as I confess I was when I was told, that our Venetian scheme is at an end by his Majesty's flat refusal, notwithstanding that the Duke of Newcastle and Lady Yarmouth did (as I sincerely believe) all they could to make it succeed. It would be too tedious to trouble you with all the particulars of this transaction. We had no competitor, the commission was of no importance, and we none of us doubted of success; when his Majesty, about ten days ago, being pressed by the Duke of Newcastle for a final determination, absolutely refused it. The only reason he alleged for his refusal was his birth, which reason, as his Majesty had been told before, had not weighed with him against Charles Churchill,† whose birth was certainly not much better, and who had however been sent as Minister to the first

* Sister of Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. See on her character the letter from H. Walpole to Mann, of January 17, 1757.

† Illegitimate son of General Churchill. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Miss Skerrett, afterwards the second Lady Walpole.

Court in Europe, and had the honour of being immediately about his Majesty's person as Groom of his Bedchamber. I own that considering my conduct since I retired from Court, the difficulties I could have raised, instead of the facility I showed, and considering that I declared that as this was the first, it should also be the last favour I would ever ask, I did not expect such a refusal of such a trifle. But it is over, and I have philosophy enough never unavailingly to regret what cannot be retrieved. I look forwards, and in that view, I shall bring your little friend into the next Parliament; and the Parliamentary cloak more extensive, if possible, than that of charity, will cover that involuntary sin. In the meantime, I shall re-export him, for he shall not idle and saunter about the town of London next winter. He goes in about three weeks, first to Holland for a month or so, and from thence to the three Electoral Courts of Bonn, Manheim, and Munich, where there are never any English, for that is my great object. He has conversed with them but too much in France, where they now swarm.

As soon as I have dispatched him, I shall set out for Bath, and try what a second boiling and pumping will do for me. Within these last three weeks, I am grown much deafer, without being able to assign any other cause for it than the natural progression of ills. *Il faut patienter*; and whether deaf, dumb, or blind, I shall always be, my dear Dayrolles,

Most faithfully yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 293.)

à Babiole, ce 13 Septembre, 1753.

JE vous ai ménagée dernièrement, Madame, mais vous ne m'échapperez pas, et pendant que nous serons tous deux dans ce monde ici, je vous ferai bien ressouvenir de tems en tems, que vous avez en Angleterre un ami aussi tendre, et un serviteur aussi zélé, que vous puissiez en avoir en France : c'est beaucoup dire, mais cela est vrai. Croiriez-vous bien que votre amitié m'est devenue plus intéressante que jamais, et cela par notre éloignement ? La surdité a des effets bizarres, et renverse l'ordre naturel des choses ; le commerce de lettres est la conversation des sourds, et l'unique lien de leur société. Un ami présent m'accable, en me faisant sentir plus vivement mon malheur, que j'oublie, en quelque façon, en lui écrivant, et en lisant ses lettres. Par exemple, je serois au désespoir de vous *voir parler*, au lieu que je suis trop heureux de vous *entendre écrire*. Avouez, Madame, que voici un compliment tout nouveau, et d'autant plus singulier de ma part, qu'il n'y a pas longtems que l'objet le plus cher de mes vœux étoit le plaisir de vous revoir à Paris ; je me le proposois, mais *altri tempi, altri cure*.

Votre petit garçon ne va pas à Venise, comme je m'en étois flatté ; je m'en croyois sûr, mais à la Cour y a-t-il quelque chose de sûr ? Oui, qu'on y promet beaucoup, et qu'on y tient peu. En attendant mieux, je l'ai encore transporté ; il est parti la semaine passée

pour la Hollande, et de là il doit aller hiverner aux Cours Electorales de Bonn, Manheim, Munich, Dresde, &c. Est-ce pour le décrotter, me direz-vous, et pour lui donner le vernis que vous lui souhaitez tant, que vous l'envoyez en Allemagne? Eh! oui, Madame, et je suis persuadé qu'il y gagnera. Il n'a pas le desir de plaire qu'il lui faudroit, il n'a pas les attentions nécessaires, il n'aime pas à se contraindre; la roideur, la hauteur, et la morgue Germanique l'y forceront, c'est le contrepoison nécessaire pour sa nonchalance. D'ailleurs, il n'y a jamais d'Anglois à ces Cours-la, ce qui est un grand article dans le compte des manières, et de la politesse. A propos d'Anglois, vous en aurez un bientôt à Paris, dont j'augure avantageusement; c'est le jeune Milord Bolingbroke,* neveu de feu notre ami, et, par les talens que je lui connois, nullement indigne de porter son nom. Vous le verrez sûrement à l'Hotel de — et votre amitié pour son oncle vous le recommandera plus efficacement que tout ce que je pourrois vous dire. Sans cela, j'aurois pris la liberté de vous prier instamment de lui accorder, non-seulement votre protection, mais vos conseils, et votre autorité même. Il est encore neuf, mais il souhaite de ne l'être plus; il veut se former, et il se formera. J'ai été en commerce de lettres avec lui, depuis la mort de son oncle, et je vous assure que celles que j'en ai reçues ne seroient pas désavouées par feu votre ami, ni par rapport à la matière, ni par rapport au style.

J'ai végété tout cette année ici, sans plaisirs, et sans peines: mon âge et ma surdité me défendent les pre-

* Frederick, nephew and successor of the first and famous Viscount Bolingbroke; he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber in 1761, and died in 1787.

miers; ma philosophie, au peut-être mon tempérament, (car on s'y trompe souvent) me garantit des dernières. Je tire toujours le meilleur parti que je puis des amusemens tranquilles du jardinage, de la promenade, et de la lecture; moyennant quoi, *j'attends la mort, sans la desirer ou la craindre.* Jusqu'à ce moment-la, comptez moi, Madame, dans le nombre de ceux qui vous sont les plus dévoués.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 80.)

Blackheath, September 15, 1753.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THOUGH I am very sorry for your quarrels in Ireland, by which I am sure the public must suffer, let who will prevail, I gladly accept your kind offer of sending me the controversial productions of the beligerent parties. Pray do not think any of those polemical pieces too low, too Grub-street, or too scurrilous, to send me, for I have leisure to read them all, and prefer them infinitely to all other controversial performances. I have often wished, and wish it more now than ever, that you were in Parliament, where, in my opinion, your coolness, gravity, and impartiality, would greatly contribute to calm, if not to cure, those animosities. Virgil seems prophetically to have pointed at you, in his description of a person qualified to soothe and moderate popular tumults. These are the lines, which will perhaps be more intelligible to us both in Dryden's translation than in the original:—

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

I am not very superstitious, but I am persuaded that if you were to try the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, you would open the book at that very place. That incomparable and religious prince, King Charles the First, consulted them with great faith, and to his great information.

There is one thing which I would much rather know, than what all contending parties in Ireland say or write against each other, and that is, your real sentiments upon the whole; but all that I know of them is, that I never shall know them, such is your candour, and such is your caution. The celebrated Atticus seems to me to have been your prototype: he kept well with all parties, so do you; he was trusted and consulted by individuals on all sides, so are you; he wrote some histories, so have you; he was the most eminent bookseller of the age he lived in, so are you; and he died immensely rich, and so will you. It is true he was a knight, and you are not, but that you know is your own fault;* and he was an Epicurean, and you are a Stoic.

For the next seven weeks pray direct your packets to me at Bath, where I am going next week, as deaf as ever your friend the Dean† was, and full as much, though not so profitably,

Yours.

Pray make my compliments to our friend Mr. Bristow when you see him.

* It would appear from this passage that Lord Chesterfield, during his Lord-Lieutenancy, had offered to knight Mr. Faulkner.

† Swift.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

London, September 21, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE Bishop of Waterford did tell me of the surprise of that person, at your mentioning your little friend's going to Venice, which surprise I can no other way account for, than from his having either a mind or an expectation to go there himself, for otherwise he could not have been surprised that a thing of that nature should have been done without his knowing anything of the matter. But as his health will not allow him to live in this country, very probably he hopes for that commission for himself. But be all that as it will, I have not been able yet to discover the true reason of his Majesty's obstinate refusal of such a trifle, for the reason given is, I am sure, not the true one. It is now too late, as you justly observe, for the military, but I dare say that his seat in the next Parliament will do as well; or at all events if it does not, *il faut patienter*, that is now my philosophy as to all the affairs of this world. He shall now pass eight or nine months in the forms and ceremony of three or four German Courts, which I look upon as the best antidote for his negligence and inattention.

It is very true that your friend Mademoiselle Harenc is to be married, and I believe in a fortnight or three weeks, to one Mr. Edmondson, a Scotch gentleman, whose father has an estate in Scotland and Ireland of about 1,500*l.* a year. He is nephew to Jack Campbell, whose sister was his mother, and consequently is under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, by whom he expects to be brought into Parliament. He is strong,

well set, and promises to make a considerable husband. Harenc gives 10,000*l.* down with his daughter.

Clements, whom I saw last week, gave me a very good account of my god-son; all alive, he says, and merry, and, what (begging your Honour's pardon) I am glad to hear, like his mother, to whom pay my compliments.

I set out for Bath to-morrow, flattering myself that it may a little relieve my deafness; at least I catch at it in those hopes, as a drowning man seizes every twig he can lay hold of: in all events Bath always does my general state of health good, and that is *autant de gagné*.

By all that I have ever heard of Comte Cobentzel,* I believe you will like him as a companion, though I do not suppose you will conclude with him as a Minister, our views, and those of his Court being too opposite. But you are out of that scrape, those affairs are in greater hands, and I am glad of it for your sake.

This town is now exceedingly empty and quiet; but in the country, boroughs and counties are exceedingly full and drunk.† I am soberly, quietly and sincerely,
Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 246.)

Bath, October 10, 1753.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED for some time acknowledging your kind letter, that I might be better able to answer your in-

* See vol. ii. p. 289, of this edition.

† With a view to the General Election, then close at hand.

quiries after my health. I know they flow from the part you take in it, and not from custom or ceremony. I am sure you wish all your fellow-creatures well, and I am almost as sure that you distinguish me among them as your friend. But what account can I now give you of myself? None that will please either of us. I came here deafer than you left me at Blackheath. I have bathed and pumped my head four times, by which operations I think I have gained a little, but so little, that a solid citizen would call it at most a farthing in a thousand pounds, though at the same time he would add, that that was better than nothing. I belong no more to social life, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining days; but that, it seems, is not given me. I neither murmur nor despair; the lot of millions of my fellow-creatures is still worse than mine. Exquisite pains of the body, and still greater of the mind, conspire to torture many of them. I thank God I am free from both, and I look upon the privation of those ills as a real good. A prouder being than I am—a Lord, or if you will, a stately Duke, of the whole creation—would place this singly to the account of his reason; but I am humble enough to allow my constitution its share. I am naturally of a cheerful disposition; I view things in their most comfortable light, and I unavailingly repine at nothing that cannot be retrieved.

I am very glad that you and your little family met reciprocally so well at Waterford. May you always part unwillingly, and meet tenderly! That I am persuaded will always be the case; I can trust to you for it; for I maintain that children and subjects, though

their obligations are certainly the lesser of the two, are much seldomer in the wrong than parents and Kings.

You ask me what books your daughters should read. Histories of all kinds: first, *Puffendorf's Introduction to the History of all Nations*, which is very short, and then the particular and more extensive history of each; Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Boileau, with as many of the modern French plays as they please, they being most correctly pure and moral. I do not mean those *du Théâtre Italien*, or *de la Foire*, which are exceedingly licentious. These will not be less proper for your son, whom you should not suffer to be idle one minute. I do not call play, of which he ought to have a good share, idleness; but I mean sitting still in a chair in total inaction. It makes boys lazy and indolent.

Good night, my dear Lord. No man can be more faithfully
Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 297.)

à Londres, ce 12 Novembre, 1753.

OUI, Madame, volons, volons, il n'y auroit rien de plus joli, ni de plus commode, n'importe avec quelles ailes. Je me dédis pourtant, et je ne veux non plus que vous les ailes du tems. Hélas, nous n'y volons déjà que trop vite malgré nous! Mais pourquoi pas les ailes des vents? Depuis très-longtems, les zéphyrs ont eu des ailes, et je me trompe fort, si je n'ai pas vu, au coin d'une carte de Laponie, le gros boursoufflé Borée, qui en avoit de furieuses; mais dès que cela ne

se dit pas, il n'y faut plus penser. Si pourtant vous êtes si difficile dans le choix, il ne vous restera absolument que les ailes de l'amour, dont vous paraissez n'avoir pas envie de vous servir. J'ai cherché partout si je pouvois trouver des ailes à l'amitié, ç'auroit été justement notre fait ; mais elle n'en a pas, parceque l'amitié n'est pas censée être volage. Comme donc il ne nous en reste pas d'autres, fendons les airs sur les ailes de l'amour ; prenons-les à bon compte, et mettons-les au profit de l'amitié. Eh ! qu'elles sont jolies, qu'elles vont vite, il est vrai qu'elles reviennent de même ; reste donc seulement à savoir où les trouver ; les poètes nous en parlent à tous momens, comme ils parleroient des chaises de postes ; mais, entre nous, je crois qu'ils mentent, et d'autant plus que, quand je considère la gravité spécifique de nos corps, et la subtilité de l'air, je doute un peu si jamais on a volé. Je crains donc qu'il faudra que nous nous contentions de quelque moyen plus simple et plus facile, comme d'un enchanteur à gages, un hippogriffe, ou au moins de quelque génie bienfaisant, qui ayant été hermétiquement emprisonné dans une petite fiole,* voudra, pour regagner sa liberté, nous transporter dans une minute, ou tout au plus dans une minute et demie, là où nous le voudrions. Que de courses nous ferions alors de Paris à Londres, et de Londres à Paris, comme aussi de *Bagatelle* à *Babiole*, et de *Babiole* à *Bagatelle* ! En chemin faisant, pour vous faire ma cour à Paris, j'irois pour quelques momens seulement, à la lune, dans l'espérance d'y trouver mes oreilles, encouragé par l'exemple d'Astolphe, qui y trouva bien l'esprit de Roland.† Si même je n'y trouvois

* As in the *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage.

† In Ariosto.

que celles de Midas, je m'en saisirois, car il faut absolument que j'aie le plaisir de vous entendre, cela vaut bien un voyage à la lune. Sérieusement, Madame, notre Abbé ne pourroit-il pas nous trouver quelque voiture de la sorte, dans tout de grimoire de sa bibliothèque, surtout dans la Clavicule de Salomon, ou dans les respectables manuscrits Hébreux, et Arabes, de la Cabale? S'il m'en fournit, je fais vœu de lui offrir (les anciens promettoient toujours quelque offrande à leurs divinités, et à leurs prêtres, pour se les rendre propices) une robe de chambre à fond gris, relevé du plus beau couleur de rose, qu'ait jamais porté génie, sylphide, ou fée. C'est leur couleur favorite, aussi bien que de l'Abbé: en tout cas, et en attendant mieux, je vous enverrai demain, par la voiture ordinaire, les petites commissions dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me charger. Le paquet est adressé selon vos ordres, et contient aussi la robe de chambre de l'Abbé. Je vous supplie, Madame, de lui vouloir bien faire mes complimens, et de l'assurer que, s'il ne tenoit qu'à moi, au lieu d'une robe de chambre, je lui enverrois un *pallium* accompagné même d'un bonnet d'un rouge plus foncé que sa couleur favorite.

J'arrive des Bains ici dans ce moment, et tout aussi sourd, c'est-à-dire aussi bête, que j'y suis allé; mais du côté de la santé en général, j'y ai gagné. Mon estomac est en bon ordre, et mon appétit est louable, sans comparaison pourtant avec ceux de l'Abbé; cet estomac invulnérable est un don du ciel, dont je le félicite du fond du mien, il faut le mettre à profit, c'est-à-dire le bien remplir.

Le petit Bolingbroke, neveu de feu notre ami, est actuellement avec moi, et en dix ou douze jours aura

l'honneur d'être avec vous. Je lui ai promis de vous le recommander, et de vous prier de l'aider, et de le protéger. Il a un bon sens juste et solide, le goût sûr, et ne manque pas acquis. Ce qui lui manque encore, c'est l'usage du monde, et les graces, qu'il est bien résolu d'acquérir, si faire se peut, et j'ose dire que faire se pourra, puisqu'il cherche ardemment à plaire, et à se former. C'est aussi pour cela qu'il compte de rester une année ou deux à Paris, sans y fréquenter ses compatriotes.

Mais quel volume que cette lettre ! vous n'en pouvez plus, je m'en apperçois ; bon soir donc, Madame.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, November 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

As I know that you interest yourself more in what is personal to myself, than in what only relates to others, I delayed answering your last till after my return from Bath, when I could give you some account of myself. It is not such a one as we could wish, for though the waters have done a great deal of good to my general state of health, they have not done me the least in the essential point of deafness. I am full as deaf, consequently full as *absurd*, as ever. I give up all hopes of cure ; I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for I strike society out of it. I must supply its place as well as I can with reading, writing, walking, riding, gardening, &c., though all these together still leave a great void, into which wear-

ness and regret will slip, in spite of all one's endeavours to banish them. But enough of this disagreeable subject.

Yesterday the Parliament met; and the Duke of Newcastle, frightened out of his wits at the groundless and senseless clamours against the Jew-Bill passed last year, moved for the repeal of it; and accordingly it is to be repealed. This flagrant instance of timidity in the administration, gives their enemies matter for ridicule and triumph, and displeases half their friends. New clamours will be invited by this mean concession to the mob, and the Marriage Bill will certainly be the next object. It is already so unpopular, that as soon as ever they begin to read the Act of Parliament in the churches the whole congregation walks out. *D'ailleurs* things are very quiet here, except the universal drunkenness of the whole people of England, which is already begun by way of preface to the approaching elections. Parliament Stock rises extremely; and one man, an East India director, I think, has bought the whole borough of Stockbridge, which consists of ninety votes, at fifty guineas a man. This, by the way, is not reckoned a very dear bargain neither. The fury of this war is chiefly Whig against Whig, for the Tories are pretty much out of the question; so that, after the new Parliament shall be chosen, the greatest difficulty upon the administration will be, to find pasture enough for the beasts that they must feed. I look upon my god-son as a future Knight of the Shire for the county of Surrey, as in all probability he will have the best estate there; unless Madame Dayrolles gives him too many collaterals. As for the one or more that she carries about her at

present, *passe*, but I have really the interest of my god-son too much at heart, not to recommend to her consideration the great incumbrance that two or three and twenty brothers and sisters must necessarily be to him.

My plantation is of a very different nature from yours, and is all confined to my little spot of earth at Blackheath. * * * I have turned my green-house into a grape-house, which, with the help of a little fire, supplies me with an immense quantity of Muscat grapes, and as ripe as I please to have them, the climate depending wholly upon my orders. These two little bits of garden, *tels que vous les avez vus*, supplied me last summer with a sufficient quantity of the best fruits I ever eat. Such are now the quiet amusements of your retired, deaf, and insignificant,

Friend and servant.

TO MAJOR IRWINE.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 356.)

London, December 29, 1753.

SIR,

I THOUGHT, at least, that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes and quarrels in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the *Boyleing** (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil, Esq.; and I heard of them with the same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas, apothecary. Those objects were indifferent to me, because I thought them so to Ireland;

* An allusion to the name of the Irish Speaker, afterwards created Earl of Shannon.

and I humbly apprehend, that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor? But now, I confess, my indifference ceases, and my astonishment and concern, as a sincere well-wisher to Ireland, begin. I cannot comprehend this last point carried by five, which was merely national, and which has excited such general joy and drunkenness; and I have the failing of all little minds—I am apt to suspect and dislike whatever I do not understand. I know nothing of the arguments on either side, nor how groundless, or how well-grounded, they may severally be; but this I know, that the dispute, being now become national, must come to a decision; and how favourable to Ireland that decision is likely to be, the enemies of Ireland will, I fear, foresee and foretell with pleasure. I observe that whole provinces splendidly proclaim in the newspapers the Bacchanals they have lately celebrated: that of Munster has in particular favoured the public with a list of the toasts, in which I think I discover all the guards of prudence, all the depths of policy, and all the urbanity of refined and delicate satire. I am informed, too, that these disputes have, to a great degree, revived that ancient, Gothic, humane, sensible, and equitable method of decision of right and wrong, the *duellum*, or single combat. In short, you are all in a violent fever, not without some paroxysms of delirium, for which I fear your father-in-law and my friend Dr. Barry, whom I very sincerely love and esteem, has no cure. Pray tell him that I do not take this (to use our terms of physic) to be the *febricula*, or slow fever, but a high and inflammatory one, *mali moris*, and subject to exacerbations.

Friends may, and often do, among themselves, laugh and quibble upon subjects in which, however, they take a very serious part. I have done so with you, though, upon my word, I am truly affected with the present situation of affairs in Ireland, from which I expect no one good, but fear many ill, consequences. Your own personal situation at Dublin, I should imagine, cannot be now very agreeable; and therefore as you have, for so long together, discharged the duties of a diligent, indefatigable officer (and husband too, I hope), why should you not come over here, to see your uncle and other friends?—among whom you will, I can assure you, see none more truly and sincerely so than

Your most faithful servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF CLONFERT.*

(Works, vol. iv. p. 346.)

(1753, or 1754.)

MY GOOD LORD,

I FIND that you are still what I always knew you, active to promote the improvement and advantage of Ireland, and that you do me the justice to believe that I sincerely wish them.

The two schemes which your Lordship communicates to me, in the favour of your letter of the 8th, will, in my opinion, greatly tend to those good purposes. That for the improvement of useful literature in the University of Dublin is, I think, an extreme good one, and I wish it may be steadily pursued, though I cannot, with the same degree of faith, say

* Dr. Whitcombe, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel.

that I expect it will. However, I think it should be tried, and carried as far as it will go. Whether the Professorships should be continued, and appropriated to Fellows of the College singly, is what I can possibly form no opinion upon, not being well acquainted enough with the present situation of the College, and the abilities of the Fellows; but I should rather think that they ought to be given to those, whether Fellows or not, who, from their eminence in those several branches of learning, deserve them best; but this rule too of *detur digniori*, your Lordship must not expect will be scrupulously observed. That part of the plan which relates to writing and speaking the English language with purity and elegance has, in my opinion, long been one of the *desiderata* both in Ireland and England, where pedantry and an affectation of learning have, in pursuit of two dead languages, which can never be known correctly, let our own be neglected to such a degree, that though we have ten thousand Greek and Latin grammars and dictionaries, we have not yet a single one on English.*

The other scheme, for encouraging foreign Protestants to settle in Ireland, is a most excellent one. I have long wished, and the nation long wanted it. The first foundation of it, consisting only of some voluntary subscriptions, can be but narrow, and, what is worse, precarious: consequently will persuade very few foreigners to expatriate themselves, in the uncertainty of finding a permanent establishment elsewhere. However, it will be very right to give a beginning and a form to that scheme as soon as possible; and then I should hope that your next Session of Parliament,

* Dr. Johnson's was not published till 1755.

finding a foundation laid, for that is the difficulty, would contribute largely and solidly to extend that foundation, and to raise a superstructure upon it which would be of such real advantage to their country. They are very well able to do it, the public revenues being considerably increased, not to mention that an additional number of inhabitants would increase them still more. Money disbursed upon such a charitable, as well as political account, is money prudently placed at interest both for this world and the next. Your Lordship may depend upon my exerting my utmost endeavours to promote and recommend so useful a design, and the more so, because that, from your Lordship being at the head of it, I can safely answer for its being faithfully and skilfully carried on.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your Lordship's, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, January 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU fine gentlemen, who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those who have, can do it again whenever they please, but you are much mistaken: the pen has not only its moments, but its hours, its days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will, than other things have been since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are in both cases alike disagreeable and disgraceful.

It is true, I have nothing else to do but to write, and for that very reason perhaps I should do it worse than ever; what was formerly an act of choice, is now become the refuge of necessity. I used to snatch up the pen with momentary raptures, because by choice, but now I am married to it. * * * Though I keep up a certain equality of spirits, better I believe than most people would do in my unfortunate situation, yet you must not suppose that I have ever that flow of active spirits which is so necessary to enable one to do anything well. Besides, as the pride of the human heart extends itself beyond the short span of our lives, all people are anxious and jealous, authors perhaps more so than any others, of what will be thought and said of them at a time when they cannot know, and therefore ought not reasonably to care for, either. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I will confess to you that I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn. I judge myself as impartially and I hope more severely, than I do others; and upon an appeal from myself to myself, I frequently condemn the next day, what I had approved and applauded the former. What will finally come of all this I do not know; nothing I am sure, that shall appear while I am alive, except by chance some short trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called the World.*

* Lord Chesterfield's first paper in *The World* was published May 3, 1753, and his last October 7, 1756. Fitz-Adam was the *nom de guerre* assumed by the editor, Mr. Moore.

The Irish part of the world, I take it for granted you have heard, is in the utmost confusion, and I now fear, and the more because I cannot foresee, the consequences of it. The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed and animated parties. While these parties avowed and confined themselves to personal views, it signified little to the public which prevailed; but now the affair is become national, and consequently very serious. The Speaker's party, which is now, by the ill management of others, become the majority of the House, deny the King's right to the surpluses of the Irish revenue, and in consequence of that principle have rejected a Bill for the application of them, because the counsel here had inserted, and rightly, in the preamble of the bill, these words, *by and with the consent of his Majesty*. It is believed that the House of Commons will proceed to some personal votes against the Primate and Lord George Sackville, who are the capital objects for their aversion. Lord Kildare, who is the weak cat's-foot of that party, is just arrived as their ambassador to the King, to justify their conduct, and set all in *a clear light* to his Majesty; but whether his Lordship's eloquence or abilities will be able to convince the King, that the surplus of his own revenue is not his own, you who are better acquainted with my Lord than I am, can better judge than I can. This only is certain, that the Duke of Dorset is making what haste he can to come over here, and will not, nor cannot, go back again. Various successors are talked of, but I believe no one fixed. Some talk

of Lord Holderness, who in that case, they say, is to be succeeded in the Secretary's office by the Solicitor-General, Murray. Others talk of Lord Winchelsea, as recommended by Lord Granville; and this I think not improbable: but some, who go deeper, name the Duke of Bedford, and hint that it would be the means of reconciliation between him and another Duke,* whose extreme timidity makes him wish for it, and this, I think, by no means impossible.

This is the season of well-bred lies indiscriminately told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falsehood, are lavished with profusion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my god-son, are too honest and sincere to keep such company, or to wear their dress. Judge of them then yourselves; without my saying anything more, than that I am most heartily and faithfully
Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 248.)

London, February 7, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not suffer your friendship for me to be alarmed by an account of my illness, for which I must have employed another hand, and therefore stayed till I could give you at the same time an account of my recovery under my own. This I can now do; and it is all that I can do, for I am not yet got out of my room, to which I have been confined

* Newcastle. It will be seen in a subsequent letter that, after considerable delay, Lord Hartington was appointed Lord-Lieutenant.

these three weeks, and with great pain, by a flying rheumatic gout. My pain is almost gone, but my strength and spirits are by no means yet restored. At my age, and with my shattered constitution, freedom from pain is the best that I can expect, and as far as my care will procure me that negative happiness, I will exert it; where it will not, I will patiently bear my share of ills.

I suppose your ill humours in Ireland are still in strong fermentation; but I hope that between the end of this Session and the beginning of the next, an interval of near two years, they will subside; I mean with regard to those national points which have been unfortunately stirred this winter; for I do not care two-pence for your personal quarrels and animosities, if they were but kept clear of national points, the discussion of which can never turn out to the advantage of Ireland. The remaining pain in my right hand hinders me from troubling you with a longer letter; but it is suspended while I have the pleasure of assuring you that I am,

Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 151.)

London, March 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been lately very ill, and am still far from being very well. My complaint was a goutish rheumatism, or a rheumatic gout; its principal seat was in my right arm, of which I lost the use for three weeks; but it visited all the other parts of my body by turns,

not excepting my head and stomach. The weather was then so very cold, that I was confined to my room above a month, and great part of that time to my bed. I am now free from pain, and got abroad again, if going chiefly to take the air in my coach can be called going abroad ; but what with the distemper itself, and the great, though necessary evacuations, I am still very weak, and extremely dispirited. *Mais à quelque chose malheur est bon, dit on*, for probably this weak state, joined to my former deafness, will procure me the pleasure of seeing you and yours at Brussels in about two months' time. The learned insist upon my going to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, which, they promise me, will restore my health and spirits, and perhaps relieve my deafness, if it proceeds, as both they and I believe it does, from that flying goutish humour. Were it only to prolong the fag-end of my tattered life, I am sure I would not take the trouble of this journey ; but I undertake it merely in the hopes of making the remainder of my life, be it what it will, more easy and comfortable. If it will but do that, it is all I ask ; and for that I would go any where. Pleasures are over with me ; negative health and quiet are the only remaining objects of my wishes. At this moment, I know that you are allotting me a bedchamber in your house, and resolving to write to me to insist upon my taking up my quarters there. But as I am very sure, that these intended offers are not the result of form and ceremony, but of real friendship, I will with the same truth and sincerity tell you, that if you would have me easy, as I am sure you would, you must let me sleep at an inn in Brussels. I will breakfast, dine, and sup with you, and I will make

use of your coach to carry me from my inn to your house, for I will set my foot in no other, and back again; but it has been my rule for these forty years, never to be in a friend's house, when I could be at an inn, it being so much more convenient to both. This preliminary being thus fixed, I hope to sup with you at Brussels some day of the last week in April, because I would be at Spa the first week in May, that I may get away from thence before the fashionable season begins, which is about the middle of July. Pray mention this scheme of mine to no mortal living, because that, like some great German Prince, though not for the same reasons, I will, as far as possible, keep the strictest *incognito*. I have done with the world and with those who are of it; and any civilities which they might still show me, would only distress me, and make me feel more sensibly my inability of either returning or hearing them. I know Comte de Lannoy and others at Brussels; but, in my present situation, I should dread to see them; and I hope I shall have all Spa to myself, and my friend and doctor Garnier, who goes along with me, during our residence there.

I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded from either the busy, or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either. The accounts of my own microcosm I have given you; a scurvy one it is, much shattered and decayed; but the heart that still animates it is most sincerely and faithfully

Yours.

P. S.—I beg that Madame Dayrolles will either hasten or put off her lying-in, so that I may have the pleasure of seeing her the last week in April.

To MAJOR IRWINE.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 359.)

London, March 7, 1754.

SIR,

A LONG and painful illness has hindered me from thanking you sooner for the favour of your letters, which contained very clear accounts of the late important transactions in Ireland. However strong the ferment may still be, I will venture to affirm that it must and will subside to a certain degree, before the next Session of Parliament, I mean with regard to the national point. It is not tenable, and upon cooler thoughts will, I am convinced, appear so to many of those who from personal piques and sudden heats were hurried into it. I dare answer for it that the Speaker himself wishes that it had never been stirred, and I dare say will contrive to have it dropped in the next Session. I am sure he wishes well to his country; and upon reflection he must be sensible, that a national dispute with England, upon a point so entirely unsupported by either law or prudence, can by no means tend to the good of Ireland. Dr. Barry, I know, thinks exactly as I do upon this subject; and I dare say will administer, wherever he is consulted, emollient, quieting, and cooling medicines. If it would but please God, by his lightning, to blast all the vines in the world, and by his thunder to turn all the wines now in Ireland sour, as I most sincerely wish he would, Ireland would enjoy a degree of quiet and plenty that it has never yet known. By the way, I am not so partial neither to Ireland, as not to pray for the same blessing for this my native country; notwithstanding

the grief and desolation which I know it would occasion in our two learned Universities, the body of our Clergy, and among our Knights of Shires, Burgesses, &c., and in general among all those worthy honest gentlemen, who toast and are toasted. But I will leave these public considerations, of which I am a remote and insignificant spectator, and indulge the tender sentiments of private friendship. Is it possible, that my worthy friend, George Faulkner, can even for a moment have seen a vile cudgel impending over his head? Who can think himself safe, when gravity of deportment, dignity of character, candor, impartiality, and even a wooden leg, are no longer a protection? This rough manner of treating a man of letters, which my friend must be allowed to be, implies perhaps more zeal than knowledge; at least I never met with it among the canons of criticism. If my friend discovered upon this occasion some degree of human weakness, his other half, at least, exerted the undaunted spirit of a Roman wife. Why is she not Lady Faulkner? And why are they not blessed with a numerous issue, the happy compound of their father's stoicism, and their mother's heroism? I have had several packets from my friend since this affair happened; but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque*.

Are there no hopes of seeing you in England this summer, and have you any of getting into the new Parliament? I shall take a longer journey as soon as the season will give me leave, for I shall go to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, in hopes of recovering some degree of my strength and spirits,

which my late illness robbed me of: not to prolong my life; for which I assure you, I would not take so much trouble, but to make it less burthensome while it lasts. Deafness alone is a sufficient misfortune; but weakness and dispiritedness added to it, complete it. From such a being as I am, this letter is already too long, and may probably infect you with the *ennui* which the writer commonly feels, except in the moment in which he assures you that he is, with the greatest truth, Your most faithful humble servant.

Pray, make my compliments to my good friend the Doctor.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 63.)

London, March 8, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meant well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising Minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining Ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring Minister. His

successor is not yet, at least publicly, *designatus*. You will easily suppose that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that post. Various persons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their interest prompts them to wish, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the most talked of; he is strongly supported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the Solicitor-General, and Dr. Lee, are likewise all spoken of, upon the foot of the Duke of Newcastle's and the Chancellor's interest. Should it be any one of the three last, I think no great alterations will ensue; but should Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, soon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcastle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon these occasions, blockheads always endeavour to give themselves, by grave looks, significant shrugs, and insignificant whispers, are very entertaining to a bystander, as, thank God, I now am. One *knows something*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard something from a very good hand; a third congratulates himself upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never spoken twice to any one of them. In short, in these sort of intervals, vanity, interest, and absurdity, always display themselves in the most ridiculous light. One who has been so long behind the scenes, as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than those can be who only see it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the silly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed spec-

tators. This accident, I think, cannot in the least affect your election, which is finally settled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I presume he will consider me enough not to overturn an arrangement of that sort, in which he cannot possibly be personally interested. So pray go on with your Parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and pursue it with attention.

I take it for granted, that your late residence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French, at least it is worth your while to be so; because it is worth every man's while to be perfectly master of whatever language he may ever have occasion to speak. A man is not himself, in a language which he does not thoroughly possess; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expressed; he is cramped and confined, and consequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyse those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum*. It is only the manner of saying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourself, that manner is almost every thing, in every thing, and study it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox is to succeed Mr. Pelham, as First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the Hague, to succeed Mr. Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not sorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always

been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little services. He is frank and gentleman-like in his manner; and, to a certain degree, I believe really will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours, upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to say now, but Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 66.)

London, March 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are here in the midst of a second winter; the cold is more severe, and the snow deeper, than they were in the first. I presume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at some good town; and will not risk a second burial in the snow, after your late fortunate resurrection out of it. Your letters, I suppose, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you since that of the 12th of February, from Ratisbon. I am the more uneasy at this state of ignorance, because I fear that you have found some subsequent inconveniences from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at first.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yesterday, and exhibited a scene which the public in general did not expect: the Duke of Newcastle was declared First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the

Exchequer. The employments of Treasurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, supposed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the dissolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expense and trouble of unnecessary re-elections; but it was generally supposed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to succeed Mr. Fox, and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This scheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for securing the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its first meeting, to the interests and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Administration either intended or wished to be permanent. This scheme was disturbed yesterday: Mr. Fox, who had sullenly accepted the Seals the day before, more sullenly refused them yesterday. His object was to be First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently to have a share in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when chosen. This necessary consequence of his view defeated it; and the Duke of Newcastle, and the Chancellor, chose to kick him up-stairs into the Secretaryship of State, rather than trust him with either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, considering their respective situations, they certainly acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the Seals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, and, I believe, would not be over scrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I should have thought he could have

done it better, as a Secretary of State, with constant admission into the Closet, than as a private man at the head of an Opposition. But I see all these things at too great a distance to be able to judge soundly of them. The true springs and motives of political measures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reasons alleged are seldom the true ones. The public commonly judges, or rather guesses, wrong, and I am now one of that public. I therefore recommend to you a prudent pyrrhonism in all matters of State, until you become one of the wheels of them yourself, and consequently acquainted with the general motion, at least, of the others; for as to all the minute and secret springs, that contribute more or less to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body there are innumerable little vessels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet escape the knowledge of the most skilful anatomist; he will know more indeed, than those who only see the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This bustle, and these changes at Court, far from having disturbed the quiet and security of your election, have, if possible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcastle (I must do him justice) has, in the kindest manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmost care of your election.

Though the plan of administration is thus unsettled, mine, for my travels this summer, is finally settled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propose being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and staying there till the 10th of

July. As there will be no mortal there during my stay, it would be both unpleasant and unprofitable to you to be shut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I should therefore think it best for you not to come to me there till the last week in June. In the mean time, I suppose, that, by the middle of April, you will think you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratisbon, and that district. Where would you choose to go then? for I leave you absolutely your choice. Would you go to Dresden for a month or six weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not sure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and pass the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the Court of Bonn; which Court, and its Elector, in one light or another, are worth your seeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a short one; and you would arrive there at that season of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the most agreeable, smiling scene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very easy days' journeys to me at Spa. Do as you like; for as I told you before, *Ella è assolutamente padrona*. But, lest you should answer, that you desire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan; I mean, that of your coming to Bonn, staying there according as you like it, and then passing the remainder of your time, that is May and June, at the Hague. Our connection and transactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are such, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that constitution;

and with those people. You have established good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoyé* round by the foreign Ministers: so that you will be there *en pays connu*. Moreover, you have not seen the Stadtholder, the *Gouvernante*, nor the Court there, which à *bon compte* should be seen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, pass the months of May and June more agreeably, or more usefully, than at the Hague. However, if you have any other plan that you like better, pursue it: only let me know what you intend to do, and I shall most cheerfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be dissolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one issued out immediately afterwards; so that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la Chambre basse*; a title that sounds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deserves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good speaker in Parliament: you have, I am sure, all the materials necessary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I spoke in Parliament the first month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I spoke, I am sure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but speaking. The first time, to say the truth, I spoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it passed tolerably, in favour of the spirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dressed it. I improved by degrees, till at last it did tolerably well. The House, it must be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three first attempts of a young speaker; and, if they find any degree of

common sense in what he says, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they suppose him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young Member, I should certainly have been, as I own I deserved, reprimanded by the House for some strong and indiscreet things that I said.* Adieu! it is indeed high time.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 72.)

London, March 26, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th from Manheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity, in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to, all their silly and pompous Church ceremonies: one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord ———, which, in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons for not doing it; for I will,

* Lord Chesterfield's first speech (as Lord Stanhope of Shelford in the House of Commons) was delivered August 5, 1715, a few weeks before he attained the legal age of twenty-one. He inveighed, with great bitterness against the promoters of the Peace of Utrecht, adding that "he never wished to spill the blood of any of his country-men, but he was persuaded that the safety of his country "required that examples should be made of those who had betrayed "it in so infamous a manner."—See the Parliamentary History, vol. vii. p. 128.

for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you; what then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you show a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct—Never to show the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to smile, where you cannot strike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble, the just causes of resentment, which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour enough, *pour faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desert. By showing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorize the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency at least; and either shackle or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. *Un honnête homme ne les connoît point.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are soon to have Voltaire at Manheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thousand compliments from me. I admire him most exceedingly; and whether as an epic, dramatic, or lyric poet, or prose-writer, I think I justly apply to him the *Nil molitur inepté*. I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de l'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle*, which I have read, is, I suppose, a stolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that chaos of history of seven hundred years more clearly than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le style léger et fleuri*. I do, and so does every body who has any parts and taste. It should, I confess, be more or less *fleuri*, according to the subject; but at the same time I assert, that there is no subject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegance and beauty of style. What can be more adorned than Cicero's philosophical works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preserved and transmitted them down to us, through so many centuries; for the philosophy of them is wretched, and the reasoning part miserable. But eloquence will always please, and has always pleased. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Use yourself to relate elegantly; that is a good step towards speaking well in Parliament. Take some political subject, turn it in your thoughts, consider what may be said, both for and against it, then put those arguments into writing, in the most correct and elegant English you can. For instance, a Standing Army, a Place-Bill,

&c.; as to the former, consider, on one side, the dangers arising to a free country from a great standing military force; on the other side, consider the necessity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a standing army, though in itself an evil, may not, from circumstances, become a necessary evil, and preventive of great dangers. As to the latter, consider how far places may bias and warp the conduct of men, from the service of their country, into an unwarrantable complaisance to the Court; and, on the other hand, consider whether they can be supposed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of probity and property, who are more solidly interested in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and answer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either side, and write them down in an elegant style. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holyday eloquence, displayed once or twice in a Session, in a set declamation; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore* and debating speeches; to make business not only clear but agreeable, and to please even those whom you cannot inform, and who do not desire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it cost you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am surprised that you found but one letter from me at Manheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you, at your banker's

at Berlin, which I wish you had, because I always endeavoured to put something into them, which, I hope, may be of use to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we must have a great many serious conversations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will trust to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, discover most of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but, if you will be led by a guide, who, you are sure, does not mean to mislead you, you will unite two things, seldom united in the same person; the vivacity and spirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Last Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinson, who had been the King's Minister at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the southern department, Lord Holderness having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promise that he shall not keep it long. Both his health and spirits are bad, two very disqualifying circumstances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, some time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail or fall, let it, at least, be said of you, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*. Adieu.

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TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, April 2, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

PRAY make my compliments to Madame Dayrolles and tell her that I am very much obliged to her for having hastened her lying-in upon my account, so that I shall have the pleasure of seeing her at Brussels, for, by the way, she is extremely well worth seeing. In the next place, pray congratulate my godson from me, upon his not being an only son, which is a most dangerous situation. A sharer in the paternal and maternal fondness is of great use to the first proprietor.

The preliminaries for our meeting at Brussels have been sooner and better settled, than those for the *tarif* and *barrière* were. I am to find myself with sleep; and you are to find me with every thing else, that is, you are to *treat*, you are to furnish the matter, and I am to digest it as well as I can. *A propos*, this suggests to me a little commission, which you must allow me to trouble you with. I shall not carry my cook with me to Spa, both for my own sake and his. He is a very good cook; but, as he has no settled aversion to drinking, he would find bad wine and bad company very cheap there, and be spoiled. Besides, he would tempt me with things which, as I am resolved not to eat of, I am determined not to see, while I am at Spa. I wish, therefore, that you could find me at Brussels an humble *marmiton*, *tourne-broche*, or other animal, who could roast and boil decently, and do nothing more. If you can find such a being, pray engage him

for me, at so much certain a week, including wages, board-wages, and everything, from the 30th of this month. As, in going to Spa, I shall stay but one whole day and two nights at Brussels, I think I need not take any other name for privacy's sake. For let who will know of my arrival, as to be sure Comte Lannoy must, *ne bougeant de chez vous je serai à l'abri des visites.*

You have heard, no doubt, of the very many removes at Court, occasioned by Mr. Pelham's death, more, I believe, than were ever made at any one time, unless in a total change of Ministry, which is by no means the case at present, the power being continued, and in my opinion more securely than ever, in the same hands. I will not, therefore, repeat to you, what you have already found in the newspapers, and the office letters. Still less will I trouble you with the millions of absurd reasonings, and speculations, of the uninformed, and almost always mistaken, volunteer politicians. But, when we meet, I will tell you the few things that have accidentally come to my knowledge, and that I have reason to believe are true. This in the meantime is certain, that the Parliament will be dissolved next Saturday, and that the writs for the new one will be issued on the Tuesday following, the 9th. After which day, till forty days afterwards, you may depend upon it, that much the greater part of this kingdom will be uninterruptedly drunk. My boy will be chosen without the least opposition or trouble, for Liskeard, in Cornwall.* But, as you will easily suppose, not gratis. No matter; it was absolutely necessary for him to be in Parliament. He is now at

* See vol. ii, p. 372, of this edition.

Manheim, and is to come to me at Spa, from whence, in our return to England, he will kiss your hands at Brussels. I flatter myself that he will do in the House of Commons, where *les manières, les attentions, et les graces*, are by no means the most necessary qualifications. Good night. Yours most faithfully.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 77.)

London, April 5, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the enclosed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who sets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you use yourself to translations; and I do not care of what, provided you study the correctness and elegance of your style. The *Life of Sextus Quintus* is the best book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very justly, call *Leti caca libri*. But I would rather that you chose some pieces of oratory for your translations; whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorical train of thoughts, and turn of expression. In your letter to me, you make use of two words, which, though true and correct English, are, however, from long disuse, become inelegant, and seem now to be stiff, formal, and, in some degree, Scriptural: the first is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, "*You inform me*

"of a very agreeable piece of news, namely, that my election is secured." Instead of *namely*, I would always use, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is secured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a subsequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now disused as too formal, notwithstanding the *hiatus* occasioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are established by usage, and, whether right or wrong, they must be complied with. I could instance many very absurd ones in different languages; but so authorized by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they must be submitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themselves, and contribute to clearness, more than the relatives which we now substitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be used, except in a sermon, or some very grave and formal compositions. It is with language as with manners; they are both established by the usage of people of fashion; it must be imitated, it must be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as singular as I please, but you may not. We will, when we meet, discuss these and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpose to advise either you or anybody else.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may use that expression) *while* away your time, till the last week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but, however, I have not the least objection to Dresden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you

prefer the Dutch scheme, you take Treves and Coblenz in your way, as also Dusseldorp: all which places I think you have not yet seen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I should wish you to know them all. For, as I have often told you, *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. There is an utility in having seen what other people have seen, and there is a justifiable pride in having seen what others have not seen. In the former case, you are equal to others; in the latter, superior. As your stay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it lasts, see everything, and everybody you can; and see them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to anybody to have seen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite conversation; they are acquainted with all the places, customs, Courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monsieur de Maupertuis justly observes, *de tous les pays comme les sçavans sont de tous les tems*. You have, fortunately, both those advantages; the only remaining point is *de sçavoir les faire valoir*; for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember that very true maxim of La Bruyère's, *Qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to show *ce que vous valez*. One must by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one must not

display it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to show too much than too little. Adieu.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 305.)

à Londres, ce 6 Avril, 1754.

Vous avez pensé perdre un de vos plus fidèles serviteurs, et j'en aurois été fâché pour l'amour de vous, Madame, sûr comme je le suis de la vivacité de son amitié, et de ses sentimens, à votre égard; mais, par rapport à lui, je n'y prends que fort peu d'intérêt depuis qu'il ne m'est plus bon à rien, mais plutôt à chargé. C'étoit précisément moi-même, qui ai pensé trépasser d'un rhumatisme, ou, selon les médecins, d'une goutte volante. J'en ai gardé le lit un mois, la chambre deux, et la maison trois; je n'ai à présent ni douleur, ni maladie, mais en même tems je n'ai ni santé, ni force, et je ne me rétablis point. Je veux me flatter que, par une certaine sympathie, qu'on ne peut pas à la vérité bien définir, vos chagrins ont augmenté ma maladie, et ma maladie vos chagrins, sans que nous le sussions l'un ou l'autre. En tout cas, que je le croye ou non, je l'ai dit pourtant à l'oreille à quelques personnes ici, qui ont l'honneur de vous connoître, pour me faire valoir, et effectivement, il m'a paru, qu'ils m'en ont considéré davantage. Madame de Sevigné se trouva extrêmement soulagée d'une saignée, que fit son cousin le Comte de Bussy; vous la valez bien à tous égards, et, à l'esprit près, je vaux bien Monsieur de Bussy. Notre amitié est certaine-

ment plus sincère que n'étoit la leur ; pour quoi donc ne feroit-elle pas les mêmes effets que faisoit leur parenté ? L'amitié vaut bien la parenté, mais la parenté n'est nullement un terme synonyme pour l'amitié.

A la fin des fins, Madame, voici l'hiver qui est fini, et le beau tems qui commence, nous pouvons revoir *Bagatelle* et *Babiole*. En vérité, les rigueurs de cet hiver m'avoient glacé la cervelle, au point que je n'étois plus un être pensant ; il s'en faut bien qu'elle soit encore tout-à-fait dégélée, comme vous le verrez bien par cette lettre, que, pour cette raison, je finirai plutôt qu'à l'ordinaire.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 81.)

London, April 13, 1754.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THESE things never happened to your prototype, Atticus, even in the height and rage of the civil dissensions at Rome ; and yet I will venture to affirm, that he neither was, nor could be, more prudent, cautious, and circumspect, than yourself. But there is a chance, a fatality, which we cannot define, that attends particular men, and particular times. Pompey the Great was publicly insulted upon the Roman stage, and the actor obliged to repeat that part a second and a third time ; and you, my friend, it seems, have been most unaccountably, and unjustly I will add, disturbed for a slight omission in your weekly historical labours. I have upon this occasion searched for precedents among all the best Greek and Latin historians, and I

cannot find the drinking of any one political health recorded by any one of them. Perhaps the Greeks and Romans had not parts enough to invent those ingenious toasts which make so shining a figure in the late annals of Ireland; and possibly it might not occur to them, that the health of any particular day, or event long past, could with any propriety be drunk; or perhaps the injudicious historians might think the mention of them below the dignity of history; but be that as it will, it is certain that neither Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, nor Tacitus, say one word of bumpers, toasts, political, loyal, or patriotic healths. You stand therefore fully justified by precedents. But however, as wise men will to a certain degree conform to prevailing, though perhaps absurd, customs, why should you not repair your omission by a more minute and circumstantial account of those elegant drinking-bouts, or *Symposia*, than any of your contemporary historians have yet thought fit to give? Why not relate circumstantially the convivial wit and urbanity of those polite computations, the serious, the jocular, the ironical, and satirical toasts, the numbers of bottles guzzled down and spewed up again, the political discourses and plans of government attempted, and now and then interrupted by hiccups and sour eructations, the downfall of heroes weltering in their vomit, and in short the exact detail of those *Noctes Atticæ*? The style of your late friend the Dean, of which you are master, seems admirably adapted to this descriptive part of your historical works, and one way or another you would please all your readers by it. The performers themselves must be glad to see their achievements recorded and transmitted to posterity. Their

enemies perhaps, (such is the malignity of the human heart) would not be sorry. Only sober people would or could object to it; and they are too few, and too inconsiderable, to deserve your attention.

The riot at the play-house was so extraordinary a one, and lasted so long, that I cannot imagine where the civil magistrate, assisted by the military force, was all that time; I am sorry for Sheridan's loss,* but I carry my thoughts much farther; and I consider all these events, as they may in their consequences affect you; the precedent seems a dangerous one, and *proximus ardet Eucalegon*. I take the play-house to be the shop of the proprietor, and the plays that he acts his goods, which those that do not like them are not obliged to take, and need not go to his shop; but those who enter it forcibly, destroy his scenes, benches, &c., are perhaps a more dangerous sort of shop-lifters. Now consider, my friend, the near relation that there is between your shop and Mr. Sheridan's. You have, I believe, printed all that he has ever acted, and a great deal more. If therefore, these vigorous correctors of the theatre should take it into their heads to be likewise the correctors of your press, what might be the consequence? I will not anticipate by conjectures so gloomy a scene, but I will only say with the Bishop of St. Asaph†—*our enemies will tell us with pleasure*.

Pray send me your bill for the innumerable pamphlets, sheets, and half-sheets, which you have been so

* Thomas Sheridan, son of Swift's friend, and father of the Sheridan, was at this period manager of the theatre at Dublin.

† Dr. Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph from 1708 to 1714. The phrase which Lord Chesterfield quotes is taken from a most eloquent passage in his writings against the Peace of Utrecht.

kind to transmit to me from Dublin; I have, being very idle, read them all, and cannot say that many of them entertained me; but all together they gave me serious concern, to find a people that I love so divided and distracted by party feuds and animosities, of which in the mean time the public is the victim. That Providence and your own prudence may protect you, is sincerely wished by
Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 155.)

London, April 23, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE I to answer Mrs. Dayrolles's compliment as a fine gentleman, I would tell her that prudence forbids me to stay more than one day at Brussels, that more would be too dangerous, and that even the recovery of my health would not make me amends for the loss of my liberty. But to answer more in character, that is, as a deaf old fellow, I must tell her the truth, which is, that, loving ease and quiet as I do, I transport myself with as much unwillingness as any convict at the Old Bailey is transported, and I prefer it only as the lesser evil of the two. My stay abroad will consequently be as short as my health, the object for which I go, will possibly allow, for I confess that my impatience to return to my cell at Blackheath is extreme; and I must be there by the middle of July at farthest. Formerly I did not much dislike the Tartar kind of life, of camping from place to place,

but now there is nothing that I dislike so much. Moreover, I can assure you, that both Mrs. Dayrolles's lungs and yours will have had exercise enough in one day, with a deaf man, to be very willing to part with him the next. To bring things as near precision as I can, I will tell you, that I shall leave London next Sunday morning, and consequently be at Dover that night. From thence it is probable that I shall get to Calais some time the next day; and from Calais it is certain that it is at most three days' journey to Brussels; so that in all likelihood I shall get there on Thursday, and the very moment I do get there, I shall pay my duty, as due, to the British Minister.

I had almost forgot to trouble you with another little commission, though a necessary one: it is to engage a *valet de place* for me, to go with me from Brussels to Spa, and to serve me during my stay there, and till my return to Brussels, at so much a day certain for wages, board-wages, rags, &c. There are always such animals to be had; and I need not have troubled you with so frivolous a commission, but that I would much rather have one who will not rob me, than one who will; and some of your servants are more likely to procure me such a one, than the people at the inn. I shall tire you so soon with my company, that I will spare you in writing, and bid you abruptly good night.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Spa, June 4, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM persuaded that Lord Holderness's silence was merely accidental, and not intended as a civil refusal of your request, which I dare say will appear by his answer to your private letter. In that case, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, with safety to yourself, and in the other, I will answer for Cressener that he shall not mention a word of it. I cannot answer equally for the Gazetteers who are too greedy for expletives for their papers to suppress the most trifling event that comes to their knowledge. Upon that account, therefore, should Lord Holderness flatly refuse you leave to go to Holland, which I think almost impossible, I would by no means have you risk the coming here even for an hour. If you come, you shall have excellent beef and mutton, and every thing else extremely bad, for these are, as Lord Foppington * says, a most barbarous race of people, stap my vitals! Most of the necessities and conveniences of life are absolutely unknown to them; one strong instance of this is, that the old invention of a pair of bellows has never yet been heard of in the Principality of Liege; but instead of it, a maid with an exceedingly strong breath, as you will easily believe, blows the fire through the broken barrel of an old gun.

Ten thousand thanks and compliments from me to Mrs. Dayrolles, for the trouble she has taken to exe-

* See Vanbrugh's *Relapse*; or, *Virtue in Danger*.

cute those commissions herself, which I only intended for her maid. My benediction to my god-son; and my sincere sentiments of love and friendship to yourself; and so good night.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Spa, June 12, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

NOTHING is changed in my arrangement as to this place, and I believe you are very sure that nothing is as to my desire of seeing you here or any where. I will complete my two months, however unwillingly, in this detestable place, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with when I leave it, which will be about the 17th or 18th of next month. You shall have good beef here, and super-excellent mutton, one entire sheep weighing but six-and-twenty pounds. You shall also have admirable Champagne and Rhenish; every thing else is as detestable as the place or the company. The latter is just improved by the happy arrival of the Earl of Drogheda,* and company, whom you announced in your last.

Pray make my compliments to my old and good friend your aunt; and to all others at the Hague, who may chance to remember and inquire after so insignificant a being as

Yours.

* Edward Moore, fifth Earl of Drogheda.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 350.)

Spa, June 15, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED acknowledging your last kind letter, which I received just before I left England, till I could give you some account of myself, and the effects of these waters upon that crazy self. I have now drank them just a month, to the greatest benefit of my general state of health, but without the least to my deafness. They have in a great measure restored both my strength and my spirits, which, when I left England, were much affected by my long illness in the spring. In hopes of still farther benefit (for who is ever satisfied with what he has?) I shall drink them a month longer, and then return with as much impatience to my own country, as I left it with reluctance. You know this detestable place well enough to judge what a sacrifice I make to the hopes of health, by resolving to stay here a month longer. [I shall often say with David: "Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell "with Meshec, and to have my habitation among the "tents of Kedar!" The company here consists as usual of English, Scotch, and Irish. I share little of their amusements; when I go out of my own house it is to walk, and I walk till I walk back to it. My deafness is a good pretence, and the company itself a good reason, for my keeping out of it.]

By the public newspapers I find that you are still far from being quiet in Ireland; I am heartily sorry for it. The country in general must suffer in the mean time. Bourdeaux and its environs alone will be

the gainers. Go on and follow your own good conscience, which will, I am sure, never mislead you. Vote unbiassed for the real good of both countries, without the least regard either to the *clamor civium prava jubentium*, or to the *vultus instantis tyranni*!

I hope you and all your family are well. I wish it sincerely, for I am most heartily, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 159.)

Blackheath, August 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

A THOUSAND thanks to you and Mrs. Dayrolles, for your kind and friendly reception at Brussels, and your company at Spa. As those sentiments are the first in my mind, my first letter from England shall convey them.

My journey home would have been as good as I could have wished, had I not been immediately preceded by Lord and Lady Cardigan,* who, travelling with six and thirty horses, sometimes left me none, but at best tired ones. However, I scrambled to Calais about noon on Sunday, where I found the wind directly contrary, but polite enough to change exactly at the time I wanted it the next morning, and to waft me to Dover in less than five hours. From thence I set out for my hermitage, and arrived here on Tuesday evening safe and sound, my ears excepted. This, I

* George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan. He had married a daughter and co-heir of John, Duke of Montagu, and (that dignity having become extinct in the male line) was himself created Duke of Montagu in 1776.

find, is my proper place; and I know it, which people seldom do. I converse with my equals, my vegetables, which I found in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, which has been full as cold and wet here as we had at Spa. I wish I could send you some of my pine-apples, which are large and excellent; but without magic that cannot be done, and I have no magic. Contentment is my only magic; and, thank God, I have found out that art, which is by no means a black one.

I have neither heard nor asked for news; and shall certainly tell you none, when I tell you that I am most faithfully and affectionately
Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 160.)

Blackheath, September 25, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD my letters be less dull, they should be more frequent; but what can a deaf vegetable write to amuse a live man with? Deaf and dull are nearer related than deaf and dumb. This, though the worst, is not all that hindered me from acknowledging your last sooner; for I have been very much out of order this last fortnight, with my usual giddinesses in my head, and disorders in my stomach, so that I find the Spa Waters gave me but what the builders call a half repair, which is only a mere temporary vamp. In truth, all the infirmities of an age, still more advanced than mine, crowd in upon me. I must bear them as well as I can; they are more or less the lot of hu-

manity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation, you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but on the other hand, thank God, I have not one melancholy one; and I rather think that my philosophy increases with my infirmities. Pleasures I think of no more; let those run after them that can overtake them, but I will not hobble and halt after them in vain. My comfort and amusements must be internal; and, by good luck, I am not afraid of looking inwards.—Some reading, some writing, some trifling in my garden, and some contemplation, concur in making me never less alone than when alone. But this letter runs too much in the moral essay of a *solitaire*. *Changeons de thèse*.

I shall go to London in November, upon the account of Lady Chesterfield, and even of my servants, who, not having the resources that I have, would be very miserable here in the winter. The difference will be but little to me, it would be great to them, which in my mind makes it a social duty.

I reckon that my god-son now begins to chatter, and confound two or three languages. No matter; they are so much clear gain to him, and in time he will unconfound them of himself.

I had a letter two days ago from Lord Huntingdon, who seems very sensible of your civilities, and charmed with those he received from Prince Charles of Lorraine, and Comte Cobentzel. Pray assure the latter of my respects. I like and honour him extremely. I need not surely make any compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. Nor will I profane our friendship with any, but tell you heartily and honestly that I am

Faithfully yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 307.)

à *Babiole*, ce 2 Octobre, 1754.

VOTRE lettre, Madame, m'a rassuré sur bien des craintes que votre silence m'avoit causées. Je craignois que vous ne fussiez malade ; je craignois presque autant votre oubli, et enfin, je croyois qu'il n'étoit nullement impossible que, lasse d'un commerce aussi peu intéressant et aussi futile que le mien, vous n'eussiez pris le parti de le laisser tomber tout doucement. Le moins affligeant de ces cas l'étoit bien assez, pour une personne qui depuis si longtems vous a été dévouée, mais dévouée sur les seuls vrais principes d'une estime, et d'une amitié permanentes, je veux dire la raison, et la parfaite connoissance de ce que vous valez. J'avois eu l'honneur de vous écrire une lettre d'Aix-la-Chapelle, et une autre de Spa, mais je vois que ces deux lettres ont eu le même sort, que quatre autres lettres que j'écrivis à Madame d'Hervey, qui étoit alors à Paris, et qui n'en a reçu pas une seule : nous voici donc éclaircis, et nous voici aussi au dénouement réciproque.

Les eaux d'Aix-la-Chapelle et de Spa n'ont fait que des réparations peu durables à mon chétif bâtiment, puisqu'il n'y a pas quinze jours, que je crus qu'il s'écrouloit. Mes vertiges, accompagnés des maux d'estomac, qui en sont ou la cause ou la suite, car la faculté n'a pu encore décider là dessus, m'ont accablé : il ne m'en reste à présent que la foiblesse et la langueur. Je crois que votre très humble serviteur tire vers sa fin, puisque tous les maux d'un âge encore plus

avancé que le sien lui tombent en foule sur le corps. Je m'apperois même que mon esprit baisse aussi ; cela est tout simple, il faut s'y attendre, le corps ayant beaucoup à dire sur l'esprit, pendant leur union ici bas. Ce que je crains le plus, parceque cela arrive souvent, c'est que mon corps ne survive à mon esprit, et ne traîne, pendant quelques années, les effets humilians d'une paralysie. Il ne me faut, assurément, rien moins que cela pour cesser d'être votre, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

London, October 25, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I TROUBLE you with this at the request of the whole C—— Family, who beg that you will assist them in their just and reasonable endeavours to get over the child of that prodigious booby Mr. C——, to whom they propose giving a proper education here, looking upon him, as what he probably will be, the heir of their estate and title. As I am informed, the booby himself is willing enough to send the boy into England, but his incomparable lady is not ; therefore, pray encourage him in that disposition, and show him the advantage of it. The next thing, and a very material one it is, is to have the most authentic proofs and attestations of the identity of the boy's person, which they desire that you will take care to procure, as they cannot trust that part to the booby himself, who, if he were inclined, would not know how to go about it.

I set out for the Bath to-morrow morning in hopes only of a temporary vamp, but not with the least ex-

pectation of a radical cure. I am indeed extremely out of order, very weak, and languid, but yet not dispirited. I have, as all people have the day before a journey, a thousand nothings to do. So good night, my dear Dayrolles.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 251.)

Bath, November 14, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

KNOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health than I could then have done. I had, just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say revive, me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and stomach are entirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope, that the three weeks more, which I propose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter, at least, for, at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not sillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet-dock, to be careened and patched up, not

for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

[You ask my advice about giving your interest at the next Election for Waterford, and I will very sincerely give you that advice, which, were I in your place, I should follow. I believe I may, without the least breach of charity, lay it down for a principle that the contending parties now in Ireland think no more of the public good than they do of the squaring of the circle; so that you may, with the safest conscience imaginable, throw your interest into either scale. Should the private characters of the candidates be greatly different, the one pure and the other bad, I am sure I need not advise you which side you should take. But supposing all things equal I think you had better adopt the Castle side of the question, upon account of your children, your relations, and your friends, for whom such a conduct may perhaps procure some little preference. This I take to be a very blameless consideration, when all other things are absolutely equal as, in my opinion, they are in the present dispute. The question is by no means how Ireland shall be governed, but by whom; and whoever prevails the difference to the country will, to use a low expression, be no more than that between a cat in a hole and a cat out of a hole.]

I hope that you, your young family, and *tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, December 17, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED your last while at Bath, from whence I arrived here a few days ago. The waters did me a great deal of good, as to my general state of health; but I grow deafer and deafer every day, by the natural progression of all ills with age. As I know my ill to be incurable, I bear it the better, from a philosophy of my own, very different from most other people's: for while I have both hopes and fears, I am anxious; but when I have no hope I take *mon parti*, and am easy. The E—— family declare themselves much obliged to you for your attention to, and success in, their affair. It is, to be sure, of great importance to that family, that the probable next heir to it should neither be bred up a Papist by his mother, nor a beast by his father.

I have now a most important commission to trouble you with; it is no less than to receive eighteen thousand pounds sterling for me at Brussels; that is, when the lottery there shall be drawn, in which I have three tickets. One of them is unquestionably the great prize. The numbers of my three tickets are 66694, 66695, 66696. I think I am very modest in only desiring one prize in three tickets. It is true that it is the great one, but then I leave you the five or six next best, which are more than equivalent to mine; and as all the drawing depends, I presume, upon you and Cobentzel, I hope you will take care of yourselves and your friends. If you choose to have the great

prize for my god-son, I will give it up to him, but to nobody else. In all events, pray have my above-mentioned numbers examined, after the drawing of the lottery, and let me know my good or ill fortune. I shall bear either with great moderation.

Our Ministerial affairs here are still in great confusion. It is said, they will be settled during the recess of the Parliament at Christmas; but if they should, which I much question, that settlement will, in my opinion, by no means be a lasting one. It would take up reams of paper to relate to you the various reports and conjectures of our speculative politicians here; and therefore I will only give you my own short conjecture upon what little I see and hear myself. I think I see every thing gravitating to Fox's centre, and I am persuaded that in six months' time, he will be the Minister. His Grace* may thank his own indecision and timidity for this.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles; *et adieu, mon cher ami.*

A M. LE BARON DE KREUNINGEN.

(Now first printed.)

à Londres, ce 27 Décembre, 1754.

Et qu'êtes-vous donc devenu, mon cher Baron? Il y a plus de trois mois que je vous ai envoyé les vingt cinq exemplaires de votre parallèle, avec une lettre assez ennuyeuse qui vous aura peut-être dégoûté de mon commerce. Mais nul signe de vie de votre part, pas la moindre marque de cette amitié que je chéris-

* Of Newcastle.

sois tant ! Vous aviez pourtant sûrement reçu ce paquet, puisque je l'ai envoyé par le canal de M. Hop. Je crains pour votre santé, car c'est la première idée qui se présente à ceux qui, comme moi, n'en ont pas eux-mêmes. La mienne au moins est très délabrée, des vertiges, des vomissemens, des spasmes dans l'estomac, m'accablèrent tout l'automne, et m'obligèrent d'aller prendre les eaux de Bath qui me soulagent toujours, pour le présent, et ne me guérissent jamais. En effet elles me soulagèrent un peu, et me donnèrent une santé négative, c'est-à-dire une privation temporelle de mes maux. Depuis un mois, je suis de retour ici. Mes vertiges recommencent, et ma surdité augmente tous les jours, au point que sans trompette j'entends fort peu. Dans l'étroite union du corps et de l'esprit, je vous avouerai naturellement que ce dernier se trouve accablé des maux du premier. Je m'aperçois même en dépit de tout mon amour-propre, qui en pareil cas nous fait trop souvent illusion, que mon esprit baisse à tous égards, et je crains beaucoup de me survivre à moi-même ; et c'est une affreuse survivance, que celle du matériel simplement. Au surplus cette triste situation ne change rien aux sentimens de mon cœur par rapport à mes amis, et je n'en suis pas moins, mon cher Baron,

Votre fidèle ami et serviteur.

Les complimens de la saison sont sous-entendus, et c'est mieux, puisque les expressions en sont trop usées.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 309.)

à Londres, ce 10 Janvier, 1755.

Vous aurez bien jugé, Madame, que mon long silence n'a pas été volontaire, mais qu'une dure nécessité me l'a imposé. En effet, depuis six mois, il semble que tous les maux qui ont jamais attaqué des têtes, se sont réunis pour accabler la mienne. Bruits perpétuels, migraines, vertiges, et surdité impénétrable, je n'ai pu la baisser pour écrire, et la lecture même, unique ressource des sourds, m'a été pénible. Dans cette triste situation du matériel, l'immatériel y a été pour sa part; telle est leur union. Si j'ai pensé du tout, ç'a été si peu, que je ne m'en ressouviens pas, et je me rappelle seulement que j'ai pensé à ce que vous penseriez de mon silence, et au regret que j'avois de ne pouvoir pas vous prévenir au renouvellement de cette année, je ne dis pas, par les complimens de la saison, ce terme là me choque vis-à-vis de vous, mais par les vœux sincères que je formois, pour tout ce qui pouvoit vous intéresser le plus.

Vous avez bien de la bonté, Madame, de songer assez à mes malheurs, pour vous donner la peine de vous informer des moyens de les adoucir. Je suis persuadé que le médecin des sourds, dont vous parlez, est l'Abbé de St. Julien, qui a certainement fait de grands cures à Paris, mais qui a très-inutilement employé tout son savoir-faire sur moi. Il y a deux ans que je lui ai envoyé mon cas très-exactement détaillé; il l'a étudié, il y a répondu article pour article, et il m'a non seulement envoyé ses ordonnances par écrit, mais

même ses remèdes en espèces que j'ai pris scrupuleusement ; mais mon mal a été plus fort que lui et ses remèdes. J'ai consulté, de plus, tous les plus célèbres médecins de l'Europe, mais avec le même succès, et l'opiniâtreté d'une surdité héréditaire, et à présent invétérée, a résisté à tous leurs efforts. Il faut donc prendre patience, c'est le seul remède qui me reste ; triste remède, à la vérité, et qui ne guérit point, mais qui mitige un peu les maux, qu'elle ne peut pas guérir. Je ne fais pas le philosophe Stoïcien ; je sens mon mal, et je conviens que c'en est un, mais en même tems je sens par expérience qu'on peut prendre beaucoup plus sur moi-même, qu'on ne croit généralement. En voulant s'aider, on s'aide à un certain point ; je cherche tout ce qui peut m'amuser, et faire diversion aux tristes réflexions, que mon malheur autrement m'inspireroit. Je me prête aux moindres amusemens ; je tâche de les grossir, et d'en faire objet, moyennant quoi, et avec le secours d'un tempérament naturellement gai, je suis encore à l'abri de la mélancolie ; je ne me divertis guères, mais aussi je ne m'attriste point.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 252.)

London, January 29, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM little able to write, and less so to think, having been so ill all this week of my old complaints in my head and stomach, that I am to go to Bath as soon as I shall be able to endure the fatigue of the journey, which I hope may be in five or six days. My answer

to your last kind letter must therefore be much shorter than otherwise it probably would have been.

[In my own opinion, your brother has been very fortunate in not getting one of these new Regiments, unnecessarily and wantonly enough raised, and that must very soon be broke, unless we are to be eaten up by an army, which, in a year or two more, we shall not be able to pay. But if he can make this *passe-droit* an argument to get leave to sell his present commission, I think he will do very prudently, both for himself and his family. I must tell you very truly that I can be of no manner of use to him in this affair, but *ains au contraire* perhaps were I to interest myself in it. Nor has Ligonier, I believe, much more to say in military matters than I have; they are entirely in the department of much younger heads. Your brother's only way of working is, therefore, in my opinion, by your Lord-Lieutenant, who has much to say at the Court of the Captain-General.*]

I have carefully read over Lord Limerick's † Bill, and approve of the principle. I had thought of such a one when I was in Ireland, but soon found it would be impossible to carry it through the House of Commons in any decent shape. [That Assembly is more *peuple* than any I ever knew in my life. They are still blinded with all the prejudices of sect, animosity, and fury, and no Bill in which Papists are mentioned can go through that House in a proper form. For (the reverse of bears) they will lick it out of shape.] But, should Lord Limerick think proper to push it

* The Duke of Cumberland.

† Afterwards Earl of Clanbrassil. See the note at vol. iii. p. 182, of this edition.

this Session, I would recommend a few alterations. I would only require the priests to take the oath of allegiance simply, and not the subsequent oaths, which, in my opinion, no real Papist can take; the consequence of which would be, that the least conscientious priests would be registered, and the most conscientious ones excluded. Besides that, where one oath will not bind, three will not; and the Pope's dispensation from the oath of allegiance will not be more prevalent, nor more easily granted, than his dispensation from that oath by which his own power is abjured. But then I would make that single oath of allegiance more full and solemn; as for instance:—

“I, A. B., duly considering the sacred nature of an oath, and the horrible crime of perjury, which, by all the religions in the world, is justly abhorred as a most damnable sin, do most sincerely promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty King George the Second. So help me that great and eternal God, who knows my inmost thoughts, and whom I now most solemnly call upon to attest the truth of them.”

The person taking this oath should be obliged to recite it distinctly and deliberately, and not be allowed to mutter it over in that indecent and slovenly manner in which oaths are generally taken. I will venture to add, those who will not observe this oath, taken in this manner, will still less observe any abjuration of the Pope's dispensing power, since such abjuration is, by all Papists, looked upon as a nullity.

I would also advise, that all penalties of death,

which in these cases must end in impunity, should be changed into close imprisonment for a term of years, or in some cases for life. Then there would be perhaps detections and prosecutions; but, in case of death, there will be none; for who will go and hang a poor devil only for being a *regular*, or an enthusiast?

When I tell you that these are my thoughts upon this subject, I do not affirm that I think at all; for, in truth, I am so weak in body at this time, that I presume I am just as weak in mind too. This only I am sure of, that I am, my dear Lord,

Most faithfully yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, February 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

DEAF men and dead men differ very little except in one point, which is, that letters from the dead would be very curious, and probably very instructive; whereas those from the deaf must necessarily be very dull. Were I dead, and allowed to write, you should hear from me much oftener, as my letters would be like those of the missionary Jesuits, *curieuses et édifiantes*, and well worth the postage, though it would probably be considerable, *car il y a bien loin de ce pays là*. But being only deaf, crazy, and declining, I consider both your time and your purse, which would be but ill-employed in reading, and paying for, such letters as mine.

Notwithstanding my state of ignorance and solitude, I dare say you will expect some news from me,

now that you read every day of fitting out great fleets, and raising additional troops. It is true, that we are equipping a very great fleet, which is to be commanded by Lord Anson, and three other Admirals; and we are raising some regiments of marines, in order to man it, which otherwise we found that we could not. From all these warlike preparations, the public is convinced that we shall have a war; but I am by no means so. I cannot see that it is the interest, nor can I believe that it is the inclination of France, at this time to bring on a general war; and I am very sure that we are absolutely unable to support one. I am, therefore, persuaded that we are reciprocally endeavouring to intimidate each other, and that all this *levée de bouchiers* will end quietly in referring our American disputes to Commissaries *de part et d'autre*, who will decide and settle them much about the time that the *tarif* and the *barrière* shall be finally determined. Should we really come to hostilities in America, with advantage on our part, Monsieur de Maillebois would very probably make another journey to Lower Saxony; in which case a second neutrality would be too dangerous either to accept or refuse, which is another reason why I think that the dilemma will, if possible, be avoided. And indeed, upon the whole, I wish it may, considering our National Debt, and the two very sore places which we have in Lower Saxony and the Highlands of Scotland. Another little circumstance, which seems to favour my pacific opinion, is the late hasty nomination of Lord Hertford* to the French

* Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl of Hertford. He became Ambassador at Paris *after* the Peace of 1763. He died in 1794, having been raised to a Marquisate in the preceding year.

embassy, and the hurry he is in to go there. A Frenchman who is now here, le Comte d'Estaing,* said the other day, *Pardieu, Messieurs, ce seroit bien ridicule de faire casser la tête à dix mille hommes pour quelques douzaines de chapeaux!*—alluding to the castors of North America.

The Earl of Bristol† is appointed Envoy to Turin, to watch the motions of that Court, in the room of the Earl of Rochford, who is sent for home to receive the Gold Key.

In Parliament, things go very quietly this Session. Fox has evidently the lead there. Mr. Pitt, though very angry, rather hints than declares opposition, unwilling to lose his employment, and, at the same time, unable to stifle his resentment. Legge is nobody, and consequently discontented, but silently so, in the hope of being Mr. Pitt's successor next Session. The Parliament is to be prorogued at Easter, and his Majesty, with his usual impatience, will set out for Hanover the day afterwards. He is to be attended, as I am informed, only by Sir Thomas Robinson, who, I hope, will not go out of his way to plague you at Brussels; *ce jeu là ne vous vaudroit pas la chandelle.*

For *un reclus, un solitaire, un sourd*, I think I have given you a great deal of news; at least I am sure I have given you all I have; and no man, you know, can do more. Your manufacture is so pleasing, and the loom you work in so fine a one, that I cannot be-

* Charles Hector, Comte d'Estaing, afterwards so well known in the annals of the French navy.

† George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol, well known for his embassy in Spain previous to the declaration of war and the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1761. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1766, and Lord Privy Seal in 1768; he died in 1775.

lieve that you really regret having made another piece of the same kind, but am persuaded that you will continue your honest industry. The great point is (and you seem to have found out the way) to take care to make your work of the strong masculine texture, and then they are sure to go off. My compliments to your loom, and the two very pretty pieces of your workmanship which you showed me at Brussels, and take for yourself the continuance, for there can be no increase of, the friendship, good wishes, and affection of
Yours.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON EVENING POST.

ARTICLE FOR INSERTION.

(Works, vol. ii. p. 383.)

(Bath, February, 1755.)

ON the tenth of this month, died at Paris, universally and sincerely regretted, Charles Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, and *Président à Mortier* of the Parliament at Bourdeaux. His virtues did honour to human nature; his writings, to justice. A friend to mankind, he asserted their undoubted and inalienable rights with freedom, even in his own country, whose prejudices in matters of religion and government he had long lamented, and endeavoured, not without some success, to remove. He well knew, and justly admired, the happy constitution of this country, where fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from tyranny, and liberty from licentiousness. His works

will illustrate his name, and survive him as long as right reason, moral obligation, and the true spirit of laws, shall be understood, respected, and maintained.*

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 255.)

London, March 12, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHITE† was puzzled what account to give you of me, and therefore gave you none; and, to say the truth, I am pretty much in the same case myself, only resolved to answer as well as I can your kind inquiries after me. I am tolerably well one day, ill the next, and well again perhaps the third; that is, my disorders in my stomach, and my giddinesses in my head, return frequently and unexpectedly. Proper care and medicines remove them for the time, but none will prevent them. My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably; that is, I am free from melancholy, which I think is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy, which I have acquired by long experience of the

* This short but eloquent and just character of Montesquieu was inserted accordingly in the London Evening Post, though without the name of the author. We find from Dr. Maty's Memoirs (p. 83), that a cordial friendship existed between Montesquieu and Chesterfield, and that they kept up a regular correspondence. Unhappily, however, none of their letters appear to be preserved.

† An old and faithful servant of Lord Chesterfield. See a subsequent letter to the Bishop (June 9, 1761).

world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always over-rate, them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back *oculo irretorto* upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life of either business, or still more pleasure, never was, nor never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors.

I suppose you already know that you have a new Lord Lieutenant, Lord Hartington,* who, it is thought, will heal and compose your divisions. I heartily wish, for the sake of the country, that it may prove so.

* William Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington. A very few months afterwards (Dec. 5, 1755) he succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Devonshire.

A war with France is generally looked upon here as inevitable; but, for my own part, I cannot help thinking, as well as wishing, that things may end quietly in a treaty. I am so remote and so indifferent a spectator, except in the wishes which every man owes to his country, that I am ill informed myself, and consequently no good informer of others.

I hope your little family are all well, and continue to answer your care in their education. May you and they be long and mutually comforts to each other. Adieu, my dear Lord; no man living can be more sincerely and affectionately than I am,

Your faithful friend and servant.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 166.)

London, May 2, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WHAT can a deaf hermit write? The repetition of my affection and friendship for you would be as dull, as I am persuaded it would be unnecessary; you are either convinced of them already, or you never will be so. Would you have news? Mine is always stale; and, though I was the introducer of the New Style, in all those matters, I go by the Old, and am at least eleven days behind-hand.

I could tell you, but I will not, that the King sailed from Harwich last Monday; but I can tell you, and will, that the Duke of Cumberland and Mr. Fox are appointed of the Regency; the consequence of which new measure, I presume, you can tell yourself. Peace

and war seem yet so uncertain, that nobody knows which to expect. The people in general, who always wish whatever they have not, wish for a war; but I, who have learned to be content with whatever I have, wish for the continuation of peace. My country-folks think only of the new world, where they expect to conquer, and perhaps will; but I cannot help dreading the *contrecoup* of those triumphs in the old one. I have ninety-nine reasons against a land war in Europe; the first of which being that we are not able to carry it on, I will not trouble you with the others.

You have certainly heard of, and probably seen, Lord Poulett's* extraordinary motion, which he made in the House of Lords, just before the rising of the Parliament, when it could not possibly have any good effect, and must necessarily have some very bad ones.† It was an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved the House to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the King, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have; for that I am to have one they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear, I have nothing to ask, and

* John, second Earl Poulett.

† This motion (made April 24, 1755) was an Address to the King not to visit his Electoral dominions.—See H. Walpole's letter to Mr. Bentley, May 6, 1755, and the Parliamentary History, vol. xv. p. 520.

there is nothing that I will or can have. Retirement was my choice seven years ago: it is now become my necessary refuge. Blackheath, and a quiet conscience, are the only objects of my cares. What good I can do as a man and a citizen, it is my duty, and shall be my endeavour, to do; but public life and I, we are parted for ever.

To-morrow I go to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we have one. That little hermitage suits best with my inclinations and situation; it is there only that I do not find myself *déplacé*. My little garden, the park, reading and writing, kill time there tolerably; and time is now my enemy.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. My god-son, I suppose, by this time, chatters a Babel language of English, French, and Flemish: so much the better, *c'est autant de gagné, et avec l'âge il débrouillera ce petit chaos*. Good-night. Yours faithfully.

A M. DE BOUGAINVILLE.*

(Lue à l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, le Mardi,
17 Juin, 1755.)

(Works, vol. ii. p. 384.)

MONSIEUR,

JE fus également étonné et flatté quand Monsieur votre frère me dit de votre part qu'il ne tiendrait qu'à moi d'être aggrégé au corps le plus respectable et le

* Jean Pierre de Bougainville was Secretary to the French Academy of Inscriptions, and contributed many interesting essays to its *Mémoires*. He was brother of the celebrated circumnavigator, and died in 1763. A letter from him to Mr. Pitt, proposing an epitaph for the Marquis de Montcalm, will be found in the Chatham Papers, vol. ii. p. 102.

plus respecté de l'Europe. Ebloui d'abord par l'éclat d'un objet si flatteur, et séduit par les illusions de l'amour-propre, je me livrai à une si douce idée : j'aspirois déjà à cet honneur, sans songer seulement si j'en étois digne. Mais la réflexion suivit, et la pudeur me retint. Je m'examinai soigneusement dans l'espérance de trouver quelques droits un peu spécieux, ou du moins quelques prétentions, qui pussent en quelque façon justifier votre prévention en ma faveur ; mais hélas ! Monsieur, cette recherche m'a été bien humiliante ; j'ai trouvé que ma jeunesse, prodiguée dans la dissipation et les plaisirs, m'avoit à peine permis de penser seulement aux sciences, et que mon âge plus avancé, occupé entièrement par les affaires, ne m'avoit pas accordé le loisir de les cultiver. Les sciences demandent non-seulement tout la vie de l'homme, mais encore bien plus que toute la vie de l'homme. La bienséance souffrira-t-elle donc qu'un sexagenaire se présente pour y commencer son noviciat ? surtout privé comme il l'est par l'éloignement des occasions de profiter des instructions, et de se former sur les modèles, des illustres membres d'un si illustre corps ? Que dois-je donc faire dans ces circonstances ? Il ne me paroît pas permis de postuler un honneur que je mérite si peu, mais en même tems j'avoue qu'il m'est impossible de ne le pas ardemment désirer. Je m'en remets à vous entièrement ; les intérêts de l'Académie doivent vous être chers ; elle a reconnu et distingué votre mérite ; je ne dois pas supposer que vous vouliez les trahir en considération du zèle et de l'estime avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 257.)

Blackheath, June 26, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who I am sure never meant any to me or any man living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you entertained of any body; and I am the more concerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasiness. I confess myself four letters in your debt; but, to tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so many debts of that kind that I am very near a bankruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word; for I will honestly declare my circumstances; and then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with me upon reasonable terms. White told you true, when he told you that I was well, by which he meant all that he could know, which was, that I had no immediate illness; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed by such weakness and languors, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiae* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt

me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my Epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some Essays and Historical Tracts. I was soon disappointed; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked among my fellow vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This, upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence; I begin to regain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear Lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth: but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence, without thinking of the Eternal Author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes, without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a Being so infinitely superior to us: but, according to the best notions which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate. Your

quotation from Archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion; and, had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion. *Un esprit de corps* is too apt, though I believe often unperceived, to bias their conduct, and inflame an honest, though too intemperate, zeal. It is the same in every society of men; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by example and numbers: you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to this world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted; and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your Parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much; and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honester, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word; I mean, trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c., and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence, and if they will be quiet no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the Crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expense of the other, and who have started points that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you ; but, I am sure, that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear Lord ; and be convinced that, while I am at all, I shall be with the truest esteem and affection,

Your most faithful friend and servant.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, July 10, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

It was my *ennui*, and not my amusements, (could I now have any !) that occasioned my long silence ; depend upon it, nothing else could or should. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate. Spirits consequently fail, for they are the result of health, and I cannot say that, since I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes strong returns of my inveterate giddinesses, sometimes convulsive disorders in my stomach, always languor, weakness, and listlessness. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increases very considerably. But what is to be done ? nothing but patience. Whatever the purest air, constant moderate exercise, and strict regimen can do, I have here ; but they serve only to prolong, for a little time, an irksome situation, which my reason tells me, the sooner

it is ended, the better. My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing; this cuts me wholly off from the society of others, and my other complaints deny me the society with myself, which I proposed when I came here. I have brought down with me a provision of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amusing myself, and perhaps entertaining or informing posterity, by some historical tracts of my own times, which I intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons; myself not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, because my mind refused to do its part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with spirit and desire, will be very ill done. All my amusements are therefore reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised everything in its true light, and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquisitions, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost.

But *trêve de réflexions morales*. A man may be too sober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philosophical reflections may be as troublesome in one case, as his extravagancies in the other.

Well then; we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reserved for us in the fifth and

last class of this lottery ; but if fortune will take my advice, though ladies are seldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, she will transfer whatever she intended for you or me to my god-son ; since you and Mrs. Dayrolles annually combine to make him want it more and more. I will answer, by the way, for her lying-in unmolested by the French, though you who love to anticipate misfortunes have calculated to a great nicety, I confess, that the French are to take Brussels just on her ninth day. Take my word for it, you and she will recommence your operations in Flanders before the French do theirs.

The present situation of neither peace nor war is, to be sure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing, that we shall be the dupes of it at last. Surely we, I mean our Ministers, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended ; and, if they meant peace, to have had it concluded, or, if they meant war, to have given them the first blow at sea ; for if, instead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immense and useless expense, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamour at our inaction is universal and prodigious, people desiring something for their money. From that, and many other concurring causes, the next Session will be a very boisterous one, and between you and me, will in my opinion put an end to his Grace's power, and a beginning to Fox's.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles : Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

A MESSIEURS DE L'ACADEMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS.

(Lettre de Remerciment d'être reçu au Nombre des Académiciens
libres étrangers, lue dans la Séance du Vendredi, 8 Août, 1755.)

(Works, vol. ii. p. 387.)

MESSIEURS,

ON se trouve naturellement préparé aux honneurs et aux disgraces, lorsqu'on sent qu'on en est digne; mais lorsque, sans les mériter, ou sans avoir pu les attendre, on se voit élevé aux uns, ou exposé aux autres, leur effet est un sentiment confus qui ne peut s'exprimer; il étourdit l'âme, et étouffe également la voix de la reconnoissance ou de la plainte.

Ce sentiment, Messieurs, vous me le faites éprouver. L'association que m'accorde une des plus illustres Académies de l'Europe, m'étonne et me confond. Quels furent les motifs de votre choix? Je les cherche, et les trouve aussi peu que des expressions proportionnés à ma reconnoissance.

L'amour-propre me prête-t-il ses illusions? Elles ne sauroient me faire oublier le degré de mérite qui pourroit justifier votre préférence, ni m'empêcher de craindre que ce choix ne paroisse votre première erreur. A quel principe un étranger que la mer, moins encore que les talens qui vous distinguent, a séparé de vous, pourroit-il devoir un tel honneur? Seroit-ce à cette politesse si naturelle à votre nation, qui se manifeste, ou plutôt qui se répand sur toutes les autres? Non, Messieurs, l'éloignement m'a été favorable. La renommée, cette messagère qui toujours manque d'exactitude, et souvent de fidélité, qui grossit également tous les objets, et qui semble acquérir des forces à proportion du chemin qu'elle parcourt, aura transformé

en connoissance mon amour pour les belles-lettres, et disposés comme vous l'êtes à l'indulgence, sans doute vous l'en avez trop crue.

Les premières années de la vie décident de nos goûts. J'ai dû les miens à la teinture que je reçus alors de ces connoissances aimables qui relèvent tous les états, et qui embellissent tous les âges. Mon cœur les chérit et les respecta, mais j'eus le malheur de ne pouvoir suffisamment les cultiver. Trop dissipé dans ma jeunesse, entraîné, dans l'âge mûr, par le torrent des affaires publiques, j'ai vu s'écouler, avec trop de rapidité, un tems que les lettres auroient mieux rempli. Mon zèle fut tout ce que je pus leur donner, et ce zèle fut vif. Pourquoi me vois-je obligé de reconnoître que les autels qu'il lui éleva furent, peut-être, à l'exemple de celui d'Athènes, consacrés à *la divinité inconnue* ?

Revenu, quoique trop tard, à moi-même, je cherche dans les lettres des ressources pour l'âge, des agrémens pour la retraite. Vos Mémoires me les fournissent ; j'y puise des instructions et des plaisirs ; j'y trouve le génie et les ouvrages de la belle antiquité arrachés de l'oubli, développés, mis à ma portée, et je ne crains point d'ajouter, égalés par les vôtres.

Les jours les plus brillans les sociétés littéraires sont ordinairement devancés par une foible aurore ; mais votre enfance fut celle d'un corps qui sent ce qu'il doit être un jour. C'étoit l'enfance d'Hercule. Dans le tems que l'Académie sembloit ne s'occuper que du soin de donner l'immortalité au grand Monarque* qui lui donnoit l'existence, elle étendoit toujours ses vues, et préparoit ses travaux. Elle jettoit

* Louis XIV.

ses regards sur les siècles passés, et s'annonçoit aux siècles futurs, comme chargée du dépôt des grandes actions, et des modèles du goût. Une heureuse fécondité multiplia en si peu d'années les génies et les talens, que bientôt il devint plus difficile de limiter le nombre des places que de les bien remplir.

Mais à présent que mon nom va paroître sur votre liste, n'y a-t-il pas lieu de craindre une révolution peu avantageuse; et n'autorisez-vous pas, en me faisant entrer dans votre corps, les plaintes qu'on fait que notre siècle dégénéré? Ces plaintes, Messieurs, sont le lieu commun de l'orgueil, de l'envie, et de la malignité; le cœur humain s'y livre avec complaisance; il est plus facile pour lui de pardonner une supériorité passée, et perdue dans l'éloignement, que de souffrir un mérite contemporain, et si j'ose hasarder ce mot, contigu. On pourra blâmer votre choix, mais on ne l'attribuera jamais à la nécessité. Trop de savans illustres, formés à votre modèle dans votre propre patrie, démentiroient un tel soupçon. On dira simplement que, ne pouvant recevoir un nouveau lustre, vous avez daigné me communiquer une partie du vôtre.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 171.)

London, August 15, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU insult my incredulity in your prophecy, and triumph in the possibility, or, as you call it, the probability of its being fulfilled; but a little patience, for

perhaps the distress which you flatter yourself will happen to you may not; and I will lay you one of our lottery tickets that Mrs. Dayrolles will not only be up again, but with child again, before the French take possession of Brussels. They certainly may whenever they will, and therefore seem to be in no haste to do it; besides, can they, with the least colour of justice, invade the Queen of Hungary's dominions, because Captain Howe has taken Captain Hocquart in America? Such a step as that is not warranted by anything that I ever read in Grotius or Puffendorf. You will probably say, that great Powers are not apt to trouble themselves about reason and justice; and that is certainly true; but, in my opinion, France is at this time neither desirous of a general war, nor very fit to carry one on—so that I rather think they will confine their indignation to the King, both as King and Elector, and attempt to invade both England and Hanover. I fear them in neither of those cases. Be easy, therefore, till the evil day draws much nearer than it seems to be at present.

I shall say nothing to you about my own health, though I know that it is not quite indifferent to you; but it is really so indifferent in itself that it is not worth mentioning, for I am never quite well, and the whole difference is, *du plus au moins*. I will weather out these six weeks, if I can, and then go to Bath, which is always a temporary, but never a lasting, cure; however, *c'est autant de pris sur l'ennemi*.

* Captain Hocquart commanded the *Alcide*, the taking of which and of another French man-of-war, the *Lys*, off Newfoundland, by Captain Howe, rendered irreconcilable our long-pending differences with France.

If, by chance, you meet with any quantity of seed of excellent melons, whether Cantelupes or others, provided they are but very large ones, I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me go a dozen or two seeds with you. I would not have more than what may be conveyed in a letter or two. My melon-ground is so small, that it will not afford to raise little ones, and I must make up in size what I want in number. I have had some excellent good, and very large, ones this year, from your Sorgvliet* seed.

How does my godson go on with his little *lingua Franca*, or jumble of different languages? Fear no Babel confusion. *L'âge débrouillera tout cela.*

I hear no news, or there is none; but lies are extremely rife, especially from America, which, I dare say, was not so much talked of when first discovered by Columbus, or Vespusius Americus, as it is now. But I am so humble a politician, that I content myself with wishing well to my country, and for the rest, *vogue la galère.* But the rest of my countrymen, and even countrywomen, are not so passive; for I am assured they are so brim-full of politics, that they spill them wherever they go. If I had no better reason to lament my deafness than not hearing them, I should be much easier than I am under my misfortune. *Adieu, mon ami.*

* Count Bentinck's villa, near the Hague, on the road to Scheveling.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 313.)

à Babiole, ce 21 Août, 1755.

JE ne vous ai jamais comptée, Madame, du nombre de ces grandmères vulgaires, qui annoncent leur état par leurs rides, et leur mauvaise humeur. Au contraire, j'ai toujours supposé que vous auriez dans ce caractère les privilèges exclusifs, que vous avez dans tous les autres. Je ne m'y suis point trompé; vous rajeunissez, vous prenez de l'embonpoint, et enfin, vous ornez la dignité de grandmère, qui de tems en tems dépare un peu les autres. Vous avez aussi bien pris vos mesures, et même de loin, en faisant Mademoiselle la Seconde, précisément dans le temps qu'il falloit, pour qu'elle replaçât, Mademoiselle la Première, et qu'elle vous procurât cette succession d'occupations agréables, que l'amour maternel trouve dans les soins, et dans l'éducation d'un enfant. Je ne doute pas que vous ne continuiez encore sur ce ton-là, et je m'attends qu'en dix ans d'ici, vous me ferez encore la notification d'une troisième Mademoiselle, pour remplacer à son tour la seconde.

Vous voulez que je vous détaille la vie que je mène à Babiole; vous me pardonnerez, Madame, mais je n'en ferai rien, puisque ce seroit le moyen de vous faire changer le lieu de votre exil. Je vous en ferois plutôt la plus belle description du monde, pour vous y attirer, et puis, quand vous en seriez désabusée par expérience, il seroit trop tard pour reculer. Voilà comme on prétend que les hommes agissent souvent vis-à-vis des femmes, mais cela seroit-il possible? Je

ne veux pas le croire. Ce que vous me dites au sujet des fréquens voyages de Milady Harvey, est trop vrai, et trop sensé pour me laisser la moindre espérance de vous voir à Babiolo. Je crois que vous consentiriez plutôt à vieillir, qu'à battre la campagne comme elle fait. J'opterois, une fois pour toutes, et je me fixerois dans le pays qui me plairoit le plus : pour être à son aise, il faut être chez soi, et on n'a plus de chez soi, quand on campe et décampe comme les Tartares.

Vous voulez, Madame, que je vous rende compte de votre petit galopin de jadis, qui n'a pas, je puis vous assurer, oublié ce qu'il vous doit. Il y pense, il en parle comme il doit, et c'est ma faute, et non la sienne, si je ne me suis pas acquitté des complimens qu'il m'a souvent prié de vous faire de sa part. Il étudie, il s'applique, il s'informe ; à cet égard-là tout va bien : il ne joue, ni ne boit, et pour le reste, je dois, et je veux l'ignorer.

Il court un bruit ici, comme chez vous, que nos deux Rois se sont mis dans l'esprit de nous déclarer bientôt ennemis, mais je leur déclare par ces présentes, qu'ils auront beau faire, et que je risquerai plutôt le crime de lèse majesté, que celui de ne vous être pas dévoué tant que je vivrai.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 261.)

Blackheath, August 30, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself in every respect a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty ; but my head and hand often refuse to do theirs. You, I am

sure, are charitable enough to everybody, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides, I must acquaint you that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands than I either cared or was fit for. *L'Académie des Belles Lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body, in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *Académie en corps*, which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long disused to compliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, though by no means good, and if I can but weather out the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath, for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However, *c'est autant de gagné*, and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's Sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well; but I have neither read nor intend to read those which are meant to prove the existence of God, because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence than those which the whole and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence, I must believe his: it cannot be proved *a priori*, as some have idly

attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *a posteriori*.

It is, very justly, *And that He is, all nature cries*

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to increase. However, I cannot help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next Session of Parliament. The Castle will, I take it for granted, somehow or other, procure a majority, which, when the Patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may, for I am very sure that while these squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness!

Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, September 12, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HEARTILY congratulate Mrs. Dayrolles upon her safe delivery of a daughter, and may you be as well delivered of that daughter fifteen years hence! As for *Madame la première, encore passe*, but pray stop here; I mean as to young ladies only, for they are a very brittle sort of manufacture, dangerous to keep, and difficult and expensive to get rid of. I am informed and from good hands that this young lady is already engaged, and that her *futur* is about this time with you at Brussels; the conditions required by the *futur's* relations are, I confess, pretty difficult to comply with, but that is Mrs. Dayrolles's business,

and I am sure by no means yours, since the *coloris* of Rubens is insisted upon.

The King is expected to land every minute, which, I suppose, will produce more decision concerning war or peace than has appeared yet; for, at present, there is a kind of a mist before them, which one cannot see through. I do not, in the least, fear a war, provided it be not in Flanders, where the French must always make it with infinite advantage, and where the Empress Queen will not, and our allies the Dutch cannot, assist us effectually. I am therefore very glad to find, that the garrisons in Flanders are evacuated; and I hope that the Dutch will make a neutrality; so that there may be no field of battle in the seventeen Provinces for us to be beaten in again. And what will the French do then? At sea, it is certain that we must destroy both their navy and their commerce. Will they attempt invading us here again? Let them, they are very welcome, that is too contemptible. Will they march an army to Hanover? *à la bonne heure*; what will become of that army after a thirty days' march in the deserts of Westphalia, especially now that we have secured a force in that part of the world superior to any they can send? Their army will melt away there faster than in Bohemia; and care will be taken, before their arrival there, to leave them even no *punpournichil** to subsist upon. Your quiet situation at Brussels will therefore, I hope, not be disturbed; and, in that case, I confess, I would rather have war than peace with France: as the former, if vigorously carried on at

* A coarse kind of brown bread, eaten in several parts of Germany, and especially in Westphalia.

sea, must greatly check, if not destroy, their growing navy and commerce.

A thousand thanks to you for your melon seed, which I will sow and cultivate with great care, in hopes that I may give you some of the fruit of it next year in this hermitage; for I think you gave me some reason to flatter myself that I shall see you here next year. In that case, perhaps, I may show you some melons much more extraordinary than yours, though probably not quite so good; for I have had a present made me, by a Persian merchant of good credit, of a few melon seeds, that he brought himself from Diarbeck, which was the antient Mesopotamia; and which, he protests, produce melons, that weigh from ninety to one hundred and one hundred and ten pounds each. But, notwithstanding the gentleman's credit as a merchant, I am a little incredulous.

I go next week to Bath, where, for the time being, I am always well; and that is so much clear gain, and worth the journey to one, who has not, for these six months, been well for four-and-twenty hours together. Besides, all places are now alike to me, and I can be more alone at Bath, than anywhere. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours, wherever I am.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, October 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

As things happened, my last letter must not only have appeared enigmatical, but very absurd. The solution of the whole is this. Our friend Harenc's son was going from Geneva to pass this winter at Paris, when the breaking out of the war changed that plan; he was then to go and pass it at the Hague under the inspection of his aunt, Madame Falaiseau. In his way there, he was to make his court to you for some time at Brussels, in which intention, Harenc sent him a jocose letter of recommendation to you, wherein he offers him in marriage fifteen or sixteen years hence, to Mademoiselle Dayrolles, declares that he will settle all his pictures upon him, and requires only in return with *la future*, the graces of Guido, and the *coloris* of Rubens to be settled upon her by her mother, who is in actual possession of them. Your *gendre* will, I suppose, before it be long, present you the letter itself, which is much better than my extract of it. Thus the whole *badinage* is cleared up to you.

I have been here now just a week—too little to have found much benefit, but, however, long enough to give me reason to hope that I shall find some, for my stomach is rather less disordered than I brought it down with me here; but upon the whole I am, and always shall be, *un pauvre corps, dont il ne vaut pas la peine de parler*.

I think it impossible that the French can insist upon more than a neutrality on the part of the

Republic of the United Provinces. Upon what pretence can they? But if they should, they cannot invade them without first invading Flanders, and bringing the Queen of Hungary upon their backs, which I cannot think them at present willing to do. But suppose they should, they will with ease overrun all Flanders in a fortnight, so that where will there be a field of battle left? We can send no troops to Holland that can be of any use. The Dutch have not enough to oppose a French army of one hundred thousand men; so that, in that case, they have nothing to do but *subir la loi du vainqueur*. But, depend upon it, things will not be carried to those extremities. The French, at this time, dread a general war: their Ministry is weak, and their King weaker; the Clergy and the Parliament hating each other irreconcilably; they have no general in whom they have the least confidence; and, by the interest they pay, it is plain they want money. From all this, and from our inevitable successes at sea, I take it for granted that a peace, and a reasonable one, will somehow or other be jumbled up in the course of seven or eight months: so that, with all your ingenuity in anticipating misfortunes, I am persuaded that your journey to England next year will be merely a voluntary one, and not a necessary flight from where you now are.

The next Session, which now draws very near, will, I believe, be a very troublesome one; and I really think it very doubtful, whether the subsidiary treaties with Russia and Cassel will be carried or not. To be sure, much may be said against both; but yet I dread the consequences of rejecting them by Parliament, since

they are made. But what have I to do with public matters? Moreover, a man who has not the whole thread of them talks of them as a blind man does of colours, for the least circumstance unknown often changes the whole thing. This I know perfectly, that
I am truly Yours.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles, and my benediction to my godson.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 263.)

Bath, October 8, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your last kind letter but the day before I was to leave Blackheath and set out for this place, where I have now been just a fortnight. In one respect, I am the better for that fortnight—I mean with regard to my stomach, or more properly my digestion; for I do not care twopence whether I eat or not, but I care much to digest what I do eat, which I have not done the last three months, and now do. *D'ailleurs*, I am what you call in Ireland, and a very good expression I think it is, *unwell*. This *unwellness* affects the mind as well as the body, and gives them both a disagreeable inertness. I force my body into action, and take proper exercise; but there is no forcing the mind, and all attempts of that kind are at least ineffectual, but oftener disgraceful.

You will be convinced of that truth, when I send you a copy of my letter to *L'Académie des Belles Lettres*. It was wrote *invité Minervâ*, and is the

poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind. I had not time to have it copied for you before I came here, and forgot to bring it with me, but when I return to London I will send you a copy.

I am heartily glad that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other people's. I am glad of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either of the belligerent parties. The triumph of the Patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs: with all my heart, let them but use it well. There is a great deal of money lying dead in the Treasury: let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and above all, the Protestant Charter Schools. Let them people and civilise the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for Protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a King, and a Government—three things to which they are at present utter strangers. These and other such kind of measures would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation. They have got their own sops, and have now leisure to think of the public, if they please.

I propose staying here a month or six weeks longer, or even more, if I think that the waters will do more for me. All places are now alike to me, as I carry my own solitude with me wherever I go. Adieu, my dear Lord.

Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 80.)

Blackheath, November 17, 1755.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account.* I hear, that you were stopped for some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surprised, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most uncommon share of impudence to be unconcerned upon such an occasion, I am not sure that I am not rather glad you stopped. You must therefore now think of hardening yourself by degrees, by using yourself insensibly to the sound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it seems) of rising up and sitting down again. Nothing will contribute so much to this as Committee work, of elections at night, and of Private Bills in the morning. There asking short questions, moving for witnesses to be called in, and all that kind of small ware, will soon fit you to set up for yourself. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reason; pray let it rather be a spur than a curb to you.

* In all the previous editions this letter has been printed with the erroneous date of November 27, 1754. But the speech of Mr. Stanhope, to which Lord Chesterfield here refers, was delivered on the great debate on the Address, Nov. 13, 1755, when Gerard Hamilton made his celebrated *Single Speech*, and Pitt his still more celebrated *Rhône* and *Saone* parallel. In Horace Walpole's account, Mr. Stanhope's performance is described as "very bad," (to H. Conway, Nov. 15, 1755,) and Dr. Maty adds, that he was obliged to consult his notes. (Memoirs, p. 333.) It does not appear that, notwithstanding Lord Chesterfield's encouragement, he ever rose again.

Persevere, and depend upon it, it will do well at last. When I say persevere, I do not mean that you should speak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not advise you to speak again upon public matters for some time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean never lose view of that great object; pursue it with discretion, but pursue it always. *Pelotez en attendant partie.* You know I have always told you, that speaking in public was but a knack, which those who apply to most, will succeed in best. Two old Members, very good judges, have sent me compliments upon this occasion; and have assured me, that they plainly find *it will do*, though they perceived, from that natural confusion you were in, that you neither said all, nor perhaps what, you intended. Upon the whole, you have set out very well, and have sufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore assiduously, and observe carefully all that passes in the House; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you still want comfort, Mrs. —, I hope, will administer it to you; for, in my opinion, she may, if she will, be very comfortable; and with women, as with speaking in Parliament, perseverance will most certainly prevail, sooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the considerable sum which you heard of. I play every evening from seven till ten, at a crown whist party, merely to save my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propose being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 265.)

London, December 15, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I BROUGHT with me from Bath rather a little more health than I carried with me there, but full as much deafness; and this is all the answer I can make to your last kind inquiries. This, you see, is a state rather of suffering than enjoying life; and indeed I am very weary of it; but, thank God, *ennui* is not, as it commonly is, attended with melancholy; and during the rest of my journey, I shall rather sleep in the *voiture* than be restless and uneasy, as most travellers are.

I cannot find here the only copy which I had kept of my letter to *l'Académie des Belles Lettres*; but Mr. Bristow took one over with him to Ireland, which I dare say he will readily show you, and you may signify my consent to it, by showing him this part of my letter. When you do see it, you will find that its only merit is its being pretty correct French, and that it has no intrinsic right to be reckoned among *les belles lettres*.

Que le chien mange le loup, ou que le loup mange le chien, either in Ireland or here, is to me matter of great indifference, provided that those who govern either kingdom would but, at their leisure moments, and when they have nothing better to do, a little consider the public good; for after all, there is such a thing as public good, though in general people seem not to think so. I am not Utopian enough to propose that it should interfere with private interest; but per-

haps, if duly considered, it might appear in some few cases to coincide with, and promote it.

[What the Primate* said is very true, that Sheridan and he were the only great sufferers, but it is as true too that from that very circumstance they might both be popular if they were prudent. A singularity, or if you insist upon strict propriety, a duality, of ill-fortune, always produces popularity if prudently managed; and, were I the Primate, I would immediately take Orders,† turn parson, visit, preach, &c., and in a very few years have the principal share in the Government of Ireland. By the way, his fellow-sufferer] Sheridan has lately published here an excellent book, entitled *British Education*. Warmed with his subject, he pushes it rather too far, as all authors do the particular object that has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse; but, upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication, to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations which I have been in, having made me long the *plastron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong to quit his present commission of Lieutenant-Colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment

* Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

† "When Lord Chesterfield held the Government of Ireland he told the Primate, 'My Lord, you must govern this kingdom, for you have the best parts in it; but you want one thing, you must take Orders;' alluding to the irregularity of his life." (Lord Orford's *Memoirs of George III.*, vol. ii. p. 38, ed. 1845.)

of foot, which, with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke. The extravagant and groundless, though general, fears of an invasion from France, justify to the timid public the present military phrenzy; but, as I am convinced that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay.

Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured that I am most faithfully and sincerely
Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, December 19, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

You will think me very lazy, for that I am sure is the worst thing you will ever suspect me of, with regard to yourself, in having been so long without answering your last. But it has not been quite laziness; for some few days, business, and for many days weakness, dispiritedness, and languor, would not allow me to put pen to paper; otherwise, deaf people are commonly as frivolously *writative*, as blind people are often frivolously talkative: but, when a general disorder and decay of the body is added to impenetrable deafness, one becomes too like a dead body, to write any thing but a codicil.

Were I, now that I am writing, to pretend to send you but a short account of our transactions here, I must send you a large folio. The House of Commons

sits three or four times a week till nine or ten at night, and sometimes till four or five in the morning; so attentive are they to the good of their dear country. That zeal has of late transported them into much personal abuse; and I am assured that Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend on one side, Mr. Fox and Hume Campbell on the other, have distinguished themselves by the highest Billingsgate rhetoric.

Even our insignificant House sat one day last week till past ten at night upon the Russian and Hessian Subsidiary Treaties; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead: for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the House, very near annihilated me. I was for the Russian Treaty, as a prudent eventual measure at the beginning of a war, and probably preventive even of a war, in that part of the world; but I could not help exposing, though without opposing, the Hessian Treaty; which is, indeed, the most extraordinary one I ever saw. It can have no effect, for you are not to have the troops till after you do not want them, viz. till six months after the requisition made; and after you dismiss the troops, should you ever call for them, the subsidy is to be doubled for the remainder of the term. It is certain, that his Most Serene Highness is full as good at making a bargain as Goosetree or any Jew in Europe.

Places, as you will see by the newspapers, are emptying and filling up every day. The Patriot of Monday is the Courtier of Tuesday; and the Courtier of Wednesday is the Patriot of Thursday. This, indeed, has more or less been long the case, but I really think

never so impudently and so profligately as now. The power is all falling from his Grace's into Fox's hands, which, you may remember, I told you long ago would happen. The former is yet necessary to the latter, till he has strengthened himself more, and that he will do soon, and then adieu the former. He does not yet think so, but he will find it so, and I have told him so. The worst of the whole is, that the two Courts, the old and the young one, are, I fear, according to custom, upon very ill terms, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the one to secure the other. Now, *comme jadis*, those who are frowned upon at St. James's are smiled upon at Leicester Fields, and so *vice versa*. This I can by no means account for, as I cannot conceive what view of interest Leicester Fields can have in quarrelling with St. James's.

Besides these discords and misfortunes, we live here in dread of two others of a very different kind, an invasion from France, and a *bricole* of the earthquake from Lisbon. For myself, I cannot say that I have any great apprehensions of either; but of the two, I have more faith in the earthquake than in the invasion. France has too often experienced the futility of those attempts. But be these things how they will, *réjouissez-vous autant que faire se pourra, et surtout portez-vous bien, car il n'y a rien de tel. Adieu, mon ami.*

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 317.)

à Londres, ce 25 Décembre, 1755.

JE n'ai garde, Madame, de vous faire les complimens usés de la saison, que la fausseté du cœur a depuis longtems rendu suspects, et qu'une politesse prostituée a avilis. Bon jour, bon an donc, et voilà qui est fait. Je ne puis pourtant pas m'empêcher de vous assurer des vœux que je fais pour votre santé; aussi bien c'est tout ce qui peut vous manquer. Mes propres maux m'ont attendri sur ce sujet, et à peine puis-je comprendre qu'il y en ait d'autres que la mauvaise santé, et la surdité. Il me semble que le mal physique attendrit, autant que le mal moral endurecit, le cœur. Je ne donne plus aux pauvres, qui paroissent se bien porter, je les envie trop; mais je me ruine en médecines et en aumônes pour les malades. C'est une bricole de l'amour-propre, il est vrai, mais c'est l'humanité, et aussi cet amour-propre produit de bons comme de mauvais effets. Depuis la dernière lettre que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire, je n'ai pas passé un seul jour en santé. Les foiblesses, les vertiges, les maux d'estomac, les abattemens, se relèvent tour-à-tour, et souvent s'unissent pour m'accabler. Enfin, je dépéris à vue d'œil, et bientôt, ou je me trompe, vous aurez un très-fidèle serviteur de moins. Un esprit uni à un tel corps (et cette union est malheureusement très-intime) ne doit pas songer à vous amuser, mais doit bien s'attendre à vous ennuyer, s'il ne vous donnoit pas de bonne heure le bon soir.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, January 23, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

Do yourself justice, and you will cease to wonder at either the beginning or the continuance of my friendship for you. I soon discovered, and have now long experienced, the honest truth and warmth of your heart. Friendship, like health, is to be preserved by the same means by which it is acquired, and I believe we shall neither of us *démentir* those means.

Everything tends more and more every day to the verification of my prophecy; for in our political balance, Fox's scale grows heavier and heavier, which every body perceives, but his Grace, who neither sees nor believes it, but who I am convinced will next Session, feel it. Fox wants him hitherto, but he will have made his ground in Parliament so strong this Session, that he will not want him the next; from this, draw your own conclusion.

We are here in daily expectation of a formal declaration of war from France, as it seems to be the natural consequence of the memorial sent by Monsieur Rouillé to Mr. Fox, through Holland, which perhaps you have seen; but which, no doubt, you have heard the substance of, and therefore I shall not repeat it. I am not so fond of war as I find many people are. *Mark the end on't.* Our Treaty lately concluded with Prussia is a fortunate event, and secures the peace of the empire; and, is it possible, that France can invade the Low Countries, which are the dominions of the Empress Queen, only because Admiral Boscawen has

taken two of their ships in America? But then you will ask me probably, where can France annoy us then? I see but two places; in America, by slipping over in single ships a considerable number of troops; and next, by keeping us in a state of fear and expense at home, with the threats and appearances of an intended invasion; which I dare say, they will not think proper to attempt in reality. In my opinion, our greatest danger arises from our expense, considering the present immense National Debt. I take it for granted, that the Dutch will endeavour to obtain from France a neutrality, and I wish they may get one; for, I am sure, they have no other safety, for they can neither defend themselves, nor can we defend them. They have no longer any *barrière* in Flanders; and Maestricht and Bergen-op-zoom would not delay their ruin above three months, should the French think proper to *brusquer* Flanders to get at them.

I have been for some time, and am still, very much out of order, my complaints in my head and stomach being returned; so that I fear I shall be obliged to go to the Bath this season for a month or six weeks, which, though never a radical cure, is always a palliative for some time, and that is *autant de pris sur l'ennemi*. Whatever happens to my shattered carcass, God bless you all.

Yours faithfully.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 182.)

London, February 8, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM too sensible of your affection for me, not to know that you will be impatient to hear what is become of me, after the account I gave you of myself in my last. This is therefore to inform you, that I am something, though indeed but little, better than I was. I am still excessively weak and dispirited, and do not expect to regain much strength or spirits, till I have been a few days at Bath, which never fails to vamp me for a time. I set out for it to-morrow morning.

My nephew, Sir Charles Hotham, either now is, or will be very soon, at Brussels. I recommend him to your care during his stay there. I am told by those who have seen him lately, *qu'il a l'air, et les manières d'un honnête homme*, but that he is rather of too grave and solitary a turn; therefore, pray thrust him into company as much as possible, and, when you have analysed him thoroughly, send me freely and sincerely your opinion of him. Pray, remember, no lodging in your house.

Yours most sincerely.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 183.)

London, April 5, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAD but one reason for not acknowledging, long before now, your last letter, which reason was that I could not. I went, as you know, ill to the Bath; I continued ill there, and returned from thence still worse. I am now very far from being well, and am this moment going to settle at Blackheath, for the sake of sleeping in a purer air and more exercise, though I believe to very little purpose; for, if I do not much mistake, I think I am very near *le bout de mon latin*. In this languid and miserable state, you will easily judge that I am little informed of public matters, and must consequently be little informing; so I shall not pretend to send you any news from hence.

I suppose that Sir Charles Hotham and Tollot* are by this time at Brussels, to both whom I desire that you will make my compliments; and pray tell Tollot, that I received his letter, which I will answer as soon as I am able, if ever I am able.

Do you think of coming over this year with your family, as you intimated when I saw you at Brussels? or will the present strange situation of affairs keep you there this summer? Whatever you do, may it be for the best! for all happiness both to you and yours is most sincerely wished by, dear Dayrolles,

Yours.

* Dr. Tollot, of Geneva, travelling-governor to Sir Charles Hotham.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 184.)

Blackheath, April 30, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DELAYED answering your kind inquiries after the state of my existence, in hopes of being able to have given you by this time an account of it more satisfactory to us both; and now I write these few lines, in order not to give you a worse some time hence, than I can at present. In truth, I am in so miserable and fluctuating a state, that I can in no one hour judge what, nor where, I shall be the next.

It would undoubtedly be improper for you to ask leave to come here this summer; and, were I in your place, I would send for somebody from Holland to inoculate the children, that operation being, as I am assured, now very well understood there, and frequently performed.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am most truly,

Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, June 17, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD I give you better accounts of either myself or the public, I would give you more frequent ones; but the best that I can give you of either, are such as will not flatter that affection which I know you have for both. We are both going very fast, and I can hardly guess which will be gone first. I am shrunk

to a skeleton, and grow weaker and weaker every day. And as for my fellow-sufferer the public, it has lost Minorca by the incapacity of the administration; and may perhaps soon lose Gibraltar, by a secret bargain between France and Spain, which, I have reason to think, is negotiating, if not concluded. Our naval laurels are withered, by the unaccountable and shameful conduct of Admiral Byng.

The French are unquestionably masters to do what they please in America. Our good Ally, the Queen of Hungary, has certainly concluded some treaty, God knows what, with our and her old enemy France.* The Swedish and Danish Fleets are joined, undoubtedly not in our favour, since France pays both. We have an army here of threescore thousand men, under a Prince of the Blood,† to defend us against an invasion which was never really intended. We cannot pay it another year, since the expense of this year amounts to twelve millions sterling; judge if we can raise that sum another year, and, to complete all, the two Courts, the old and the young one, are upon very ill terms.

These are not the gloomy apprehensions of a sick man; but real facts, obvious to whoever will see and reflect. One of the chief causes of this unfortunate situation is, that we have now in truth no Minister; but the administration is a mere Republic, and carried on by the Cabinet Council, the individuals of which think only how to get the better of each other. Let us then turn our eyes, as much as we can, from this

* The secret treaty of alliance between Maria Theresa and Louis XV. was signed at Versailles, May 1, 1756.

† The Duke of Cumberland.

melancholy prospect, which neither of us can mend, and think of something else. I find my nephew Sir Charles Hotham is a true English gentleman, and does not relish your outlandish folks.

I am told that you have an infinite number of English gentlemen now at Brussels; but I hope you do not put yourself upon the foot of stuffing them with salt beef, and drenching them with claret; for I am sure your appointments will not afford that expense, and by the way, I believe, that in their hearts they would much rather you would let them alone, to be jolly together at their inns, than go to your house, where, it is ten to one, that they would meet *des honnêtes gens, et ce n'est pas là leur fait*.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles, to my god-son, to *tutti quanti*, in short, who can receive them, for *Mademoiselle* cannot yet. Adieu, my dear and faithful friend. May you, and all who belong to you, be long happy, whatever becomes of Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 187.)

Blackheath, June 27, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

By your last of the 18th, I believe it crossed my last of,—I have forgot what date,—upon the road, for I there gave you an account of my poor state of vegetation, after which you inquire. I still continue to crawl upon the face of the earth, but it is like those humble and short-lived vegetables, who, seemingly conscious of their condition, crawl very near that earth to which they are so soon to return.

I entirely agree with you in your resolution of breeding up all your sons to some profession or other, but, at the same time, your usual vivacity carries you much too prematurely to fix their several destinations. You must not so much consider what you would choose for them, as what they are likely to succeed best in ; and that cannot be discovered these seven or eight years. It is certain that, (whether from nature, or from early accidental impressions in their youth, I will not say, it being very hard to distinguish,) children, after eight or ten years of age, often show a determined preference for some particular profession, which it would be imprudent for their parents to oppose, because, in that case, they would surely not succeed so well, or perhaps at all, in any other. In the mean time, give them all eventually a good education, so as to qualify them, to a certain degree, for whatever profession you and they may hereafter agree upon ; for I repeat it again, their approbation is full as necessary as yours. These, however, are the general rules, by which I would point out to them the professions which I should severally wish them to apply to. I would recommend the Army, or the Navy, to a boy of a warm constitution, strong animal spirits, and a cold genius ; to one of quick, lively, and distinguishing parts, the Law ; to a good, dull, and decent boy, the Church ; and Trade to an acute, thinking, and laborious one. I wish that my godson, for whom you must allow me some degree of predilection, may take a liking to the Law, for that is the truly independent profession. People will only trust their property to the care of the ablest lawyer, be he Whig or Tory, well or ill at Court.

Our public affairs are, in my opinion, as bad as possible, and I turn my thoughts from them as much as ever I can. The Queen of Hungary will repent, at leisure, of the treaty she has concluded in such haste with France. Those two powers never can agree long; and when they come to quarrel, it is easy to foresee which will have the better of it. She will then call in vain upon her old Allies, who will probably not be able, and perhaps not willing, to assist her. *Adieu, mon ami.*

I believe my brother is with you now; if so, pray tell him that I writ to him by the last post.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 267.)

Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

It is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me, and as for hearing, I have none left—so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance; but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do nor ought to complain, of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my

life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

[I think you are in the right to finish up to a certain degree your Episcopal House, that you may live in it with decency, but by the description which you make of it, your predecessor seems to have intended to rival the Vatican, and therefore I think that you may very well leave some of the superfluous rooms unfinished.]

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness. That you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of Yours, &c.

TO J. A. JEVERS, ESQ.

LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S 30TH REGIMENT OF
FOOT.

(Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1802, vol. lxxii. p. 292.)

Blackheath, August 9, 1756.

SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of yours of the 6th, with one enclosed from my old and worthy friend, your father. Had I the least interest at Court, especially in military matters, upon my word I should not exert it so readily and cheerfully in favour of anybody as of yourself. But, as the next best thing to serving you is not to deceive you, I must tell you, with great truth, that I could as soon procure you a Bishoprick as a company of foot. It is now nine years since I left Court, with a firm resolution of retirement for the rest of my life; my subsequent deafness and ill health turned that choice into necessity. I have entirely

forgot Courts, and they have forgot me at least as much. They are not apt to lavish away their favours where they expect no return; and from me I am sure they can expect none.

I still am, and have been for these last eight months, in so miserable and declining a state of health, more particularly with giddinesses in my head, that writing is very painful to me. I must, therefore, beg of you to excuse me to your father for not answering his letter separately, and that this of mine may be addressed equally to both. I have from time to time received so many marks of his kind remembrance, and I know and esteem his merit so well, that I assure you it is with great concern that I am so insignificantly his and your

Most faithful servant.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 189.)

Blackheath, September 16, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

It is true I have been long silent with regard to you; but it is as true too, that when I am so, it is because I am unable to be otherwise. I have not wrote at all, I have spoke little, and I have thought less, for these last three months. The frequency of the attacks in my head and stomach gave me no time to recover from the weakness, languor, and dispiritedness, which they always leave behind them; and I am at this moment little stronger than I was sixty-one years ago—that is, at one year old. All these

complicated ills, however, have not, I thank God, given me one moment's melancholy; and though in a manner they deprive me of existence, they do not deprive me of my natural tranquillity of temper, nor of my acquired philosophy. So much, and too much, *pour cette guenille de corps*.

Sir William Stanhope has given me very good accounts of my godson, and of *la bonne chère de l'hôtel Dayrolles*; and I knew enough of both before to give him entire credit.

Here is a fire lighted up in Germany,* which, I am persuaded, I shall not live to see extinguished, but of which the effects must, in the meantime, be dreadful to England, considering our connection with, and our tenderness for, certain possessions† in the scene of action. The Queen of Hungary will, I am convinced, repent of her *envie de femme grosse* for Silesia, and her child may probably be marked with it. France will finally reap all the benefit of this new and unnatural alliance, and make a second treaty of Westphalia more prejudicial to the House of Austria than the first. But I leave these matters to be considered by better heads than mine. My heart is the only part worth hanging that is now left me, and while that beats you will have a good part of it, for I am, most truly and affectionately,

Yours.

Pray return my compliments and thanks to Abbé Guasco for his books, which I have read with great pleasure and improvement.

* The Seven Years' War.

† The Electorate of Hanover.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

Blackheath, October 5, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I WAS at first very glad that I had procured the Residency of Hamburgh for the boy, but upon my word I am not so now that I know you wished for it yourself. Had I known that in time, I assure you I would not have applied for it; and the man who wishes the most to serve you, and who is now the least able to do it, would certainly not willingly and knowingly have disserved you, as perhaps I have done. I own I had not the least notion that you could have any thoughts of it, since for you it would have been *devenir d'Evêque méûnier*. It is an obscure inefficient thing, fit for those who propose to stagnate quietly for the rest of their lives. Perhaps that may be the case of the boy, if I do not live, as probably I shall not, to shove him somewhere else. Should that ever be likely to happen, I will give you the very first notice of it. What a condition is this country in, and indeed all Germany! I endeavour not to think of it; I am ill enough without it, and the thoughts of it make me worse. I can hold my head down no longer, so adieu, my friend.

Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 268.)

Blackheath, October 11, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHAT can a hermit send you from the deserts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody anywhere by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire—that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the meantime, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good: *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health, and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day, [and I found him as sleek, as serene, and as serious as ever.] He tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week than books in one year.

Adieu, my dear Lord. It is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am

Yours.

To SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, BART.*

(Works, vol. iv. p. 210.)

Blackheath, October 13, 1756.

SIR,

WHAT can a hermit send you from hence, in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary, sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health and spirits, as I hope you are. Since I saw you I have not had one hour's health, the returns of my vertiges and subsequent weaknesses and languors grow both stronger and more frequent, and, in short, I exist to no one good purpose of life, and therefore do not care how soon so useless and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read with the utmost coolness and indifference the accounts in the newspapers, for they are my only informers now you are gone, of wars abroad and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular, and therefore lament the havoc that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter; but, I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others; and perhaps, too, self-love being now out of

* This Sir Thomas Robinson must not be confounded with the Envoy to Vienna and the Secretary of State, afterwards created Lord Grantham. Lord Chesterfield's correspondent had been created a Baronet in 1730, with remainder to his brothers; one of whom (Richard) became in 1765 Archbishop of Armagh, and in 1777 Baron Rokeby.

the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others as I should do if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature.

Since you are your own steward, do not cheat yourself, for I have known many a man lose more by being his own steward, than he would have been robbed of by any other. Tenants are always too hard for landlords, especially such landlords as think they understand those matters and do not, which, with submission, may possibly be your case.

I go next week to the Bath, by orders of the skilful, which I obey because all places are alike to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage from it. But in all places I shall be most faithfully
Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 82.)

Bath, November 15, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours yesterday morning, together with the Prussian papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could blush, those of Vienna and Dresden ought, to have their falsehoods so publicly and so undeniably exposed. The former will, I presume, next year, employ a hundred thousand men, to answer the accusation; and if the Empress of the two Russias is pleased to argue in the same cogent manner, their logic will be too strong for all the King of Prussia's rhetoric. I well remember the Treaty so often referred to in those pieces, between the two Empresses,

in 1746. The King was strongly pressed by the Empress Queen to accede to it. Wasner* communicated it to me for that purpose. I asked him if there were no secret articles; suspecting that there were some, because the ostensible Treaty was a mere harmless defensive one. He assured me there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defensive alliances with those two Empresses, I did not see of what use his accession to this Treaty, *if merely a defensive one*, could be, either to himself or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only desired as an indication of the King's goodwill, I would give him an Act, by which his Majesty should accede to that Treaty, as far, but no farther, as at present he stood engaged to the respective Empresses, by the defensive alliances subsisting with each. This offer by no means satisfied him; which was a plain proof of the secret articles now brought to light, and into which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us. I told Wasner so, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am still bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Newcastle, should all three have quitted together? nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot see, neither, what the Duke of Devonshire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the Treasury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent versatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am surprised at

* At that period the Imperial Minister in England.

O'Brien Wyndham's* going out of the Treasury, where I should have thought that the interest of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myself rather worse, these two or three last days, I was obliged to take some *ipecacuhana* last night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great satisfaction and emolument, which is seldom the case in restitutions.

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcastle, who, I suppose, will have no more levées;† however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 269.)

Bath, November 21, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CAN now make you a return to your last kind letter, which I know will be more welcome to you, than that which I made to your former; for I can tell you that I am something better, and have, in the month that I have drank these waters, regained a little strength and flesh. But, as my relapses have been very frequent, when I have been in still a better state of health than I am yet, I take it thankfully, but only *à bon compte*, without relying upon its duration or

* Percy Wyndham O'Brien was second son of Sir William Wyndham. A few days after the date of this letter, he was created Earl of Thomond, in the peerage of Ireland.

† His Grace had at last, most unwillingly, resigned.

improvement. Whatever happens to me, I am armed with patience, satiety, and confidence in my Creator to meet it coolly. The mad business of the world, as Swift says, is over with me.* [I have placed my boy in a situation to push himself forwards when I am gone, and my nephew, Sir Charles Hotham, about the Prince of Wales;] and for the rest when my time comes, and the sooner the better, for I am weary, I am ready and willing.

Adieu, my dear friend; writing much hitherto is very troublesome to me. Yours faithfully.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, November 26, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

As a good Christian, I think one should tell one's enemies of one's physical ills, to give them pleasure; and as a good friend, conceal them from one's friends, not to give them pain. Upon this principle, I have delayed writing to you till now, well knowing the part you take in whatever good or ill happens to me. I had nothing good to tell you, but *ains au contraire*, and therefore I told you nothing. But now I can acquaint you, that I am something better, and that I have regained a little strength and flesh, of which I had neither when I came here a month ago; but I still want a great deal more of both, before I can either

* "The world's mad business now is o'er;"

a line from Swift's "Day of Judgment." See note at page 37 of this volume.

persuade myself or others of my existence. I really believe that the undisturbed quiet, which I have enjoyed here, and could not have at London or Blackheath, has done me almost as much good as the waters, for which reason, though I should not continue to drink them, I will continue here till the great hurly-burly at Court is in some degree over; for, as I am an impartial and very disinterested spectator, engaged in no cabal or party, all the contending powers insist upon telling me their own story, though never with strict truth, and then quote me with as little. I say nothing to you of the late changes at Court, which, to be sure, you know as well as I do, and perhaps comprehend as little. There must be some *dessous des cartes*, some invisible wheels within wheels, which, at this distance, I cannot guess at. Who would have thought that the Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and their friend Fox, would have quitted together? Fox too, in quitting, shows as much power by promoting his friends, as Pitt does by bringing in his own.

In these strange bustles, I heartily pity the King, and the kingdom, who are both made the sport of private interest and ambition. I most frequently and heartily congratulate and applaud myself, for having got out of that *galère*, which has since been so ridiculously tossed, so essentially damaged, and is now sinking. I now quietly behold the storm from the shore, and shall only be involved, but without particular blame, in the common ruin. That moment, you perceive, if you combine all circumstances, cannot be very remote. On the contrary, it is so near, that, were Machiavel at the head of our affairs, he could not

retrieve them; and therefore it is very indifferent to me, what Minister shall give us the last *coup de grace*.

I hear that the incomparable and virtuous Miss T——, with her paramour the noble Captain, are at Brussels, as man and wife, under the name of Burton. A more infamous affair was never heard of. She took up for two thousand pounds of different goods from different shops, to carry off with her; the Captain did the same as far as his credit would extend, and his creditors have now seized upon every thing, not leaving his wife, who was for him a good fortune, a bed to lie on.

I believe you will not grudge the additional sixpence for the inclosed letter from King P. to King G.: it has since been printed and cried about the streets. It is Lord Bath's. Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 84.)

Bath, December 14, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I say to you from this place, where *every day is still but as the first*, though by no means so agreeably passed, as Anthony describes his to have been? The same nothings succeed one another every day with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tiresome, and so it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from society by my deafness, and dispirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will say, perhaps, where could you be worse? Only in prison, or the galleys, I confess. However, I see a period to my stay here;

and I have fixed in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleasures, to both which I am equally a stranger, but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar saying, is home, be it never so homely.

The political settlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means settled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's,* where he intended to pass a month, was stopped short by an express, which he received from his connection, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he set out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long conversation with him, in which he was, seemingly at least, very frank and communicative: but still I own myself in the dark. In those matters, as in most others, half knowledge (and mine is at most that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the seduction. Our conjectures pass upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and often what we cannot know: so mortifying to our pride is the bare suspicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the Empress of Russia is dying;† this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Prussia, and necessarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at least, of that great Power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the opposite scale to the King of Prussia. The *Augustissima*‡ must, in that case, do all herself; for though

* Stephen Fox, Lord Ilchester, who had recently been created an Earl.

† Her Majesty did not die, however, till five years afterwards.

‡ Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary in her own right, and in her husband's Empress of Germany.

France will no doubt promise largely, it will, I believe, perform but scantily; as it desires no better than that the different powers of Germany should tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts; a man should make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour insensibly: and acquaintance often does more than friendship, in that climate, where *les beaux sentimens* are not the natural growth.

Adieu! I am going to the ball, to save my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 86.)

Bath, January 12, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAITED quietly, to see when either your leisure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at last I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will say, that you had no news to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always something to say to those with whom one desires to have anything to do.

Your observation is very just with regard to the King of Prussia, whom the most august House of Austria would most unquestionably have poisoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Astræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is pusillanimously carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people spared; even in a storm, a woman can

hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (such was the humanity of former days) prisoners were killed by thousands in cold blood, and the generous victors spared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg.* The King of Prussia is certainly now in a situation that must soon decide his fate, and make him Cæsar or nothing. Notwithstanding the march of the Russians, his greatest danger, in my mind, lies westward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe many a Prussian colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Lucchese, and many other veteran officers in the Austrian troops, are respectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt seems to me to have almost as many enemies to encounter as his Prussian Majesty. The late Ministry, and the Duke's party, will, I presume, unite against him and his Tory friends: and then quarrel among themselves again. His best, if not his only chance of supporting himself would be, if he had credit enough in the City, to hinder the advancing of the money to any administration but his own; and I have met with some people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I still gain some strength and some flesh here, and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen,† I observe that you are extremely well

* By Count Tilly, and in the Thirty Years' War.

† Lady Allen had at this period, like Lord Chesterfield, a villa near Greenwich. Horace Walpole writes to Mr. Chute, June 8, 1756, "I

with her ; and it is well for you to be so, for she is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expression which is commonly used to introduce whatever is unrelative to it), you should apply to some of Lord Holderness's people, for the perusal of Mr. Cope's * letters. It will not be refused you ; and the sooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as out-lines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Essays, read them ; they are four very small volumes ; I have just finished, and am extremely pleased with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new ; and, in my mind, commonly just.

Adieu.

TO SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, BART.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 212.)

Bath, January 15, 1757.

RECEIVED of Sir Thomas Robinson, Baronet, two letters, the one bearing date the 10th, the other the 13th of this present month, both containing great information and amusement, for which I promise to pay at sight my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments : witness my hand.

CHESTERFIELD.

This promising note is all that, in my present state of ignorance and dullness, I can offer you ; for pay, I

"have passed to-day one of the most agreeable days of my life ; my Lord and Lady Bath carried my Lady Hervey and me to dine with Lady Allen at Blackheath. . . . Her sister, Mrs. Cleveland (or Cleland) is very agreeable."

* The predecessor of Mr. Stanhope as King's Resident at Hamburg.

cannot. The attempt upon the King of France* was undoubtedly the result of religious enthusiasm: for civil enthusiasm often draws the sword, but seldom the dagger. The latter seems sacred to ecclesiastical purposes; it must have a great effect upon him one way or other, according as fear or resentment may operate. In the former case he will turn bigot, which is the most likely. In the latter he would turn man, which I do not take to be easy for him. In either case, the priesthood or the Parliament must be desperate. And with all my heart.

I am impatient to read some of the 209 letters addressed to your humble servant, under the name of Fitz-Adam;† for God forbid that I should read them all!

Though Archibald Bower, Esq.,‡ has used a great deal of paper, he has not, in my opinion, wiped himself clean; a noble friend of ours loves sudden and extraordinary conversions; but, for my part, I am very apt to suspect them.

I shall so soon have the pleasure of seeing you in person, that I will spare you upon paper, and only assure you, *en attendant mieux*, that I am most faithfully

Yours.

* The attempt at assassination by Robert François Damiens, on January 5, 1757.

† This was the *nom de guerre* assumed by the writers in the *World*.

‡ Author of the *History of the Popes*, which Horace Walpole with extreme exaggeration calls "in every respect the best written history 'I know!'" (To Sir H. Mann, January 17, 1757.) He was a man of disreputable character, a Jesuit in early life, then a Protestant; "but" after some years, wishing to swindle the English Jesuits out of an "annuity, he again returned to their Order. Having got all he could from them, he *again returned* to Protestantism and wrote his *History!*" (Lord Dover's note to Walpole's letter of May 19, 1750.)

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, February 28, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been too long in your debt: but the true reason has been, that I had no specie to pay you in; and what I give you even now does not amount to a penny in the pound. Public matters have been long, and are still, too undecipherable for me to understand, consequently to relate. Fox, out of place, takes the lead in the House of Commons; Pitt, Secretary of State, declares that he is no minister, and has no ministerial influence. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke lie by, and declare themselves for neither party, and in the meantime, I presume, negotiate with both. Byng is reprieved for a fortnight; what will become of him at last, God knows! for the late Admiralty want to shoot him, to excuse themselves; and the present Admiralty want to save him, in order to lay the blame upon their predecessors; for, neither the public service, nor the life of a fellow creature, enter into the consideration on either side. The Duke of Cumberland wants extremely to go with his own Regiment of Guards, to be beaten at the head of the Army of Observation, in Lower Saxony; for that will infallibly be the case of that army as soon as Comte D'Etrées at the head of one hundred thousand men shall arrive there.

The fright, that your friend Mr. Van-haren has put the Dutch into, by telling them the French army is intended for Cleves and Gueldres, is a most idle alarm. They are not of importance enough to be in danger;

nobody thinks of them now. Hanover is evidently the object, and the only rational one, of the operations of the French army; not as Hanover, but as belonging to the King of England, and that Electorate is to be a reply to the present state of Saxony.* The fields of Bohemia and Moravia will become Golgothas, or fields of blood, this year; for, probably an hundred thousand human creatures will perish there this year, for the quarrel of two individuals. The King of Prussia will, I suppose, seek for battle, in which, I think, he will be victorious. The Austrians will, I suppose, avoid it if they can, and endeavour to destroy his armies, as they did the French ones in the last war, by harassing, intercepting convoys, killing stragglers, and all the feats of their irregulars. These are my political dreams, or prophecies, for perhaps they do not deserve the name of reasonings.

The Bath did me more good than I thought anything could do me; but all that good does not amount to what builders call half-repairs, and only keeps up the shattered fabric a little longer than it would have stood without them: but take my word for it, it will stand but a very little while longer. I am now in my grand climacteric, and shall not complete it. Fontenelle's last words at a hundred and three were, *Je souffre d'être*:† deaf and infirm as I am, I can with

* As conquered and held by the King of Prussia.

† Fontenelle had died at Paris a few weeks before (January 9, 1757), having been born February 11, 1657. See vol. ii. p. 72, of this edition. The following account of his closing scene is given by Monsieur Le Cat:—

“His death was not preceded by any sickness; nine days before it happened, he perceived a considerable diminution in his strength, and prepared for his dissolution by performing the duties of an

truth say the same thing at sixty-three. In my mind, it is only the strength of our passions, and the weakness of our reason, that makes us so fond of life; but, when the former subside and give way to the latter, we grow weary of being, and willing to withdraw. I do not recommend this train of serious reflections to you, nor ought you to adopt them. Our ages, our situations, are widely different. You have children to educate and provide for, you have all your senses, and can enjoy all the comforts both of domestic and social life. I am in every sense *isolé*, and have wound up all my bottoms; I may now walk off quietly, neither missing nor being missed. Till when,

Yours most sincerely.

P. S.—My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles and company, visible or invisible.

TO MAJOR IRWINE.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 362.)

London, March 15, 1757.

SIR,

THE installation is to be at Windsor on this day fortnight, the 29th; it is a foolish piece of pageantry,

“honest man and a Christian. It proved, however, much slower than he expected, which made him say three days before his last, ‘I did not think I should have made so much ado about dying.’ He continued a philosopher to the last, and preserved the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He reflected upon his own situation, just as he would have done upon that of another man, and seemed to be observing a phenomenon. Drawing near his end, he said, ‘this is the first death I have ever seen;’ and his physician having asked him whether he was in pain, or what he felt, his answer was, ‘I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing.’ (*Je ne sens autre chose qu’une di culté d’être.*)”

but worth seeing once. The ceremony in the chapel is the most solemn, and consequently the silliest, part of the show. The tickets for that operation are the pretended property of the Dean and Chapter. I will take care to procure you one. I will also try to procure you a ticket for the feast, though it is full late. There you will dine very ill and very inconveniently; but, however, with the comfort of hearing the style and titles of the puissant knights proclaimed by Garter King at Arms. I take it for granted, that Mrs. Irwine is to be of your Windsor party, and I will endeavour to accommodate you both as far as I can. She made you too favourable a report of my health; which you have too easily believed, from wishing it true. It is vegetation at most, and I should be very sorry if my fellow-vegetables at Blackheath were not in a more lively and promising state, than Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

London, April 26, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE books, which my *confrère* l'Abbé Guasco has sent from Paris to Comte Cobentzel, and he to you, are the last volumes of the *Mémoires* of l'*Académie des Belles Lettres*, of which, as you know, I have the honour to be an unworthy member. Those Memoirs are our annual perquisites, and they are really not only very entertaining, but very instructive books. However, I am in no manner of haste; so pray keep them for me, till, without trouble to yourself, or any

body else, you find a convenient opportunity of sending them to me. Pray make my compliments and excuses to Comte Cobentzel, for the trouble he has had about them.

I returned the last week from the Bath, where I had run for a fortnight only, more for the sake of journeying, which always does me good, than drinking the waters, though they always do me some; and both together have now made me as well as I ever expect to be, and better than probably I commonly shall be. But this my present state is at best an intermediate state between health and illness, with which my philosophy makes me content.

Our public situation of affairs is now perhaps more ridiculous and unaccountable than ever; for those who would form themselves into an administration, I mean the Duke and Fox, cannot. Two posts, which were once thought considerable ones, which used to be solicited by many, and wished for by more, I mean those of Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, have been proffered about to a degree of prostitution, and yet refused. The late possessors of them* were most imprudently turned out, before the end of the Session, and are thereby become not only the most, but perhaps the only two, popular men now in this kingdom. This was done by the impetuosity of the Duke, who made it a condition with the King of his going over to take the command of the Army of Observation, which the King had a great mind that he should, and he had not the least mind to do, conscious, I suppose, that he shall be beaten, as I take it for granted he will.

* Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.

Where all this domestic confusion will end, God only knows: but, for a while at least, I believe it will centre in Fox, who, at the end of the Session, will, I presume, be the First Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In that case, the Duke of Newcastle and his friends will probably join with Mr. Pitt and his, who united will make a strength that the new Ministry will not be able to withstand. *Ainsi va le monde.*

This would be the right season for you, to carry your children to the Hague, to be inoculated, and a very proper one also, I should think, for you to ask leave to go there, as you cannot have any business now at Brussels. I look upon inoculation to be so useful and necessary a preventative, that I would not delay it one hour. I do not, at the same time, recommend to you to be inoculated yourself, though you have never had the small-pox, because at your time of life, perhaps, it may not be quite so safe. My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles and Co. and so we heartily bid you good night.

You will, I know, allow me to put you to the additional expence of postage by desiring you to forward the inclosed.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, July 4, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been some time in your debt. The reason of it was, that I waited from week to week, to inform you what Ministry should be finally settled, for there was one to be settled every week, for these last three

months. Sometimes the Duke of Newcastle and Co. were to make up matters with Fox and Co.: then that plan failed. Then Pitt and Co. were to join with Newcastle and Co.: and that broke off. At last, after many negotiations, breakings-off, and reconciliations, things are at last fixed, as it is called, in the manner you see in the newspapers. About three weeks ago, Fox was in a manner declared the Minister, to the exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt, and the Seals of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer were to have been given him the next day. Upon this, Holderness resigned, the Duke of Rutland and some others declared their intentions of following his example, and many refused the places that were offered them by Fox, as the first Minister for those two or three days. Upon these discouragements, Fox went to the King, and told him, that it was impossible for him, in such a situation, to undertake the management of affairs. The King hereupon, though very unwillingly, sent for the Duke of Newcastle again, and at last, after a thousand difficulties, things are as you have seen them, by last post, in the newspapers.* I look upon his Grace and Pitt to be

* The account of these affairs given by Lord Chesterfield is both confirmed and elucidated by Lord Waldegrave's. But Lord Chesterfield has not mentioned the important share taken in them by himself. It appears that "Leicester House was greatly alarmed . . . so Bute" was dispatched to the Earl of Chesterfield to engage him to propose "to the Duke of Newcastle that the treaty (with Pitt) might again be" renewed. They certainly could not have chosen a more prevailing "negotiator than the Earl of Chesterfield. For besides being a man "of letters and a wit, which carries great weight and authority with the "dull and ignorant, he had distinguished himself as a man of business "in many of the highest offices, and, having given up all Ministerial "views of his own, might very justly be esteemed a man totally un-"prejudiced and disinterested. He wrote a very able letter to the

rather married than united, the former will be a very jealous husband, and the latter a very haughty imperious wife. However, as things are constituted, they must go on together, for it is ruin to both to part. They have no favour in the Closet, but they have strength while they are united and no longer.

These are only the outlines of what has passed: the details would fill reams of paper, which you would not have time to read, nor I to write.

Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone, both at home and abroad; at home, by our increasing debt and expences; abroad by our ill luck and incapacity. The King of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. Hanover I look upon to be, by this time, in the same situation with Saxony; the fatal consequence of which is but too obvious. The French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect.*

As Colloredo and Zöhrn† are recalled from hence, without taking leave, I suppose you will receive the

"Duke of Newcastle. . . . The Duke showed me this letter a few hours after he received it; I told his Grace that it contained a great deal of truth and a great deal of wisdom; but I feared it would be somewhat difficult to persuade the King to be of the same mind. . . . However, the letter was shown, and his Majesty most unwillingly consented that Pitt and his friends should once more be treated with. . . . Articles of peace and amity were at last agreed upon." (Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, p. 110-112.)

* Compare this passage with another no less despondent in the letters of Horace Walpole. (To Sir H. Mann, September 3, 1757.) Such were the political prospects even of the most far-sighted men at the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration—such the despondency and the dangers from which that administration so speedily raised us to the highest pitch of success and renown!

† Count Colloredo was the Ambassador, and M. Zöhrn the Secretary of Embassy, from the Imperial to the British Court.

same orders from hence ; which must be very inconvenient to you, in the situation in which you tell me that you have again put Mrs. Dayrolles. I think you should write to the Duke of Newcastle as well as to Lord Holderness, to remind them of some other destination for you. Burrish's* would be an agreeable and a profitable one for you, *s'il vouloit sauter*, which, considering that he is drunk twice a day constantly, he ought to have done some time ago, and I hear he is in a very bad way now.

I am rather in a better state than I have been in for some time past ; and, as a proof of it, I went post thirty miles beyond York, to make a visit of four days only to Sir Charles Hotham, and was back here, at my hermitage, the eleventh day. However, you must not judge from this, that I have recovered my health and strength of seven years ago ; but only that I am a less miserable and uneasy being to myself, than I have been these last two years. If my body will but let me alone, while it lasts, I am satisfied ; for my mind I am sure will. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours.

My compliments and Lady Chesterfield's to Mrs. Dayrolles and Co.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 199.)

Blackheath, August 15, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and am, as you will easily believe, much concerned at your

* At Munich.

present situation, and the more so, as I know that no man in Europe has a quicker sense of distresses than you have. This occurs to me, though problematically, to prevent some of the inconveniences you mention. Why should you not stay at the Hague, till Mrs. Dayrolles is brought to bed, and in the mean time have your children inoculated by the Professor? Besides, as the war must soon now be at an end, for it is evident that neither we, nor our only ally the King of Prussia, can carry it on three months longer; perhaps you may have a better chance of recovering your old employment, or of getting some other of that sort, by being ready on the other side of the water than on this. All that I can do, you are sure that I will do. I will speak strongly to his Grace; but whether he can serve you, or who can, is much above my skill to discover; for, in the present unaccountable state of our domestic affairs, no man knows, who is Minister, and who not. We inquire here, as the old woman at Amsterdam did long ago, *où demeure le Souverain?*

In my retirement, and with my deafness, and other infirmities, I am useless to you, and to everybody else; but in my sentiments, I am not the less warmly and faithfully

Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 270.)

Blackheath, September 8, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS very glad to hear of your safe arrival on the other side of the water, and that you found the part of your family, which you had left there, so well; I

hope that part of it which you took with you from hence will, by time and care, be as well too. My own health, which I know you always interest yourself in, gives me nothing to brag of. About three weeks ago I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again in that state of vegetation in which you left me. In about a month or six weeks I propose going to Bath, which always gives me a reprieve, but never a free pardon. The halter is always about my neck; and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.

From this hermitage you must expect no news; news does not become an hermitage; but truth does, and *foi d'hermite*, I am

Your sincere and faithful friend and servant.

TO HIS SON.*

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 89.)

Blackheath, September 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD HOLDERNESS has been so kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th August; and also a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th instant. I am very well pleased with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is so too; and he said, but three days ago, to Monsieur Münchausen, *He (meaning you) sets out very well, and I like his letters; provided that, like most of my English Ministers abroad, he does*

* Mr. Stanhope had now proceeded to his post as Resident at Ham-
burgh.

not grow idle hereafter. So that here is both praise to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderness recommends to you, being by the King's order, intimates also a degree of approbation ; for the *blackest ink and the larger character* show that his Majesty, whose eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himself. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackest ink you can ; and to make your Secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wish an advantageous situation for you and a good *début* in it, I could not have wished you either better than both have hitherto proved. The rest will depend entirely upon yourself ; and I own I begin to have much better hopes than I had ; for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or less, *des animaux d'habitude*. I remember very well that, when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour ; and this is most certain, that when a man has applied himself to business half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found so sensibly when I was at the Hague, that I never tasted company so well, nor was so good company myself, as at the suppers of my post-days.

I take Hamburgh now to be *le centre du refuge Allemand*. If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your house ? Is it a convenient one ? Have the *Casseroles* been employed in it yet ? You will find *les petits soupers fins* less ex-

pensive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcastle; I take it for granted that you have to all your brother Ministers of the northern department. For God's sake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your business. You want nothing but labour and industry to be, one day, whatever you please in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Brest, which is universally supposed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I suppose the affair must be *brusqué*, or it will not do. If we succeed, it will make France put some water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own I rather wish than hope success. However, should our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a person to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myself, I vegetate still just as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be sensible of the autumn of the year, as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardness, which in about three weeks I shall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did last year. The best cordial I could take would be to hear, from time to time, of your industry and diligence; for, in that case, I should consequently hear of your success. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia*. Nothing is truer. Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 91.)

Blackheath, September 23, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but the day before yesterday your letter of the 3rd, from the head-quarters at Selsingen; and, by the way, it is but the second that I have received from you since your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cause of your going to the army, I approve of the effect, for I would have you, as much as possible, see everything that is to be seen. That is the true useful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuses us and others when we are old, *Olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. I could wish that you would (but I know you will not) enter in a book, a short note only of whatever you see or hear that is very remarkable: I do not mean a German *album*, stuffed with people's names and Latin sentences, but I mean such a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottes*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highness* very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu† will prevent that bloody battle which you expected, but what the King of Prussia will say to it is another point. He was our only ally; at present, probably, we have not one in the world. If the King of Prussia can get at Monsieur de Soubise's and the Imperial army before other troops have joined them I think he will beat

* Of Cumberland.

† The Convention of Closter-Seven.

them ; but what then ? He has three hundred thousand men to encounter afterwards. He must submit ; but he may say with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi possent*. The late action between the Prussians and Russians has only thinned the human species, without giving either party a victory—which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our species will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and those by no means the most valuable part of it. If the many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would perhaps be juster and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, swarms with *Grafs*, *Gräfinns*, *Fürsts*, and *Fürstins*, *Hoheits*, and *Durchlauchticheits*. I am glad of it, for you must necessarily be in the midst of them ; and I am still more glad that, being in the midst of them, you must necessarily be under some constraint of ceremony—a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very useful.

I desired you in my last, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domestic life. How do you pass your evenings ? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maisons*, where one goes without ceremony, sups or not, as one pleases ? Are you adopted in any society ? Have you any rational brother Ministers, and which ? What sort of things are your operas ? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel ; for *mein lieber schatz*, and the other tendernesses of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, sound but indifferently, set to soft music. For the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them ; and *das der donner dich erschlage !* must, no doubt, make a tremendously fine piece of *recitativo*,

when uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orchestra, including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours at least are sacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleasures. In short, give me a full account of yourself in your un-ministerial character—your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to see those in whom I interest myself in their undress, rather than in *gala*; I know them better so. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in everything you undertake. Do you observe it in your accounts? If you do not you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary, which are a thousand pistoles a month; and in your ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle, doing everything by halves, and nothing well, nor soon. I suppose you have been feasted through the *corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monsieur Champeaux,* with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galamment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retraite des dix milles*, for it is said that he had above that number, and might, consequently, have acted offensively, instead of retreating—especially as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now said) of the Council of War.† In our Ministry, I

* The Resident of France.

† "We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives

suppose, things go pretty quietly, for the Duke of Newcastle has not plagued me these two months. When his Royal Highness comes over, which, I take it for granted, he will do very soon, the great push will, I presume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect if they agree, as it is visibly their interest to do; and in that case, their Parliamentary strength will support them against all attacks. You may remember, I said at first, that the popularity would soon be on the side of those who opposed the popular Militia Bill; and now it appears so with a vengeance, in almost every county in England, by the tumults and insurrections of the people, who swear that they will not be enlisted. That silly scheme must, therefore, be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now I have told you all that I know, and almost all that I think, I wish you a good supper, and a good night.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 95.)

Blackheath, September 30, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE so little to do, that I am surprised how I can find time to write to you so often. Do not stare at the seeming paradox, for it is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at

“over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. . . . Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my “letter.” (H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, September 3, 1757.)

all; whereas those who have a great deal of business must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it, and then they always find time to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your last, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man,* who will still be a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of these misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himself the comfort, and with all the world the credit, of a philosopher, a legislator, a patron and a professor of arts and sciences. He will only lose the fame of a conqueror—a cruel fame, that arises from the destruction of the human species. Could it be any satisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the most popular man in this kingdom—the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality† which hastens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not less enraged at it himself, when he saw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed, it seems to me a voluntary concession of the very worst that could have happened, in the worst event. We now begin to think that our great and secret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo. If that be true, and we succeed in the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce—I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity; we only supply

* The King of Prussia.

† Of Closter-Seven.

ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North America, where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven, and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new sea phrase, which was unknown to Blake! I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corsican—I will not say rebels, but assertors of their natural rights: to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to establish, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio, which may be made so strong and so good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loss of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good scheme; for though the Corsicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious rascals, they will in this case be tied down to us by their own interest and their own danger: a solid security with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highness the Duke is hourly expected here. His arrival will make some bustle, for I believe it is certain that he is resolved to make a push at the Duke of Newcastle, Pitt, and Co.; but it will be ineffectual if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at present. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis nescit?*

Now I have told you all I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk of private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-side, in your little room; and as you would

converse with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connections—that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or well-bred women there? *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?* All fat and fair, I presume: too proud and too cold to make advances, but at the same time too well bred and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnête homme avec des manières*.

Sir Charles Hotham is to be married in about a month to Miss Clutterbuck. I am very glad of it; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domestic and retired life, she seems to have been made on purpose for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domestic as his; and she seems to have been kept by her aunts *à la glace*, instead of being raised in a hot-bed, as most young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a short compliment of congratulation upon the occasion, he, my sister, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleased with it. Those attentions are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as drafts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have, with the help of your Secretary, made yourself correctly master of all that sort of knowledge—Course of Exchange, *Agio*, *Banco*, *Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Maria-Groschen*. It is very little trouble to learn it; it is often of great use to know it. Good night, and God bless you

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 99.)

Blackheath, October 10, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is not without some difficulty that I snatch this moment of leisure from my extreme idleness, to inform you of the present lamentable and astonishing state of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correspondents. *Or sus* then—Our invincible Armada, which cost at least half a million, sailed, as you know, some weeks ago ; the object kept an inviolable secret : conjectures various, and expectations great. Brest was perhaps to be taken ; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at least. When lo ! the important island of Aix was taken without the least resistance, seven hundred men made prisoners, and some pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we sailed towards Rochefort, which it seems was our main object ; and consequently one should have supposed that we had pilots on board who knew all the soundings and landing-places there and thereabouts, but no ; for General Mordaunt asked the Admiral,* if he could land him and the troops near Rochefort ? The Admiral said, with great ease. To which the General replied ; But can you take us on board again ? To which the Admiral answered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If so, said the General, I'll e'en go home again. A Council of War was immediately called, where it was unanimously resolved, that it was *advisable* to return ; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had

* Sir Edward Hawke, afterwards Lord Hawke.

been raised to the highest pitch, the universal disappointment and indignation have arisen in proportion; and I question whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suspicions, you may be sure, are various and endless; but the most prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itself to Rochefort. What encourages this suspicion is, that a French man-of-war went unmolested through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochefort. Haddock's whole story is revived; Michel's* representations are combined with other circumstances; and the whole together makes up a mass of discontent, resentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. These are the facts, draw your own conclusions from them: for my part, I am lost in astonishment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has shown me, that many things which seem extremely probable, are not true; and many, which seem highly improbable, are true; so that I will conclude this article, as Josephus does almost every article of his History, with saying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper*. What a disgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country! May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out those sheets, thus stained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our domestic affairs are, as far as I know anything of them, in the same situation as when I wrote to you last; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the Session, and upon the return of the Duke;† whose arrival is most impatiently expected

* The Prussian Envoy at the Court of St. James's.

† Of Cumberland.

by the mob of London ; though not to strew flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 101.)

London, October 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter : and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned the Landgrave's* civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you ; but go pretty often and feed with him. Choose the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it ; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel ! and wonder. On Sunday morning last, the Duke gave up his commission of Captain General, and his Regiment of Guards. You will ask me why ? I cannot tell you ; but I will tell you the causes assigned ; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention ; which his Royal Highness absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room, at Kensington last Sunday, after having quitted, and

* The Landgrave of Hesse.

went straight to Windsor; where his people say, that he intends to reside quietly, and amuse himself as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will soon be made up again, and that he will resume his employments. You will easily imagine what speculations this event has occasioned in the public; I shall neither trouble you, nor myself, with relating them; nor would this sheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to suspect that it is a concerted quarrel, to justify *somebody to somebody*, with-regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His Royal Highness's people load the Hanover Ministers, and more particularly our friend Münchhausen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on by the Hanover Ministers, and Monsieur Stemberg at Vienna, absolutely unknown to the English Ministers, till it was executed. This affair combined (for people will combine it) with the astonishing return of our great armament, not only *re infectâ*, but even *intentatâ*, make such a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituses and Machiavels go deep, suspect the worst, and perhaps, as they often do, overshoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confess that I am bewildered, and have not certain *postulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you should hold to all who speak to you, as to be sure all will, upon that subject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and say, that it is impossible to judge of those nice points, at such a distance, and without

knowing all circumstances, which you cannot be supposed to do. And as to the Duke's resignation; you should, in my opinion, say, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the case; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being soon set right again; as, in truth, I dare say it will. Upon these delicate occasions you must practise the ministerial shrugs and *persiflage*; for silent gesticulations, which you would be most inclined to, would not be sufficient: something must be said; but that something, when analysed, must amount to nothing. As for instance, *Il est vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez-vous que je vous dise,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit Résident ne voit guères le fond du sac.—Il faut attendre*—Those sort of expletives are of infinite use; and nine people in ten think they mean something. But to the Landgrave of Hesse, I think you would do well to say, in seeming confidence, that you have good reason to believe, that the principal objection of his Majesty to the Convention was, that his Highness's interests, and the affair of his troops, were not sufficiently considered in it. To the Prussian Minister, assert boldly, that you know *de science certaine*, that the principal object of his Majesty's, and his British Ministry's attention, is not only to perform all their present engagements with his Master, but to take new and stronger ones for his support; for this is true—at least at present.

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You see how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourself. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters as usual, to London.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

Bath, October 24, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE moment before I left London I spoke to one who knew, and who must know, the real value of Ripley's employment. I plainly found that he would not tell all he knew of it, but he assured me that the salary, which is 600*l.* was the least half of it. Fix it therefore, if possible, with his Grace, but ask it slightly, or rather accept of it, as a thing already offered you; and make some merit of desiring only 600*l.* instead of two thousand. Adieu, in the hurry of a new comer who has not been here four-and-twenty hours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 104.)

Bath, October 26, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here safe, but far from sound, last Sunday. I have consequently drank these waters but three days, and yet I find myself something better for them. The night before I left London, I was for some hours at Newcastle House; where the letters, which came in that morning, lay upon the table: and his Grace singled out yours, with great approbation, and at the same time assured me of his Majesty's approbation too. To these two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *sans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that letter you venture *vos petits raisonnemens* very prop-

erly, and then as properly make an excuse for doing so. Go on so with diligence, and you will be, what I began to despair of your ever being, *somebody*. I am persuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourself now much better satisfied with yourself, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleness and inaction, stagnates and putrefies. I would wish, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, *What have I done to-day?* Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in sloth and laziness? A thinking being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions. I observe that you are in the secret of what is intended, and what Münchausen is gone to Stade to prepare. A bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a second volume to the History of the Palatinate, in the last century. His Serene Highness of Brunswick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a saving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highness, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great scheme.

I see no signs of the Duke's resuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am assured, that his Majesty is coolly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonshire, and Fox, have worked hard to make up matters in the Closet, but to no purpose. People's self-love is very apt to

make them think themselves more necessary than they are; and I shrewdly suspect, that his Royal Highness has been the dupe of that sentiment, and was taken at his word when he least expected it: like my predecessor, Lord Harrington, who, when he went into the Closet to resign the Seals, had them not about him; so sure he thought himself of being pressed to keep them.*

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expensive, and yet fruitless expedition: I have seen an officer who was there, a very sensible and observing man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochefort, the day after we took the Island of Aix, our success had been infallible; but that after we had sauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the island, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; because the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very considerable number. In short, there must have been some secret in that whole affair, which has not yet transpired; and I cannot help suspecting that it came from Stade. *We*† had not been successful there; perhaps *we* were not desirous, that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor consulted, should prove so: Mordaunt was *our* creature; and a word to the wise will sometimes go a great way. Mordaunt is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great discoveries—Not I.

Do you visit Soltikow, the Russian Minister, whose house, I am told, is the great scene of pleasures at Hamburgh? His mistress, I take for granted, is by

* See note, vol. iii. p. 192, of this edition.

† The King.

this time dead, and he wears some other body's shackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Prussia, *comme la moutarde après diner*. I am curious to see what tyrant will succeed her, not by Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and still more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of Divine, indefeasible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is the Guards, I presume have been engaged in the interests of the Imperial Prince; but still, I think, that little John of Archangel will be heard of upon this occasion, unless prevented by a quieting draught of hemlock or nightshade; for I suppose they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poisons of *Aqua Tufana*,* sugar-plumbs, &c.

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment,† with the honorary addition of the Cabinet Council. And so we heartily wish you a good night.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 108.)

Bath, November 4, 1757.

My DEAR FRIEND,

THE sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parent's shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really

* A slow poison, resembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples of the name of Tufana.

† As President of the Board of Trade.

think that our Ministers and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go. Mordaunt calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind, is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary inquiry, others for a Martial one: neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we staid six whole days in the Island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochefort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the Island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe,* publicly offered to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, the *spoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that Mordaunt was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity; but the majority on the side of the Court will, I dare say, be a great one. The people of the late Captain-General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur.

* Afterwards General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.

Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make then tractable ; for those Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sosie's mind; *que le vrai Amphitrion est celui où l'on dine*. The Tories, and the City, have engaged to support Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcastle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said, that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his Convention into Parliament, for his own justification: I can hardly believe it; as I cannot conceive that transactions so merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a British Parliament; and therefore, should such a motion be made, I presume it will be immediately quashed. By the commission lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's forces in Great Britain, the door seems to be not only shut, but bolted, against his Royal Highness's return; and I have *good reason* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well: not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest; and, as the late Captain-General's party is now out of the question, I do not see what should produce the least change.

The visit lately made to Berlin* was, I dare say, neither a friendly nor an inoffensive one. The Austrians always leave behind them pretty lasting monuments of their visits, or rather visitations; not so

* By the Austrians under General Haddick.

much, I believe, from their thirst of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, must produce a peace, of some kind or another; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we should get the year after. I suppose the King of Prussia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by those means to get out of the scrape, with the loss only of Silesia, and perhaps Halberstadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied? Will the Russians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expense *gratis*? Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I dare say, they have stipulated something of that sort for themselves, by the additional and secret treaty, which I know they made, last May, with the Queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself or my country no good; but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) *Mors donata quam vita erepta*.

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of

being admitted into your private apartment at Ham-
burgh, and of being informed of your private life
there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are em-
ployed in business; but give me an account of the
remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought
to be, appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In
what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours?
In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing
fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and
am something the better for them. I read a great
deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I con-
verse with grave folios in the morning, while my head
is clearest, and my attention strongest; I take up less
severe quartos after dinner; and at night I choose the
mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and
duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis*; that
is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my
physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is
destroyed, in a manner, by a storm; I hope it is not
true, in the full extent of the report: but I believe it
has suffered. This would fill up the measure of our
misfortunes. Adieu.

TO SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, BART.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 361.)

Bath, November 17, 1757.

SIR,

YOUR letters always give me pleasure and informa-
tion; but your last gave me something more, for it
showed me that you was recovered from that illness,

which the fears of Mr. Walsh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being sent to Hampstead for the air; that sounded very like Kensington Gravel-pits. I am sure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General Mordaunt's affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very sure, that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a mystery in it; and wherever there is a mystery, I have done; I respect, but never reason. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a master, whoever it is: the author of the verses upon the scull, is certainly a Poet, though he has spun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia's victory* engrosses the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great spirits: he has shown his abilities in it; which I never doubted of; but then—nothing, only that there are now seven or eight thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago. France will send double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; since all Europe is still combined against him; I will not say, *and us*, because I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourselves among the Powers of Europe; I

* Over the French under the Prince de Soubise at Rosbach, November 5, 1757.

might as well reckon myself among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a shattered carcase, and a weakened mind.

Though these waters always do me some good, it is merely temporary ; but they do by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, consequently, duller and duller ; and therefore, for your sake, I will put an end to this dull letter ; and assure you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am

Your most faithful servant.

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 112.)

Bath, November 20, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE to you now, because I love to write to you ; and hope that my letters are welcome to you ; for otherwise I have very little to inform you of. The King of Prussia's late victory, you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great consequences. There are six or seven thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago, and that seems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleasure and the glory which it gives the King of Prussia, to whom I wish well as a man, more than as a King. And surely he is so great a man, that had he lived seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and

his life been transmitted to us in a language that we could not very well understand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we should have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and others, with whom, I believe, we have but a very slight acquaintance. *Au reste*, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The same combination of the great Powers of Europe against him still subsists, and must at last prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is usual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminished by battles, fatigues, and desertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must therefore, and to be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was laid before the King last Saturday, after their having sat four days upon Mordaunt's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that Mordaunt will be brought to a Court-martial. That you may not mistake this matter, as most people here do, I must explain to you, that this examination, before the three abovementioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to see whether there was, or was not, cause to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The case is exactly parallel to that of a Grand Jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is

fixed, upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a Court-Martial can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature to have great regard for human testimony: and a very great degree of probability, supported by various concurrent circumstances, conspiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me, than human testimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently seen considerably warped by private views.

The Parliament, which now stands prorogued to the first of next month, it is thought, will be put off for some time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the state of our alliance with Prussia, since the conclusion of the Hanover neutrality; which, if it did not quite break it, made at least a great flaw in it.

The Birth-day was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder, since the King was that day seventy-five. The old Court and the young one are much better together, since the Duke's retirement; and the King has presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate.

I am still *unwell*, though I drink these waters very regularly. I will stay here at least six weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I should be allowed to be in town. When things are in such a miserable situation as they are at present, I desire neither to be concerned nor consulted, still less quoted. Adieu!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 271.)

Bath, November 22, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHALL make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and solicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my usual illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought myself the better for the waters, which I have drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c.! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead, whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. Solid *folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* [(not *quarts*, pardon the quibble)] are the easier mixed company,

with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

[I am bewildered in your Irish affairs; I am astonished at the string of questions and the *Nemine contradicente*. Has your new Chancellor of the Exchequer* lost his tongue, his parts, or his credit? May one not apply to him this stanza of Suckling?

"Prithee, why so mute, young sinner?

"Prithee, why so mute?

"Will, if speaking well can't win her,

"Saying nothing do 't?

"Prithee, why so mute?"

Still less can I comprehend the Ponsombys† dating their questions of censure from the æra of the Duke of Devonshire's administration. In short, I am lost in the whole thing as I view it at this distance. But upon the whole, take my word for it, the Primate will be too hard for them all at last.]

Does Lord Clanbrassil bring in his Register Bill this Session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be, in my opinion, a very good one. [But if in the House of Commons, the constant, I will not say zeal but fury, should clog it with clauses for the gentle punishment of *Regulars* by flaying alive all *Irregulars*, it will not, nor ought not, to be executed.] Some time or other (though God knows when) it will be found out in Ireland, that the Popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow

* Henry Boyle, Earl of Shannon.

† *Sic in orig.*

the Papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the Protestants, but subject to the *Gavel* Act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the Pope will much have ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the Protestant Charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous Ode to King William :

Nor think it a sufficient cause
To punish men by penal laws
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter has recovered. I
am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad
of will, upon my word, gladden Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 115.)

Bath, November 26, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your short account of the King of Prussia's victory;* which victory, contrary to custom, turns out more complete than it was at first reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monsieur de St. Germain to Monsieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, *Cette armée est entièrement fondue*, and lays the blame very strongly upon Monsieur de Soubise. But, be it greater or be it less, I am glad of it; because the King of Prussia (whom I honour and almost adore) I am sure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *où est-ce que cela mène ?* To nothing, while that formidable union, of the three great Powers of Europe, subsists against him. Could that be any way broken, something might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia will do all he can to detach France. Why should not we, on our part, try to detach Russia? At least, in our present distress, *omnia tentanda*, and sometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable scheme, but as a possible one, and consequently worth trying.—The year of the Russian subsidies (nominally paid by the Court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them.

* At Rosbach.

The Court of Petersburg is beggarly, profuse, greedy, and by no means scrupulous. Why should not we step in there, and outbid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an entire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at least. And, if we bid handsomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would stand in the way. Both our Court and our Parliament would, I am very sure, give a very great sum, and very cheerfully, for this purpose. In the next place, Why should not you wriggle yourself, if possible, into so great a scheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Russian Resident Soltikow; why should you not sound him, as entirely from yourself, upon this subject? You may ask him, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to destroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw universal monarchy into the hands of that already great, and always ambitious, Power? I know you think, or at least call yourselves, the allies of the Empress Queen; but is it not plain that she will be, in the first place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for some miserable subsidies, much inferior to those which, I am sure, you might have in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court so well upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed. Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, *En écrirai-je à ma Cour?* answer him, *Ecrivez, écrivez,*

Monsieur, hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi. Should this happen, as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate that, in the present situation of affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very sure that his Majesty would have *une reconnaissance sans bornes* for all those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me that, without doubt, Mr. Keith's instructions* are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to show that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter, by the last post, from the Duke of Newcastle, in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This success, so early, should encourage your diligence, and rouse your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you desire it, having so much time before you.

I send you here enclosed a copy of the Report of the three General Officers appointed to examine previously into the conduct of General Mordaunt; it is ill

* At Petersburg. See the next letter to Mr. Dayrolles.

written, and ill spelled; but no matter; you will decipher it. You will observe, by the tenor of it, that it points strongly to a Court-Martial; which, no doubt, will soon be held upon him. I presume there will be no shooting in the final sentence; but I do suppose that there will be breaking, &c.

I have had some severe returns of my old complaints, last week, and am still unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; she seems to me to be a serviceable strong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you easily guess who I mean. She is come with Mamma, and without *il caro sposo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, December 10, 1757.

I PASS over lightly the arrival of the young lady, to congratulate you very heartily upon Mrs. Dayrolles's recovery from pain and danger. My compliments to her thereupon.

I am glad that Keith goes soon to Russia; he will execute his orders, I believe, faithfully, but I wish we had somebody there who could do more. One who could occasionally soften or invigorate his instructions, venture to take something upon himself, insinuate rather than propose, and, according to occurrences, say more or less than he thinks; but where is this man? I am sure I do not know him. I wish the King of Prussia could and would send a very able

fellow, who belongs to him, *incognito* to Petersburg. It is one Cagnoni,* who is well acquainted with that Court, and is, I believe, the ablest and most dexterous agent for that sort of work in Europe. We may flatter ourselves as much as we please, and be in silly high spirits upon trifling fortunate events; but if we cannot break the alliance that now subsists against us, we must be finally undone; and that is as demonstrable, as it is that three are more than one. Oh, but now we have hopes of Denmark; such hopes, I suppose, as we had very lately of Spain, with whom we never were worse than at that very moment. But take my word for it, you will not get Denmark. *Que diable feroit notre gendre† dans cette galère?* Will he renounce the French subsidies, which he now enjoys gratis and quietly, and thrust himself in between Russia and Sweden, to be crushed by both? Are we in a situation to invite or tempt foreign Powers to embark in our wretched bottom? Surely not. They are perhaps not convinced that we have heads to contrive; but they are very sure, by experience, that we have no hands to execute. They see that we make neutralities when the danger is little, and break them when it is great. They know our debt and they know our expense. *Bernsdorf‡ ne s'y laissera pas prendre.* Our Prince of Brunswick§ will, I believe, have the advantage in the first blow, and then how glad we shall be, in what spirits! The post afterwards will

* See Lord Chesterfield's letter to his son, of January 10, 1749.

† The King of Denmark. The quotation is from a well-known passage in Molière's *Fourberies de Scapin*.

‡ Count Bernsdorf, then Prime Minister of Denmark.

§ Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had succeeded the Duke of Cumberland in the command of the Hanoverian army.

bring an account of Hanover's being put to fire and sword; and then how sorry, how dejected we shall be! The military door seems now most effectually barred and bolted upon the Duke. I cannot help it. But the air of Windsor is a very good one, and will, I hope, agree with his Royal Highness. (This is *à propos de rien*, but it just comes into my head, I do not know why. A man has buried a termagant troublesome wife, and he writ this epitaph:

Ci git ma femme! Ah, qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien !)

The report is strong here, that General Mordaunt is gone mad. If so, I cannot help that neither. Haddock did.

His Grace of Bedford seems to pass his time but indifferently in Ireland.* I suspect he is not in sweet temper. Our news-mongers here recal him from Ireland, and make him Lord-Steward, which, by the way, I dare say he will not accept of. They send Lord Holderness in his room to Ireland, where, if he does go, the Lord have mercy upon him! for that machine is falling to pieces, let who will go. Then they make Lord Halifax Secretary of State in his stead, and Duplin† First Lord of Trade. Whether this, or but half on't, or none on't, be true, I little either know or care. I am but a passenger, and so near my journey's end, that I am very little inquisitive about the remainder of it.

I am very *unwell*, but not worse than when I wrote to you last. This I am sure, I am Yours.

* As Lord-Lieutenant.

† Thomas Hay, Viscount Duplin, afterwards eighth Earl of Kinnoull. He was at this time joint Paymaster of the Forces.

P.S.—This moment I have received the news of the King of Prussia's farther successes. I am very glad of them, but calmly so; whereas I am sure they will make many, I might say most, people drunk, and mad with joy. But the great alliance still subsists, and that is the object that I have always in my mind. I have also this morning received a letter from the Resident at Hamburgh, in which he tells me, that he has reason to believe that he shall be soon ordered to return here, to attend this Session of Parliament. I hope he is misinformed; for, in the first place, I see no probability that his single vote can be wanted, as the vigorous prosecution of the war, the King of Prussia for ever, and down with the French, makes all that mob as unanimous as any bear-garden mob whatsoever. In the next place, it would take the boy from his trade, which he has but begun to learn, and seems to apply himself to, to be sauntering about the streets of London, with all our young *fainéans*. Pray, therefore, lose no time in soliciting the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Holderness, in my name, that he may not be sent for over this year, unless there should be such an absolute necessity for one single vote, as I am sure I cannot, and as I believe they do not, foresee. I should be very glad hereafter, to have him find favour in his walk of life; but I would first have him deserve it by his diligence and abilities. This winter's interruption of his business would put him at least three or four years back. Therefore again, with my best compliments to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Holderness, tell them that I earnestly beg it as a favour of them, that he may not return, this year at least, without a most absolute necessity.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 205.)

Bath, Christmas-day, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE, this moment, received your letter. I firmly believe the King of Prussia's victory* at Lissa; the account of it, to, and from, the two Mitchel's,† must, I think upon the whole, be true, though perhaps magnified in particular parts. I am very glad of it; but soberly so, for, to give me joy, I must have a great deal more. If there has been a battle in the Electorate, I will venture to prophesy that those who attacked got the better; for I suppose that Monsieur de Richelieu would be wise enough not to risk a battle without a great superiority, and in that case, if he attacked, I fear we shall be beaten; but, if he found himself in a situation, in which he could not avoid a battle, and that we attacked him, I think we shall beat him. But, if we do, still mark the end on't.

The more I think over the three plans mentioned in my last, the more I think them both necessary and practicable. This, at least, I am sure of, that they are our last convulsive struggles, for at this rate we cannot possibly live through the year 1759. *Nous*

* Over the Austrians commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine. This battle, fought on the 5th of December, exactly one month after Rossbach, was at first called Lissa from the name of the neighbouring woods, but has since derived its appellation from the village of Leuthen. Napoleon speaks of it as *un chef d'œuvre de mouvemens, de manœuvres et de resolution*. (Mémoires publiés par Montholon, vol. v. p. 215.)

† Sir Andrew Mitchel, the British Envoy to the Prussian Court; and Mr. Mitchel, for many years Resident from the King of Prussia in England.

jouons de notre reste, and therefore should push it, à toute outrance.

As for the House of Lords, I may say with truth, What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? What can I do in that numerous assembly, who cannot enjoy the company of three or four friends by the chimney-corner, or round a table? Can I, or should I, speak, when I cannot reply? No: quiet is both my choice and my lot. The will must now stand for the deed; I shall sincerely wish well to my species, to my country, and to my friends, but can serve none of them. What little offices I can do in private life, I will to my power.

This is the season of compliments, consequently of lies; I will therefore make you none at such a suspicious time. You know I love you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and all who belong to you both: guess the rest.

Yours faithfully.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, December 29, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HERE return you the enclosed, which I have had copied. It is mere Grub-street as to the style, but at the same time it contains the substance of what the Duke's people allege in his justification. Be that as it will, it is now over; the door is bo' open to your Royal Highness at liberty to enjoy your private life. I wish him them wit'

I am afraid still, as I told -

consequences of the King of Prussia's passionate desire of taking Breslau, not only for the sake of recovering his capital of Silesia, but of taking Prince Charles, Daun,* and the numerous Austrian garrison—exactly the case of Prague.† As to our final success upon the whole of the war, I absolutely despair of it, and I think it must necessarily end both disgracefully and disadvantageously for us. Were my three schemes executed, as I am morally sure they might be, our terms of peace would be something better. I hope we shall no longer be frightened out of our wits with the never-intended French invasion of this country, which has been hitherto puffed by—I know who, and I know why—and has crippled all our operations abroad. Is Lord Loudon recalled, as the newspapers say? For my part, since he is there, I would rather continue him, and send him positive and unequivocal orders what to do, than send a new man, who might perhaps get there too late, and might then, if a backward one, plausibly plead his ignorance of the state of those affairs, and do nothing at all.

We do not yet know here the result of the Court-Martial, but be it what it will, if the King does not break the General, I know what will be both thought and said by the whole nation. Adieu, my friend,

Yours.

* Marshal Daun, who commanded the Austrian army under Prince Charles, but whose advice had been disregarded by his Highness.

† In June, 1757, previous to the battle of Kolin.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 119.)

Bath, December 31, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclosed papers. I cannot help observing that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can easily conceive that party spirit among your brother Ministers at Hamburgh runs as high as you represent it, because I can easily believe the errors of the human mind; but, at the same time, I must observe, that such a spirit is the spirit of little minds and subaltern Ministers, who think to atone by zeal for their want of merit and importance. The political differences of the several Courts should never influence the personal behaviour of their several Ministers towards one another. There is a certain *procédé noble et galant*, which should always be observed among the Ministers of Powers even at war with each other, which will always turn out to the advantage of the ablest, who will in those conversations find or make opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving, useful hints. When I was last at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain, so that I could neither visit, nor be visited by, the Ministers of those two Crowns; but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced as personal friends, and trifled, at the same time, upon our being political enemies; and by this sort of *badinage* I discovered some

things which I wanted to know.* There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends—as it commonly happens, sooner or later, in the vicissitudes of political affairs.

To your question, which is a rational and prudent one, whether I was authorised to give you the hints concerning Russia by any people in power here, I will tell you that I was not; but, as I had pressed them to try what might be done with Russia, and got Mr. Keith to be dispatched thither some months sooner than otherwise, I dare say, he would, with the proper instructions for that purpose, I wished that, by the hints I gave you, you might have got the start of him, and the merit at least of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own house (where you are at liberty to go, while Russia has a Minister in London and we a Minister at Petersburg) is, in my opinion, to say to him, in an easy cheerful manner, *Eh bien, Monsieur, je me flatte que nous serons bientôt amis publics, aussi bien qu'amis personnels*. To which he will probably ask, Why, or how? You will reply, Because you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with instructions, which you think must necessarily be agreeable there; and throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their present system can save Livonia to Russia, for that he cannot suppose that, when the Swedes shall have recovered Pomerania, they will

* See this maxim, and Lord Chesterfield's own conduct at the Hague in 1745, more fully explained in his letter to his son of September 29, 1752.

long leave Russia in quiet possession of Livonia. If he is so much a Frenchman as you say, he will make you some weak answers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your side, you may remind him of the old and almost uninterrupted connection between France and Sweden—the inveterate enemy of Russia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in such a conversation, if you have it. In this case there is a piece of Ministerial art, which is sometimes of use, and that is, to sow jealousies among one's enemies, by a seeming preference shown to some one of them.—Monsieur Hecht's **réveries* are *réveries* indeed. How should his master have made the *golden arrangements* which he talks of, and which are to be forged into shackles for General Fermor?† The Prussian finances are not in a condition now to make such expensive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monsieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope the instructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Petersburg may have some effect upon the measures of that Court.

I would advise you to live with that same Monsieur Hecht, in all the confidence, familiarity, and connection, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Prussia himself, by whom I could wish you to be known and esteemed as much as possible. It may be of use to you some day or other. If man, courage, conduct, constancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of Prussia has struggle with, he will rise superior to them; but

Russian Resident at Hamburg.

Commander-in-chief of the Russian army which was in-

still, while this alliance subsists against him, I dread *les gros Escadrons*. His last victory, of the 5th, was certainly the completest that has been heard of these many years. I heartily wish the Prince of Brunswick just such a one over Monsieur de Richelieu's army, and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and send him over here to polish and perfume us.

I heartily wish you, in the plain home-spun style, a great number of happy new years, well employed, informing both your mind and your manners, to be useful and agreeable to yourself, your country, and your friends! That these wishes are sincere, your Secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

Bath, January 7, 1758.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

ACCORDING to your desire, I send you here enclosed a letter for the Duke of Newcastle, which you will give him when you think proper. I have recommended your affair to him as earnestly as one so insignificant as I am could with decency do. I most heartily wish you may succeed. This place of Farrington, which is inconsistent with a seat in Parliament, seems to me to be a deodand for you, and I have a strong presentiment that you will get it. Amyand got a better thing lately, because nobody liked him; you must be unlucky indeed if you do not get

a worse, when everybody likes you. I must do the Duke of Newcastle the justice to say, that I am convinced that he is most sincerely inclined to serve you, and that therefore he will not, if he can possibly avoid it, let this opportunity slip of doing it, since so favourable a one may not present itself again for a great while. I am so sanguine in my hopes of your getting the place, that I already solicit you for an employment of 70*l.* a-year, for a friend of mine in Nottinghamshire.

Yours faithfully.

(Separate Postscript.)

I have sealed the enclosed to his Grace with only a flying seal, that you may read it before you deliver it, and see if you think it strong enough; if not, I will write a stronger; but I have calculated this to pique him by generosity and his own professions, both to you and to me. My letter to you has also the same view, and you may show it him if you please.

TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING LETTER.

(Now first printed.)

Bath, January 7, 1758.

MY LORD,

A MOST loyal subject of the King, a most faithful servant of your Grace, and an old trusty friend of mine wrongs you, and flatters me, enough to suppose that my intercession with your Grace in his behalf may perhaps prove of some use to him. Such as it is, I cannot refuse it him, though I am very sure that it is as unnecessary with your Grace as yours would be with me, were you unfortunately in my situation,

and I (I was going to say unfortunately) in yours. The many marks which you have already given him of your favour and patronage are so many pledges that you will not forsake him, now that his appointments have. Your Grace will easily guess that I mean Dayrolles; and I dare swear you well know that Mr. Farrington is dead—so that I shall say no more upon that subject. I know that I have no pretensions, and as little inclination, to ask anything for anybody; but wishes one cannot help, and if I have one warmer than another, it is success to my friend upon this occasion.

I cannot conclude this letter without congratulating your Grace upon the late great events in Silesia. They are as astonishing as they are fortunate. If as good success should attend the Duke of Brunswick's efforts in the Electorate, our enemies may prove *tractable*, and I hope we shall not be unwilling to treat. This year must be a year of war, and I hope it will be pushed not only with vigour, but with violence. But Lord have mercy upon us, if the year 1759 should see the continuance of this war!

I am, with the greatest truth, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 123.)

London, February 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 13th and 17th past; and yesterday that of the 27th, with the Russian Manifesto enclosed; in which her

Imperial Majesty of all the Russias has been pleased to give every reason, except the true one, for the march of her troops against the King of Prussia. The true one, I take to be, that she has just received a very great sum of money from France, or the Empress Queen, or both, for that purpose. *Point d'argent point de Russe* is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects must be bad; and, according to my speculations, those troops will replace the French, in Hanover and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Austrian army. You ask me, If I still despond? Not so much as I did after the battle of Kolin: the battles of Rosbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirits; but, though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the King of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last. Michel here assures me, that he does not mind the Russians; but, as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We shall very soon send a squadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which, I believe, will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; so that I have no great apprehensions from that quarter; but Russia, I confess, sticks in my stomach.

Everything goes smoothly in Parliament; the King of Prussia has united all our parties in his support; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this Session: there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not. Our American expedition is pre-

paring to go soon; the disposition of that affair seems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the sedentary, and not the acting, Commander; Amherst, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active, officers. I wish they may agree. Amherst, who is the oldest officer, is under the influence of the same great person* who influenced Mordaunt so much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is most certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louisbourg, if we have but skill and spirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modest enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotism, which I have long desired you to come to with me, you need make no excuses for it. The egotism is as proper and as satisfactory to one's friends, as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers. I desire to see you in your every-day clothes, by your fire-side, in your pleasures; in short, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condescend to do it, as you promise, stick to truth; for I am not so uninformed of Hamburgh, as perhaps you may think.

As for myself, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being so; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise.† I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-

* The King.

† "My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed; he sent Lord Bath word lately that he was grown very lean and very deaf; the other replied that he could lend him some fat, and should be glad at any time to lend him an ear!" (H. Walpole to Conway, September 2, 1757.)

preservation, wisely implanted in our natures, for obvious purposes, opposes that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and, in defiance of common sense, we seek on for that chemic gold, which *beggars us when old*.

Whatever your amusements, or pleasures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business, one half of the day, is the best preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business; accordingly, he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman; but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found, that living like a gentleman, was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade, and lived very happily, after he had something to do. Adieu!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 126.)

London, February 24, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 2nd instant, with the enclosed; which I return you, *that*

there may be no chasm in your papers. I had heard before of Burrish's death, and had taken some steps thereupon; but I very soon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reasons; the first of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reason, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be spared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not sorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of business; and, when it ceases to be so, you will necessarily go to some of the Courts in the neighbourhood, (Berlin, I hope and believe,) which will be a much more desirable situation than to rust at Munich, where we can never have any business beyond a subsidy. Do but go on, and exert yourself where you are, and better things will soon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it some time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the King of Prussia send a body of men to our army or not? or, has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear. The French say, they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empress Queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The King of Prussia may say,

indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi*.*—*Medea superest*.

You promised me some egotism; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? *Hantez vous les grands de la terre?* What are the connections of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The House of Commons is still very unanimous: there was a little popular squib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glyn's, seconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of 190 to 70.

Good night! Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 128.)

London, March 4, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more surprised at the contents of your letter of the 17th past, if I had not happened to have seen Sir Charles Williams about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me, that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter

* An allusion to a passage in Corneille's tragedy, *Médée* (act i. scene 4).

NERINE.

Votre pays vous hait, votre époux est sans foi;
Contre tant d'ennemis que vous reste-t-il?

MÉDÉE.

Moi;

Moi, dis-je, et c'est assez!

explained all this to me; and next day, Lord and Lady Essex* gave me innumerable instances of his frenzy, with which I shall not trouble you. What inflamed it the more (if it did not entirely occasion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which, it seems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himself, I suppose, to Mademoiselle John. He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the case; which when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way, she must be *une dame aventurière*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles from a man whom she had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England. I suppose this is not the first adventure of the sort which she has had.

After the news we received yesterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hameln, we daily expect much better. We pursue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at last we destroy their whole army. I wish it may happen, and, moreover, I think it not impossible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wish you good night.

* The Countess of Essex was Sir Charles's eldest daughter.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 129.)

London, March 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progress in Lower Saxony, and reasonable prospect of more decisive success. I confess I did not expect this, when my friend Münchausen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at least a dangerous, but rather a desperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue*; and, what with desertion, deaths, and epidemical distempers, I dare say, not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Russians can or will do; and whether the King of Prussia can hinder their junction with the Austrians, by beating either, before they join: I will trust him for doing all that can be done.

Sir Charles Williams is still in confinement, and, I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione insanire*; the physicians have collected all he has said and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible arguments that can possibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to see him, that they are such narrow and contracted minds themselves, that they take those for mad, who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for instance, when he determined to send his daughter over to you,

in a fortnight, to be married, without any previous agreement or settlements, it was because he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of sense and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiselle John, he knew her merit and her circumstances; and asks, whether it is a sign of madness, to have a due regard for the one, and a just compassion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more instances of the poor man's frenzy; but conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is set out, *en sera pour la peine et les frais du voyage*, for her note is worth no more than her contract. By the way, she must be a kind of *aventurière*, to engage so easily in such an adventure, with a man whom she had not known above a week, and whose *début* of 10,000 roubles showed him not to be in his right senses.

You will probably have seen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breslau, or wherever the King of Prussia may be. As he keeps his commission to the States General, I presume he is not to stay long with his Prussian Majesty: but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very constantly, and to give all the information you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin Commission your object, in good time: never lose view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourself to the King of Prussia on your side of the water, and to smooth your way for that commission on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it must

always be the most important of all foreign commissions from hence.

I have no news to send you, as things here are extremely quiet; so good night!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 273.)

London, March 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I FIND by your letter to Madame d'Elitz,* that my two last to you miscarried; for, upon my word, since my return from Bath, I have sent you two letters, one of them particularly with my opinion upon Lord Clanbrassil's Bill. We have neither of us any reason to regret their loss; nor should I do it if my supposed silence had not given you uneasiness, and made you suspect very unjustly a change in my sentiments towards you. Be assured that can never happen, I am so well convinced of yours for me: my disorders in my head may, and do very often, render me incapable of writing, but they cannot affect my heart: which will always be warm for my friends, and I am very sure that you are of that number.

Lord Clanbrassil's Bill is thrown out at last, and perhaps never the worse, though I approved of it; but it would be so altered and mangled before it had passed the two Houses, that it would have been worse than none.

My health and strength decay daily, and of course

* Sister of the Countess of Chesterfield.

my spirits. The idle dream of this world is over with me; I am tired of being everything but of being
Your faithful friend and servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 275.)

London, April 14, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 7th. The post is favourable to us both, for I receive your letters, and you escape mine, which are not worth your receiving but from the interest you take in the health of a faithful friend. I should rather have used the word existence, than that of health, not having been acquainted with the thing these two or three years. I am now comparatively better than I have been this winter; but very far from being what a healthy man would call well. That degree of health I give up entirely; I might as well expect rejuvenescence.

Your political world in Ireland is now quieted for the time being. May that quiet last! but I do not think it will. You are come to that state in Ireland, which Dr. Brown* too truly represents to be the state of England, in his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," of which he has just published a second volume. If you have not already got them, I advise you to apply to my philosophical friend

* Dr. John Brown. He had a constitutional depression of spirits, with which his once celebrated "Estimate" is strongly marked, and under the influence of which he put a period to his existence in September, 1766.

George Faulkner for them. They are writ with spirit and elegancy, and are, I fear, too just.

I am, my dear Lord, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 132.)

London, April 25, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the first time that ever I was so, in the long course of our correspondence. But, besides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that easy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when the one suffers, the other sympathises. *Non sum qualis eram*: neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were. It is in a great measure my own fault: I cannot accuse Nature, for I abused her; and it is reasonable I should suffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppression upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a second winter here, more severe than the first; at least it seemed so, from a premature summer that we had, for a fortnight, in March; which brought everything forwards, only to be destroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promise

of fruit was a most flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by frost and snow, in April. I shall not have a single peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the newspapers. This only is extraordinary: that last week, in the House of Commons, about ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into British pay, with but one single negative, which was Mr. Vyner's.*

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the closet, and yet does not lose it in the public. That is new.

Monsieur Kniphausen† has dined with me; he is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, *les manières d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*. You like him yourself; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's instances to keep him. But why, is a secret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the Princess of Hesse (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commissioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the present state of Russia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their Generals once a week; sometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Vistula. We have a thousand stories here of the interior of that Government, none of which I believe. Some

* Robert Vyner, one of the Members for Lincolnshire.

† Baron Kniphausen, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Prussia.

say, that the Great-Duke will be set aside. Woronzoff is said to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monsieur de l'Hôpital* governs both him and the Court. Sir Charles Williams is said, by his indiscretions, to have caused the disgrace of Bestuchef,† which seems not impossible. In short, everything of every kind is said, because, I believe, very little is truly known. *A propos* of Sir Charles Williams; he is out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the whole summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir Charles Williams's friends, 500*l.* in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La Comtesse*‡ *veut plaider*, and I fancy *faire autre chose si elle peut*. Jubeo te bene valere.

TO EARL STANHOPE.

(Mahon's History of England, vol. iv. Append. p. 23.)

London, May 13, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM so odd a fellow, that I have still some regard for my country, and some concern for my conscience. I cannot serve the one, and I would not hurt the other; and therefore, for its quiet and safety, give me leave to put it into your keeping, which I do by the bit of parchment here enclosed,§ signed, and

* The French Ambassador.

† The late Chancellor and favourite.

‡ See the part of *la Comtesse* in Racine's comedy, *Les Plaideurs*.

§ His proxy.

sealed, and which your Lordship will be pleased to have filled up with your name. If I am not much mistaken, we agree entirely in opinion for the Habeas Corpus Bill now depending in the House of Lords;* and I am confirmed in that opinion by a conversation I have lately had with a very able opposer of the Bill, in which I reduced him to this one argument, that the Bill was unnecessary. If only unnecessary, why not pass it *ex abundante*, to satisfy people's minds upon a subject of that importance? But leave it in the breasts of the Judges, and they will do what is right. I am by no means sure of that; and my doubts upon that head are warranted by the State Trials, in which there is hardly an instance of any person prosecuted by the Crown, whom the Judges have not very partially tried, and, if they could bring it about with the jury, condemned right or wrong. We have had ship-money Judges, dispensing Judges, but I never read of any patriot Judges, except in the Old Testament; and those perhaps were only so, because at that time there was no King in Israel. There is certainly some prerogative trick in this conspiracy

* "Pratt, the Attorney-General, has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas Corpus to private cases. . . . The Bill passed almost unanimously through our House; it will have a very different fate in the other." (H. Walpole to Mann, May, 31, 1758.) In another letter, to Conway, four days afterwards, Horace Walpole gives an account of the debate in the Lords. "They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except Lord Ravensworth and the Duke of Newcastle, all who spoke, spoke well; they were Lord Temple, Lord Talbot, Lord Bruce, and Lord Stanhope, for; Lord Morton, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Mansfield, against the Bill." In the result a division was prevented, at Lord Hardwicke's suggestion, that Bill being rejected, but the Judges being ordered to prepare another Bill for extending the power of granting the Writ in vacation to all the Judges.

of the lawyers to throw out this Bill ; for, as no good reason is given for it, it may fairly be presumed that the true one is a bad one. I am going next week to settle at Blackheath, in the quiet and obscurity that best become me now, where you and Lady Stanhope, when you have nothing better to do, will always find a very indifferent dinner, and

A very faithful servant.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 184.)

Blackheath, May 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate Minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great men ; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune ; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern Pole ? but the good Genius of the North ordered it so ; and now that you have set that part of the globe right, you return to *otium cum dignitate*. But, to be serious ; now that you cannot have much office business to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I should think, both usefully and agreeably. I mean,

that you should write short memoirs of that busy scene, in which you have been enough concerned since your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourself the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that, if you will, *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. I would have them short, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the strongest manner, your lamentations for the loss of the House of Cassel, *et il en fera rapport à son Serenissime Maître*. When you are quite idle, (as probably you may be some time this summer) why should you not ask leave to make a tour to Cassel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé* at Cassel.

The King of Prussia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do what Monsieur de Belleisle only threatened; sign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If she is obstinate, and will not, she must fly either to Presburgh or to Inspruck, and Vienna must fall. But I think he will offer her reasonable conditions enough for herself; and I suppose that, in that case, Caunitz will be reasonable enough to advise her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Russians carry it on without her? the King of Prussia and the Prince of Brunswick would soon sweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained in America, with the loss of Cape Breton; and in consequence of that of Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both those undertakings, and officers there now that will

execute what Lord Loudon never would so much as attempt. His appointments were too considerable to let him do anything that might possibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon seeing plainly that he was resolved to do nothing, had asked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will soon be ready to sail from the Isle of Wight; fifteen thousand good troops, eighty battering cannons, besides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or siege. Lord Anson desired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its destination are infinite; and the most ignorant are, as usual, the boldest conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myself, not to be disproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none. I might have known, but would not.

Everything seems to tend to a peace next winter: our success in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Prussia's in Germany, which is as little so, will make France (already sick of the expense of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wish it: for, though people's heads are half turned with the King of Prussia's success, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at sea, a moderate peace will suit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a-year.

Domestic affairs go just as they did; *il n'est plus question de Monseigneur le Duc ni de sa quirielle*; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling;

but by mutual interest, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the Closet; though he still keeps his strength in the House, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, because of that.

Do you hold your resolution of visiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this summer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourself correctly of the several constitutions and customs of those places, and of the present state of the federal union of the Hanseatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor cost you much trouble; and it is so much clear gain on the side of useful knowledge.

I am now settled at Blackheath for the summer; where unseasonable frost and snow, and hot and parching east winds, have destroyed all my fruit, and almost my fruit-trees. I vegetate myself little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horseback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 276.)

Blackheath, May 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE received your letter of the 4th instant. The day afterwards I received the book which you was so kind as to send me by Major Macculough; and the day after that, by Mr. Russel, your bill for expenses incurred and not provided for, which I have paid.

Now, first, to the first. You solicit a very poor employment so modestly, and offer your daughters as security for your good behaviour, that I cannot refuse

it you, and do hereby appoint you my sole Commissioner for the kingdom of Ireland. To the second. This ninth volume of Swift will not do him so much honour, as I hope it will bring profit to my friend George Faulkner. The historical part* is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as Lord Bolingbroke who had read it often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write *Examiners*, and other political papers upon. That spirit remarkably runs through it. Macartney, for instance, murdered Duke Hamilton; nothing is falser, for though Macartney was very capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that, as I myself can testify, who was at his trial in the King's Bench, when he came over voluntarily to take it, in the late King's time. There did not appear even the least ground for a suspicion of it; nor did Hamilton, who appeared in Court, pretend to tax him with it, which would have been in truth accusing himself of the utmost baseness, in letting the murderer of his friend go off from the field of battle, without either resentment, pursuit, or even accusation, till three days afterwards. This *lie* was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the Whigs; as the other, that Prince Eugene intended to murder Lord Oxford, by employing a set of people called Mohocks (which Society, by the way, never existed), was calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took those hints *de la meilleure foi du monde*, and thought them materials for history. So far he is blameless.

* The History of the four last years of Queen Anne. Horace Walpole's reflections upon it entirely concur with Lord Chesterfield's. (To Sir H. Mann, March 21, 1758.)

Thirdly and Lastly, I have paid Mr. Russel the twenty-seven pounds five shillings, for which you drew your bill. I hope you are sensible that I need not have paid it till I had received the goods, or at least till I had proofs of your having sent them; but where I have in general a good opinion of the person, I always proceed frankly, and do not stand upon forms; and I have without flattery so good an opinion of you, that I would trust you not only with twenty-seven pounds, but even as far as thirty-seven.

Your friend's letter to you, inclosed in the book, is an honest and melancholic one: but what can I do in it? He seems not to know the nature of factions in Ireland, the prevailing for the time being is absolute, and whoso transgresseth the least of their commandments is guilty of the whole. A Lord-Lieutenant may if he pleases govern alone, but then he must, as I know by experience take a great deal more trouble upon himself than most Lord-Lieutenants care to do, and he must not be afraid: but as they commonly prefer *otium cum dignitate*, their guards, their battle-axes, and their trumpets, not to mention perhaps the profits of their post, to a laborious execution of it, they must necessarily rule by a faction, of which faction for the time being they are only the first slaves. The condition of the obligation is this: Your Excellency or your Grace wants to carry on his Majesty's business smoothly, and to have it to say, when you go back, that you met with no difficulties; this we have sufficient strength in Parliament to engage for, provided we appear to have the favour and countenance of the Government; the money, be it what it will, shall be cheerfully voted; as for the public you shall do what

you will, or nothing at all, for we care for that no more than we suppose your Grace or Excellency does, but we repeat it again, our recommendation to places, pensions, &c. must prevail, or we shall not be able to keep our people in order. These are always the expressed, or at least the implied, conditions of these treaties, which either the indolence or the insufficiency of the Governors ratify: from that moment these *undertakers* bury the Governor alive, but indeed pompously: different from the worshipful Company of Undertakers here, who seldom bury any body alive, or at least never without the consent and privity of the next heirs.

I am now settled here for the summer, perhaps for ever, in great tranquillity of mind, not equally of body; I make the most of it, I vegetate with the vegetables, and I crawl with the insects in my garden, and I am, such as I am, most faithfully and sincerely

Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 133.)

Blackheath, May 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE no letter from you to answer, so this goes to you unprovoked. But *à propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and Royal hand, no less than that of her Royal Highness the Princess of Cassel: she has written your panegyric to her sister, Princess Amelia, who sent me a compliment upon it. This has likewise done you no harm with the King, who said gracious things upon

that occasion. I suppose you had for her Royal Highness those attentions which I wish to God you would have, in due proportions, for everybody. You see, by this instance, the effects of them: they are always repaid with interest. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you should ask leave to go for a week to Cassel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myself the conduct of the Russians; there must be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a sop from the King of Prussia, or they want an animating dram from France and Austria. The King of Prussia's conduct always explains itself by the events, and within a very few days we must certainly hear of some very great stroke from that quarter. I think I never in my life remember a period of time so big with great events as the present. Within two months, the fate of the House of Austria will probably be decided; within the same space of time, we shall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec. Within a few days we shall know the good or ill success of our great expedition, for it is sailed; and it cannot be long before we shall hear something of the Prince of Brunswick's operations, from whom I also expect good things. If all these things turn out, as there is good reason to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reasonable peace to France, who now pays seventy *per cent.* insurance upon its trade, and seven *per cent.* for all the money raised for the service of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the small-pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphausen diverts himself much here:

he sees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itself. Mitchel, who was much threatened, stays at last at Berlin, at the earnest request of the King of Prussia. Lady Coventry is safely delivered of a son, to the great joy of that noble family. The expression of a woman's having brought her husband a son, seems to be a proper and cautious one—for it is never said, from whence.

I was going to ask you how you passed your time now at Hamburgh, since it is no longer the seat of strangers and of business; but I will not, because I know it is to no purpose. You have sworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me that you promised to send him some old Hock from Hamburgh, and so you did—not. If you meet with any superlatively good, and not else, pray send over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I shall have a share in it. But unless you find some, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almost miraculously good, do not send any. *Dixi.* Yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 243.)

Blackheath, June 2, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM now in possession of the goods you procured me, and they are both excellent in their kind; but how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find an honest factor! You have not cheated me, it is true, but you have most grossly defrauded the Bishop of Waterford, as appears by your own account here en-

closed : you set down two pieces and fourteen yards of cloth, 16*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*, whereas I have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh, whereas I have received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only 13*l.* 5*s.*, and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale. Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear up this matter to the Bishop and to

Your faithful servant.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 140.)

Blackheath, June 13, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE secret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any opposition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect some every moment. By the plan of it, which I have seen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be disposed of before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers—about sixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great success. The French have been driven out of all their forts and settlements upon the gum coast, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in possession of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly—which, by the way, *toute proportion gardée*, is the most lucrative trade we have. The present booty is likewise very considerable, in gold-

dust and gum-seneca, which is a very valuable, by being a very necessary, commodity for all our stained and printed linens.

Now for America. The least sanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long since settled Asia to our satisfaction, so that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe I submit to the care of the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and I think they will give a good account of it; France is out of luck and out of courage, and will, I hope, be enough out of spirits to submit to a reasonable peace. By reasonable, I mean what all people call reasonable in their own case; an advantageous one for us.

I have set all right with Münchhausen, who would not own that he was at all offended, and said, as you do, that his daughter did not stay long enough, nor appear enough, at Hamburgh, for you possibly to know that she was there. But people are always ashamed to own the little weaknesses of self-love, which, however, all people feel more or less. The excuse, I saw, pleased.

I will send you your quadrille-tables by the first opportunity, consigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. *Felices, faustæque sint.* May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when you play with women, either win, or know why you lose.

Miss — marries Mr. — next week. *Who proffers Love, proffers Death,* says Waller to a dwarf.

In my opinion, the conclusion must instantly choak the little lady. Admiral Forbes marries Lady Mary Capel: there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other side. The lady has wanted a man so long, that she now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf——.

I have been worse since my last letter, but am now, I think, recovering; *tant va la cruche à l'eau*;—and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am, faithfully and truly, Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 143.)

Blackheath, June 27, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very soon receive, a little case from Amsterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princess Amelia, the King of Prussia's sister, and contains some books, which she desired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, so long ago as when he was at Berlin; he sent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn at Paris, who took such care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouse, and has at last sent them to Amsterdam, from whence they are sent to you. If the books are good for anything, they must be considerably improved, by having seen so much of the world; but, as I believe they are English books, perhaps they may, like English travellers, have seen nobody, but the several bankers to whom they were consigned; be that as it will, I think you

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had best deliver them to Monsieur Hecht, the Prussian Minister at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highness, with a respectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the best manner, and *selon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*.

You have already seen, in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, so I say no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the destruction of three French ships of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ships; and affirm, that it stopped the march of threescore thousand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army.* On the other hand, Mr. Fox and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouse. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fishery, and will be a considerable loss to them in that branch of their trade. These, you will perhaps say, are no great matters, and I say so too; but, at least, they are signs of life, which we had not given for many years before; and will show the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were those invasions, in fishing boats from Dunkirk, so terrible as they were artfully represented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them, while our fleet, and such a considerable part of our army, were employed upon their coast. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a most gracious

* In Germany.

speech neither by nor from his Majesty, who was *too ill* to go to the House; the Lords and Gentlemen are, consequently, most of them, gone to their several counties, to do, (to be sure) all the good that is recommended to them in the Speech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot say so from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and scribble a little, according as my head allows, or my spirits prompt; to write anything tolerable, the mind must be in a natural, proper disposition; provocatives, in that case, as well as in another, will only produce miserable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I suppose) full leisure enough, I wish you would give yourself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to do what I hinted to you some time ago; that is, to write short memoirs of those affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Hastenbeck, to the still more scandalous treaty of Neutrality. Connect, at least, if it be by ever so short notes, the pieces and letters which you must necessarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it; and the reviving past ideas in some order and method, will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thousand times regretted not having done so; it is at present too late for me to begin: this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a busy one. Would young men avail themselves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their

more advanced age; but they seldom consider that, and you, less than anybody I ever knew. May you soon grow wiser! Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 146.)

Blackheath, June 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my last very close; but I received yours of the 15th in the short interval. You did very well not to buy any Rhenish, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions: for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever so good. We will content ourselves with our stock in hand of humble Rhenish, of about three shillings a bottle. However, *pour la rareté du fait*, I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *senatus consultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, so send it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare say, have leave to go to Cassel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reasonable, that I who was the adviser of the journey, should pay the expence of it. I think so too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100*l.*, which you have calculated it at. You will find the House of Cassel the house of gladness; for Hanau is already, or must be soon, delivered of its French guests.

The Prince of Brunswick's victory* is, by all the

* Over the French at Crefeld, on the 23rd of June.

skilful, thought a *chef d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the most illustrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Rosbach, especially the *Carabiniers Royaux* who could not be *entamés*. I wish the siege of Olmütz well over, and a victory after it; and that with good news from America, which, I think, there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealousy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the Crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, *s'il est du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectative, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but

Affectionately yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 147.)

Blackheath, July 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If *vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum*, as the Chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenanum* be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another, with about 8000 land forces on board with

him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think it is no secret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8000 men, and a much smaller fleet. About 8,500 horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army; late, and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmütz seems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest, and Maréchal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery!

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish Monarch comes to review it himself; *pour prendre langue de ce Seigneur*. The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they suggest moral reflections: and the respect that one has naturally for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they enclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes enclose a letter.

Your friend Lady Rochford is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leisure, their intended separation. My Lady insists upon my Lord's dismissing the Batotti, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord insists, in his turn, upon my Lady's dismissing Lord Thanet; my Lady replies, that that is unreasonable, since Lord Thanet creates no expense to the family,

but rather the contrary. My Lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument; but then pleads sentiment: my Lady says, a fiddlestick for sentiment, after having been married so long. How this matter will end, is in the womb of time; *nam fuit ante Helenam*——.

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and I hope, not with your usual laconism.

Adieu! Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 149.)

Blackheath, August 1, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THINK the Court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, then you are to return theirs at Cassel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holderness.

By the King of Prussia's disappointment in Moravia,* by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubise to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.

* The raising of the siege of Olmütz.

The immediate danger of this country is, being drowned; for it has not ceased raining these three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itself, nor in its consequences; for it hinders me from taking my necessary exercise, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part offending, and is so at present, I will not do like many writers—write without a head; so adieu.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 280.)

Blackheath, August 29, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT return such an answer as we could either of us wish, to your frequent and friendly inquiries after my weakened and decaying body and mind. I am at least *unwell*, often worse, and never quite well. My deafness, which is considerably increased, deprives me of that consolation which sickness commonly admits of—the conversation of a few friends; and my illness deprives me of the chief consolation under deafness, which is reading and writing. My head will seldom let me read, and seldomer let me think; consequently, still seldomer let me write. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it; if I could, I certainly would; and, since I cannot, I have common sense and reason enough not to make my situation worse by unavailing restlessness and regret.

I hope, for your sake and many other people's, that

your health is perfect, for I know that you will employ it in doing good. May you long have that power, as I am sure you will always have those inclinations! I am, with real truth and friendship, My dear Lord,
Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 150.)

Blackheath, August 29, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a postscript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from you yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I send you no new news, because I have none. Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old stories; we expect a new one soon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*.

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 151.)

Blackheath, September 5, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22nd August; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me; and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are; which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again, though weak; do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger: leave that to Nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, *et sent la grandeur d'âme d'un preux Chevalier*. You depreciate their value, to prevent any returns; for it is impossible that a wine which has counted so many Syndics, that can only be delivered by a *senatûs consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sylphium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only

distributed by order of the Magistrate, I dare say, cost more; so that, I am convinced, your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds will certainly be accepted and paid; but, as in conscience I think fifty pounds is too little for seeing a live Landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place,* I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the Princess Royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The King of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold;† and as he has taken *la Caisse Militaire*, I presume *Messieurs les Russes sont hors de combat pour cette campagne*; for *point d'argent*, *point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent*, *point de Russe*, is of the savages of the Two Russias, not even excepting the Autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian Majesty's list to be beaten; that is, if he will stand; as the Prince de Soubise does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means im-

* An allusion to some of the wars and negotiations in the reign of George the First, which were said by the Opposition to have for one of their main objects the retention of Bremen by the Electorate of Hanover.

† At Zorndorf, on the 25th of August.

probable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter: for *au bout du compte*, the King of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 153.)

Blackheath, September 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that with your leave (which I will suppose granted) I would add fifty pounds to your draft for that sum; now lest you should misunderstand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know my meaning was, that you should likewise draw upon me for it when you please; which, I presume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the King of Prussia with a hero, in ancient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole summer; but

am now something better : however, I perceive, *que l'esprit et le corps baissent* ; the former is the last thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them ; but I know it is true. Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 154.)

Blackheath, September 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received no letter from you, since you left Hamburg ; I presume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me so. I am very far from being recovered ; on the contrary, I am worse and worse, weaker and weaker every day ; for which reason I shall leave this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleasure, and others no utility ; but the cure, or at the least the mitigation, of those physical ills which make that life a load, while it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon St. Malo : it is our last for this season ; and, in my mind, should be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and land force, as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for Prince Ferdinand's army ; but as it is not

generally thought that his military skill can be of any great use to that Prince, people conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature, and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not? Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will have passed in Saxony: if to the disadvantage of the King of Prussia, he is crushed; but if, on the contrary, he should get a complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reasonable peace. I look upon Russia as *hors de combat* for some time; France is certainly sick of the war, under an unambitious King and an incapable Ministry, if there is one at all: and, unassisted by those two Powers, the Empress Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the King of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very splendid: money must be wanting; but, however, I dare say their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand*; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too, and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever; but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 156.)

London, September 26, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but, to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, said of his sins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician. Make all sure there before you stir from thence, notwithstanding the requests or commands of all the Princesses in Europe; I mean a month at least, taking the bark even to supererogation,—that is, some time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for, I presume, you are got over your childishness about tastes, and are sensible that your health deserves more attention than your palate. When you shall be thus re-established, I approve of your returning to Bremen; and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promise, and to the distinction with which you have been received by the Cassel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderness has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure you leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before

you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land; and either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November. You could drink no mineral waters here in that season, nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating, except Seltzer's. Then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the House of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this Session; where your attendance, if here, will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.*

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter, and of those, the northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important: in these, if at Hamburg, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holderness; and to tell him, that though you cannot hope to be of any use to his Majesty's affairs any where, yet, in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his Lordship if he will procure you his Majesty's gracious permission to return for a few months in the spring, when probably affairs will be more settled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a settlement,

* Near Naples.

and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I shall solicit Burrish's commission for you, which is one of the most agreeable ones in his Majesty's gift; and I shall by no means despair of success. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at most, I would not be understood to mean to force your own, if it should happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this, and everything else, do for the best! so God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 159.)

Bath, October 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3rd instant. The last tells me that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for surely you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are not. For instance, Lord Titchfield,* who has been with you

* William Henry Bentinck, Marquis of Titchfield, succeeded in 1762 as third Duke of Portland, and died in 1809.

at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you showed him ; which he is much pleased, and they delighted with. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man ; and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have received and tasted of your present ; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach ; and in those cases, I believe, it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight ; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age ; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with Yours.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 160.)

Bath, October 28, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms ; for I find by it that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are unquestionably the proper medicines for your case ; but, as they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months

at least, and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded that this was your original complaint in Carniola, which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself, that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines above mentioned. They have no taste, but if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child as to let the frowardness of your palate interfere in the least with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former is only the proper object of the care of a dainty frivolous woman.

The run of luck which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed;* his Prussian Majesty was surprised† (which I am surprised at) and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand, as I take it for granted that the detachment from Maréchal de Contades's army, which enabled Prince Soubise to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take up his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo I cannot call so much an unlucky, as an ill-conducted one; as was also Aber-

* At Lutterberg on the 10th of October. General Oberg had under his command only a newly-raised and disorderly army—*einen Hannöverschen—Hessischen haufen*, says Preuss. (*Lebens-Geschichte*, vol. ii. p. 134.)

† At Hochkirchen on the 14th of October.

crombie's affair in America. *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*; and all these accidents put together, make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health anywhere; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it everywhere; and God grant that you may have it. Adieu.

[To THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.]

Bath, November 8, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CAN only return you my hearty thanks for your kind letter, but I can give you no account of my present state of health, about which you express so friendly an anxiety. It varies not only every day but every hour, and these waters have not contributed to fix it one way or another, so that I shall leave this place and go to London next week, neither the better nor the worse for having been here. I am heartily sorry for the University of Dublin, which will now dwindle into a Borough. They say the present Provost is a three-bottle man; a good example for the College. It is really a pity that such great and, in their destination, useful foundations for the education of youth should be thus profaned and prostituted to party-purposes and cabals. When writing is as troublesome as it is now to me, it is probably as much

so to the reader, and, therefore, for both our sakes, I will put an end to this letter with the assurances of my being, with the truest esteem and friendship,

Yours, &c.]

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 162.)

London, November 21, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's riband, which, I confess, I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking so far before hand. It would be a pretty commission, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in case Prince Ferdinand should pass any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, since he cannot go to Brunswick to his eldest brother, upon account of their simulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Prussia, and he may say *ilicet*; I am sure he may personally say *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this Session of Parliament about Continent and no Continent: some think Mr. Pitt too Continent, others too little so; but a little time, as the newspapers most prudently and truly observe, will clear up these matters.

The King has been ill, but his illness has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason, for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was

believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health as much as you can, for *to be, or not to be*, is a question of much less importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 163.)

London, December 15, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is a great while since I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill-health has been the occasion of this silence; I will suppose you have been, or are still, at Bremen, and engrossed by your Hessian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is most certainly to have the Garter, and I have secured you the honour of putting it on. When I say *secured*, I mean it in the sense in which that word should always be understood at Courts, and that is *insecurely*; I have a promise, but that is not *caution bourgeoise*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, because there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment, though often very unjustly, if the expectation was reasonably grounded; however, it is certainly most prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are so many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his soon, and by himself; the others must wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holderness are secure; Lord

Temple pushes strongly, but, I believe, is not secure. This commission for dubbing a Knight, and so distinguished a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, whom they would be knighted by; and, if I do not mistake, Francis the First would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui étoit preux Chevalier et sans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maison de Brunswick*, that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The estimates for the expense of the year 1759, are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds! A most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered. The unanimity in the House of Commons, in voting such a sum and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes*.

The King of Prussia has nothing more to do this year; and, the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room to act against France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no estate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested *garantie* of the Treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish Majesty, and

his Governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *réverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 165.)

London, New-Year's Day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Molti e felici, and I have done upon that subject; one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter, of the 21st December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the riband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that anybody but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember, that Sir Clement Cotterel was sent to Holland, to dub the late Prince of Orange, only because he was a Knight himself; and I know that the proxies of Knights who cannot attend their own installations, must always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I

only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

Grevenkop is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three and twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe: not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man; for when he would describe a tall, handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majesty's Resident there is *woundily* in love with Madame —; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery*! She must be *étrennée* at this season, and therefore I think you should be so too; so draw upon me, so soon as you please, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions sterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has stifled the usual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's disgrace is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a puppy! I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him, in the same month, except: *O King, live for ever.*

Good night to you, whomever you pass it with.

vessel that contained wine; so that, by the rule of *pars pro toto*, it may perhaps be extended to a copper, which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am, Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 167.)

London, February 2, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull, but very useful knowledge, the Course of Exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Usances, Agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for in your business, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other postulants

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 84.)

London, January 16, 1759.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I FIND with pleasure that you do not forget your old friends, though become useless to you, to themselves, and to the whole world. Dr. Lawson's lectures, which I received from you last week, were a most welcome proof of it. I have read them with all the satisfaction that I expected, from my knowledge and esteem of the author. His design is laudable, and his endeavours able, but yet I will not answer for his success. His plan requires much study and application, and consequently much time; three things that few people will care to bestow upon so trifling an accomplishment as that of speaking well. For, in truth, what is the use of speaking, but to be understood? and if one is understood, surely one speaks well enough of all conscience. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it than that which Dr. Lawson proposes; for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Now if a man has nothing to do but to drink a great deal, in order to be eloquent, (that is, as long as he can speak at all,) I will venture to say, that Ireland will be, what ancient Greece was, the most eloquent nation in the world, without Dr. Lawson's assistance, and even without loss of time and business. I must observe to you by the way, that the Roman *Calix* was not a certain measure, but signified a glass—a tumbler, a

vessel that contained wine; so that, by the rule of *pars pro toto*, it may perhaps be extended to a copper, which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well as he did *something* which he has not got.

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vessel that contained wine; so that, by the rule of *pars pro toto*, it may perhaps be extended to a copper, which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am, Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 167.)

London, February 2, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull, but very useful knowledge, the Course of Exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Usances, Agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for in your business, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other postulants

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 84.)

London, January 16, 1759.

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I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good sense, who has enslaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If she is as well *étrennée* as you say she shall, you will be soon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's spear, if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was so quiet, or so silent a Session of Parliament as the present: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Vyner only excepted.

Duchess Hamilton is to be married to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the son of General Campbell, who will some day or other be Duke of Argyle, and have the estate.* She refused the Duke of Bridgewater† for him.

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TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 281.)

London, February 20, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED yesterday your very kind letter of the 10th, with the enclosed, which I forwarded according to the directions. No apologies about that, for I am very glad to be the *entrepôt* between you and whoever you correspond with. White protests that he troubled you with a letter, long since the time mentioned in yours. For these three months he has been confined with the gout, and is but just got about me again. But neither could he, nor I, myself, have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse, within the space of every half-hour; all that I know is that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to.

I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother;* I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you,

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(Letters, vol. iv. p. 167.)

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I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother;* I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you,

* Colonel Chenevix, of the Carabineers.

that he left a good character, and a reasonable fortune to his family, behind him.

Adieu, my dear Lord; my head will not be held down any longer. Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 169.)

London, February 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your last letter, of the 7th, you accuse me, most unjustly, of being in arrears in my correspondence; whereas, if our epistolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in considerably debtor. I do not see how any of my letters to you can miscarry, unless your office packet miscarries too, for I always send them to the office. Moreover, I might have a justifiable excuse for writing to you seldomer than usual, for to be sure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament sitting, that supplied so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin * to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lass, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances: the first is the neatest, and the plan of the

* James West and Samuel Martin, the Secretaries to the Treasury.

second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pièces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the newspapers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Ham-
burgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expense of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year; I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis à vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there, and ill success upon the Continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Mün-
chausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 171.)

London, March 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th past lying before me, by which you despond, in my opinion too soon, of dubbing your Prince; for he most certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign must, I doubt, at best, be a defensive one; and he will shew great skill in making it such; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at least double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worse than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake different operations at the same time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the present war; which he cannot do without great possible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is safe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security: so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangemens* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, *et l'on ne recule que pour mieux sauter*, especially in the summer months; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico; I wish we may not be so at Gaudaloupe, though we are landed there; for many

difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottles*; you make use of two Spanish words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all; and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you; convinced, by experience, that, in everything possible, it was better to trust to one's self, than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the information of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes! And so we heartily bid you farewell.

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 178.)

London, March 30, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soap, and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver; but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus rariùs colatur*: which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holderness; but as Lord Holderness will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge waters, he said, If he wants steel waters, those of Pyr-

mont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I shall have nobody in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene. Lord Holderness, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied he was very sure, that when you knew his Majesty had the least objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holderness) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holderness will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had some reason to believe his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the King, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best of your *séjour* where you are; drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which in your case is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will send you his *Gustavus Adolphus*, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more

correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance,* who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit, by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for P——, that tremendous garden god, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas*.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 176.)

London, April 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble submission to you, I will say, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the

* Lord Chesterfield himself.

pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has or can have to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal*. If France, Austria, the Empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburg, there must be some invisible power, some tutelar Deities, that miraculously interpose in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, asses, and bulls can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill use of them; but I own, I cannot help distrusting myself a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind; it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will discover, that the *manner*, in everything, is at least as important as the matter; and that the latter never can

please, without a good degree of elegance in the former. This holds true in everything in life: in writing, conversing, business, the help of the Graces is absolutely necessary; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is an History lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great, and a second edition is already published, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both! Adieu!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 179.)

London, April 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the last mail; and I will begin my answer to them by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall

him, their best as well as their worst side; and everything has a better and a worst side. I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern frozen zone?—and will not the winter in England supply you with more pleasures than the summer in an empty capital could have done? So far then it appears that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour*, too, which you propose making to Lubeck, Altona, &c., will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people, since at the age you are now of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have

please, without a good degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in everything in life: in writing, conversing, business, the help of the Graces is absolutely necessary; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is an History lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great, and a second edition is already published, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pymont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both! Adieu!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 179.)

London, April 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the last mail; and I will begin my answer to them by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall

him, their best as well as their worst side; and everything has a better and a worst side. I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern frozen zone?—and will not the winter in England supply you with more pleasures than the summer in an empty capital could have done? So far then it appears that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

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This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have

said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow, who has quick sensations of both. No; it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse, by fretting. This enabled me to go through the various scenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say, perhaps—One cannot change one's nature; and that, if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new-make themselves. I will admit it to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for, though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to understand the main purport of your last letter; and, to show you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which I hope will more than clear you.

Good night! *æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*; be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 181.)

Blackheath, May 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter, of the 4th, which I received yesterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not entirely dissipated them. *Your fever still continues*, he says, *though in a less degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head aches; if the latter, why has not the bark, in substance and large doses, been administered? for, if it had, it must have stopped it by this time. Next post, I hope, will set me quite at ease. Surely you have not been so regular as you ought, either in your medicines or in your general regimen, otherwise this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an exclusive patent for it. You have now had illnesses enough to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the prescriptions of your physician in medicines, and the rules of your own common sense in diet: in which, I can assure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worse than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the most wholesome food.

I have been settled here near a week, to my great satisfaction; *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to everybody. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here

in silence and solitude, as becomes a ghost ; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure that I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may properly be called, still life.

The French whisper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no less than three places—that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devil, believe and tremble ; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it ; and, in general, it seems to be but a poor, instead of a formidable, scarecrow. While *somebody** was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article of political faith ; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required, upon pain of heresy, excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the Heads of the Church. But now there is a general toleration, and the best subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest, it is generally and rationally supposed the French will threaten, and not strike,

* The Duke of Cumberland.

since we are so well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu. God bless you!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 282.)

Blackheath, June 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter of the 2nd, and, thank God, can return you a more satisfactory answer than for some time past I have been able to do. In the first place, I am alive, which neither I nor anybody else six months ago thought that I should be. In the next place, my old, crazy, and shattered carcass enjoys more negative health than it has done for a long time. I owe this unexpected amendment to milk, which, in this my second infancy, I live upon almost as entirely I did in my first. Asses, cows, and even goats, club to maintain me. I have particularly a white Amalthea that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. [But I did not take this step without consulting Dr. Squire, in your absence, whether I might venture upon it, for I had heard that goat's milk partook so much of the nature of that wanton animal, that it was apt to cause inordinate concupiscence; but Dr. Squire consented to my drinking it, and assured me, that, considering all circumstances, he apprehended no danger from it. And, upon my honour, I have yet found none. But as

soon as I do, I promise you, as I promised him, to leave it off.] Thus I rub on in a tolerable mediocrity. Life is neither a burthen nor a pleasure to me; but a certain degree of *ennui* necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when He who placed me here thinks fit to call me away.

I suppose you felt some pangs at parting with your son, and your tender anxiety will make you feel still more in his absence. May he answer not only your expectation, but your fondest wishes! I am sure it is one of the warmest of mine. Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 188.)

Blackheath, June 15, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand, though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air, and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holderness, to beg of him to obtain his Majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases; leave that to me. In the mean time you may be taking your measures with the best economy.

The day before yesterday an express arrived from

Guadaloupe, which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island; and I make no manner of doubt but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crown Point, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous, for I have very little hopes for the King of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 183.)

Blackheath, June 25, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your secretary. I will take this silence as a sign that you are better; but, however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too at Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa viciousa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was *villa vezzosa*, and by wags miscalled *viciousa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany: the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover—that is, Göttingen—where, I presume, they will not stop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and study them upon the coin. My old ac-

quaintance, Monsieur de Richelieu, made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions.* If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences: the odds are too great against him. The King of Prussia is still in a worse situation, for he has the Hydra to encounter; and though he may cut off a head or two, there will still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect: Guadaloupe is a great acquisition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be a greater. But, must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce: the germ of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but, should it be realised, it will grow to a harvest of disaffection.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may disband your whole family, excepting your secretary, your butler—who takes care of your plate, wine, &c.—one, or at most two, maid-servants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reason to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are

* The rapacity of the Maréchal de Richelieu during his command in the Electorate of Hanover was notorious and almost proverbial. The soldiers called him *le petit père la Maraude*; and a splendid house which he built on his return to Paris was surnamed by the people *le Pavillon d' Hanovre*.

asked about it, say, like Lockhart, that you are *le serviteur des évènements*; for your present appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have some better destination. At that season of the year, I believe, it will be better for you to come by sea than by land; but that you will be best able to judge of from the then circumstances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead, of the consumption that has long been undermining him. God bless you, and send you health!

TO ARTHUR CHARLES STANHOPE, ESQ.*

(Letters published in 1817, p. 1.)

Blackheath, September 28, 1759.

SIR,

I THANK God I am something better than when I troubled you last, though by no means well; however, I would not delay my thanks to Mr. Hewitt for his obliging and welcome present, which I must desire you to present for me, as perhaps the least troublesome way to him. It is true I hardly eat anything but mutton, and it is as true that I can eat but little of that, for meat in general does not agree with me, and I subsist in this my second childhood chiefly upon milk as I did in my first. I always find myself strongest when I observe that regimen the most strictly.

I must now inform you of an event with which you will have no great reason to be pleased, and at which

* This gentleman, who resided at Mansfield, was a distant kinsman of Lord Chesterfield, and (as already explained in the Preface) was father of Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's godson, and eventually his heir and successor in the Earldom.

I confess that I was very much surprised. About ten days ago my brother communicated to me his resolution to marry Miss Delaval;* the marrying or not marrying was his business, which I neither advised nor objected to; and as for the lady she has been soberly and modestly educated in the country, and is of a very good gentleman's family. She is full young enough to have children, being but two-and-twenty, and my brother is not too old to beget some, so that probably there will be children, but in all events I assure you I shall have the same concern and attention for STURDY† that I have hitherto had, and when I must no longer consider him as my grandson, I will look upon him as my great grandson, and while I live, grudge no trouble nor expense for his education. If you persist in your resolution of sending him to Paris for a year or two, in which I think you would do right, it shall be at my charge, as also, when it may be proper to send him to a good Latin school.

I have not seen your brother the Captain, who after so long an absence has too many occupations to spare one day from London, which is at present the seat of his business. Besides I suppose he will be soon sent to sea again. I am, with the truest regard and friendship,

Yours, &c.

* Sir William Stanhope, Knight of the Bath and Member of Parliament for the County of Bucks, married October 6, 1759, Miss Delaval, sister of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Bart. See the Preface.

† A familiar name of Lord Chesterfield's for his godson, Philip Stanhope.

To THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 283.)

London, December 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS I have been long in arrears with you, and owe you a great deal for your frequent and kind inquiries after my health, or, to speak more properly, my want of it; but it has not been in my power to pay. I have been often, within these three months, not only too ill to write, but too ill to speak, think, or move. I have now a favourable moment of negative health, and that is the most that I must ever expect; and I think I cannot employ it better than in thanking you for your friendship, and in assuring you of mine. When I reflect upon the poor remainder of my life, I look upon it as a burden that must every day grow heavier and heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years; and my reason tells me that I should wish for the end of it; but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone makes me bear life with patience; for I assure you I have no farther hopes; but, on the contrary, many fears from it. None of the primitive Anchorets in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it; and, even when I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself, that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality: '

seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and consequently better than they are. I pity the weak and the wicked, without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my abilities to be one of that minority.

You are not quite so philosophical in Ireland, where all the *tourbillons* of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them.

I am very sorry that your daughter's lameness seems incurable; for I heartily wish well to every limb of your family; and am,

Yours &c.

P.S.—Lady Chesterfield bids me assure you of her service and esteem.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 285.)

London, January 22, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near; and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious con-

sideration. I thank God I saw it without very great terrors; but, at the same time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, His attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The Faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago; but, however, still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow-creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you. I am, with great truth and just esteem, Yours, &c.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 85.)

London, February 7, 1760.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

WHAT mean all these disturbances in Ireland? I fear you do not exert, for I cannot suppose that you have lost, that authority which your impartiality, dignity, and gravity, had so deservedly procured you. You know I always considered Virgil's *pietate gravem virum* as your prototype;* and, like him, you have

* See Lord Chesterfield's letter to Mr. Faulkner, of September 15, 1753.

allayed former popular commotions, and calmed civil disturbances. You will perhaps tell me, that no dignity, no authority whatsoever, can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can? Will the multitude, enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters, who are full as drunk as they are, only with claret? No, you are the only neutral power now in Ireland, equally untainted by the outrageous effects of whisky, or the dull stupefaction of claret; and therefore I require from you, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica, capesse Rempublicam!*

Do you really mean to turn my head with the repeated doses of flattery which you have lately sent me? Consider, that long illness has weakened it, and that it has now none of the ballast which yours has to keep it steady. It is so apt to turn of itself, that the least breeze of flattery may overset it. But perhaps there may be some degree of self-love in your case; for in truth, I was the only Lieutenant that you ever absolutely governed; but do not mention this, because I am said to have had no favourite.

Let me advise you as a friend not to engage too deep in the expense of a new and pompous quarto edition of your friend Swift. I think you may chance to be what perhaps you would not choose to be, a considerable loser by it. Whosoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has Swift; and, unless you have some new pieces, and those too not trifling ones, to add, people will not throw away their present handy and portable octavos, for expensive and unwieldy quartos. How far indeed the name (you are so much superior to quibbles, that you can bear, and sometimes

even smile at them) of *quartos* may help them off in Ireland, I cannot pretend to say. After all this, I am very seriously,

Your faithful friend and servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 286.)

London, April 29. (1760.)

MY DEAR LORD,

MR. DES VŒUX brought me your kind letter, and will send me (for he is gone to Germany) his *Ecclesiastes*, as soon as it comes out. *A propos* of that book, I hope you have seen Voltaire's *précis* of it in verse. Nothing in my mind can be finer, than both the sense and poetry of it. For fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
Mais n'oubliez jamais leur cause et leur Auteur,
Et, lorsque vous goûtez sa divine faveur,
O ! mortels, gardez vous d'oublier sa justice !

This is exactly from the original; but the following lines are in my mind a great improvement.

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas ;
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingrats.

I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he: but am now at last wise enough to feel

and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation ; experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality.

I do not comprehend you in Ireland *en détail* ; but this I comprehend *en gros*, that that poor country will be undone. All the causes that ever destroyed any country, conspire in this point to ruin Ireland ; premature luxury, for your luxury outstripped your riches, which in other countries it only accompanies ; a total disregard to the public interest, both in the governed and the governors ; a profligate and shameless avowal of private interest ; an universal corruption of both morals and manners. All this is more than necessary to subvert any constitution in the world.

You expect, from the interest which I know you take in it, to have some account of my wretched and almost destroyed constitution ; but I will only tell you, in short, that I am not worse than I was, and that I know I never can be better than I am now, though that is bad enough of all conscience. My stay in this world cannot be long. God, who placed me here, only knows when He will order me out of it ; but whenever He does, I shall most willingly obey His command, with confidence in His mercy. Adieu my dear Lord. I am

Most sincerely yours.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 286.)

Blackheath, August 28, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHOULD have answered your last and most friendly letter sooner, but that the weak and languid state which I have been in for some time did not leave me spirits to do anything, much less anything well. What was unjustly and infamously urged against Algernon Sidney, I found too true in my own case, that *scribere est agere*, and therefore I did not undertake it. I am now a little better, but this better moment is no security that the next will not be a very bad one, for I am more than *journalier* in my complaints, even hours make great variations in them. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own too, that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted; and even moral good and evil seem mixed to a certain degree; for one never sees any body so perfectly good, or so perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is in vain for us upon this subject to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out *O altitudo!*

White told me that you intend to turn gardener, and that your first trial is to be raising of melons, for which reason I have sent you such a provision of

good melon-seed of different kinds, as will serve you, your *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis*; but, as an older and more experienced gardener than you are, I must add some instructions as to their culture. Know then, that they are much better raised in tanner's bark than in dung; that you should put but two seeds in what the gardeners call a light; and, that when they are about half-grown, if the weather is hot, you should cover them with oiled paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people here, prefer the Cantelupes, but they are not the best bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at the University, and there is no doubt of his continuing to do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular. You may easily guess that I mean that beastly, degrading vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which ends in stupid sottishness. I hope all the rest of your family are as well as I wish them; for, upon my word, I sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish yourselves.

Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 290.)

London, December 16, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I MAKE no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying

body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi*, than I can *facere digna scribi*. My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad: the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.

I do not know what picture it is of the late Lord Scarborough, that you would have copied; I have none, nor do I know of any, unless perhaps Jemmy Lumley* has one; so send me your farther directions about it.

In my opinion you are very much in the right not to concern yourself in the contested elections. *Abstine à fabis* is as becoming a maxim for a Bishop, as it was for Pythagoras; moreover, in Parliamentary elections perhaps there is no choice. You are all wild about them in Ireland, and want, it seems, to have all the ill blood, expense, and riot, which they occasion, renewed every seven years. I wish you would be quiet, for I prophesy that you will get no good by your politics, but I fear much the contrary.

[You have been lately represented here as ripe for rebellion, and this assertion, which I know to be false, is believed to be true by too many here.]

I question whether you will ever see my friend

* The Hon. James Lumley, Lord Scarborough's brother. He had been M. P. for the city of Chichester, and one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

George Faulkner in Ireland again, he is become so great and considerable a man here in the Republic of letters; he has a constant table open to all men of wit and learning, and to those sometimes who have neither. I have been able to get him to dine with me but twice; though otherwise I must do him the justice to say, he lives with his old friends upon the same easy foot (I do not mean his wooden one) as formerly. Adieu, my dear Lord, I am the most faithful of your friends and servants.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 186.)

Bath, February 26, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally settled,* and to say the truth, not sorry that Mr. Eliot has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grace*, that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before; for, in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Colman's play,† and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to

* For the borough of St. Germain's at the approaching General Election.

† This play appears to have been *The Jealous Wife*, which first appeared at Drury Lane in 1761.

put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ antiquitatis*. God bless you!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 292.)

Bath, March 19, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE been much and long in your debt, contrary to my inclination, for I hate to be in any debt, especially in marks of friendship and affection; but I am persuaded you know the sentiments of my heart, with regard to yourself, too well to require regular promissory notes for my debts of that kind. Besides, in truth, paper credit is so much stretched, both here and in Ireland, that I think it will now go for very little in either country.

You have a new Lord-Lieutenant for your country,* who certainly is able, and I dare say willing, to do well; but, for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interests, and do not get into any more political scrapes with England, that will always be too hard for you in the end, and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned when I hear of its being worked up into a general ferment, only that a few individuals may make the better bargain for themselves.

I will tell you nothing of the several changes at Court, which from the Gazettes you will know as

* George Dunk, Earl of Halifax. "Lord Sandys," says Horace Walpole, "succeeds him in the Board of Trade, which is reduced to its old insignificance." (To Sir H. Mann, March 17, 1761.)

much of as I do here from the same authority, for I have no better, and am glad of it; for what is the world now to me, or I to the world, except as a citizen of it, in which capacity I will always endeavour to do my little part to my fellow-creatures? I know no use that a deaf, infirm, wretched creature as I am, can be of to society, unless that of maintaining the necessary number of his species to attend and nurse him. Your constant and kind anxiety about my health makes you, I know, desire that I should give you some account of it; but I cannot by any means give you such an account as you would wish for. I came here just six weeks ago, and for the first fortnight was abundantly better, and I wish I had then cut out a winner, to use the gamester's phrase; but it was very natural to continue a medicine that did me a great deal of good, in hopes of more; for who is satisfied with, or knows what is, enough? Since that, the waters have done me as much harm as at first they did me good; and I return to London next Monday, in just the same weak and miserable condition in which I came here.

I hope you and all your family are unacquainted with the ills I feel. May you all long continue so, and enjoy all the other comforts and blessings of life! I am, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 294.)

London, June 9, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

To satisfy your kind impatience concerning my health, I am obliged to take up the pen myself, though little able to conduct it. Poor White has been very ill these two months, and part of the time in great danger from a violent fever, which returned after such short intervals as left him no time to recover any strength; but now, fortunately, all his complaints have centered in a very severe fit of the gout, which I hope will set all right. He has lived with me now about forty years; we were young and healthy together; we are old and crazy, and seem to be tending to our last stage together. This is the natural course of things, and upon the whole, we have neither of us any cause of complaint. As to myself, I am one day better and another worse; and my state of vegetation, for it is no more, is a lingering and drooping one.

Lord Halifax will be with you at the end of September or the beginning of October. I am sure he will make you a good Governor, and I hope a popular one; for I know he goes firmly resolved to do all the good he can to Ireland. He understands business, and, what is more, loves it. He has steadiness and resolution to govern you well himself, and he will not be governed by *undertakers*. Adieu, my dear Lord! My head and my hand, both call upon me to trouble you no longer.

Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. ix. p. 295.)

Blackheath, September 12, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I do not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one, but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often sat down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink, and paper, has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "At a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know, have no conception of them, and therefore many people say that I am extremely well because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the Bishop of Ossory,* who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however, that I am positively ill, but I can positively say that I am always *unwell*. In short, I am in my health what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals: they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy,

* Dr. Richard Pocock, afterwards translated to Meath. It was one of Lord Chesterfield's sayings, that everything suffers by *translation* except a Bishop.

and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The Bishop of Ossory told me one thing that I heard with great pleasure, which was, that your son did extremely well at the University, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes. I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching Coronation.* People think nor talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new Queen yet; and as for the Coronation, I am not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to *walk*, at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *équivoque*, my dear Lord,

Yours, &c.

P.S.—Your Lord-Lieutenant will be with you immediately after the Coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 297.)

London, October 31, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I NEVER doubted but that Lord Halifax's reception of you would be such as, by your last letter, you in-

* The marriage of King George the Third was solemnised on the 8th of September, and the Coronation of their Majesties on the 2nd of the same month.

form me it was. The least relation to his late uncle* and my friend, will always be a recommendation to him; but you have a better. I received yesterday from my old friend Faulkner his speech at the opening of this new Parliament, and am most extremely pleased both with the matter and the manner. He dwells upon my three favourite points—the Protestant Charter-schools, the linen manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the silly Roman Catholics. [Pray tell my worthy friend Faulkner, when you see him, that though I gratefully acknowledge his friendship in sending me the papers published at Dublin, I wish he would carry it still farther, and accompany them with his own opinion of them that I may the better form mine.]

I have sent Mrs. Russel some melon-seed for you, which she will convey to you when she has a proper opportunity. There are two sorts, one of the largest and best Cantelupes I ever eat in my life; the other is of a smaller size, the coat very near black, but rather, I think, of a superior flavour to the other. If, in raising them, you make use of tan instead of dung, they will be much the better.

I am persuaded that your business in Parliament will go smoothly on, at least this Session. I hope so for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with England, however justly. [And I must add that the representations of Ireland here at Court, have not given very favourable impressions of that ancient kingdom, whose loyalty, zeal, and affection for the King, I will venture to affirm equal at

* The Earl of Scarborough.

least, if they do not exceed, the tenderness and passion of the humorous Lieutenant!]

As you always insist upon my acquainting you with my state of health for the time being, I will tell you that I am not worse, rather a little better, but far from well. Well I must never expect to be. I shall go, in about ten days, to the Bath, in hopes of being something better, and I will compound for small gains. I am, my dear Lord, Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 187.)

Bath, November 21, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness; all things have their bounds, *quos ultrà citràve nequit consistere rectum*; and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authorised.* The case of the late Lord Wilmington was, I fancy, remembered.

I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will

* The sum was 100,000*l.* a-year. In the case of Queen Caroline, in 1727, Sir Spencer Compton (afterwards Earl of Wilmington) proposed only 60,000*l.*, but Sir Robert Walpole 40,000*l.* additional; and this well-timed liberality was not without its weight in the preference given to the former by their Majesties in the choice of a Prime Minister.

declare war to us ; that is, that it will very soon, if it has not already, avowedly assist France, in case the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt,* and fully justify his plan of beginning with Spain first, and having the first blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my business calls me ; for what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man, to company ?

Lady Brown, whom I have seen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And so I elegantly rest

Yours till death.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 188.)

Bath, December 6, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt some time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be ; but it was really for want of specie to pay. The present state of my invention does not enable me to coin ; and you would have had as little pleasure in reading, as I should have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place ; besides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I shall be able to follow your advice,

* Mr. Pitt had resigned upon this ground on the 5th of October preceding.

and cut a winner; for, at present, I have neither won nor lost a single shilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to anything considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevensnight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed the most august House of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Gustavus Adolphus; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling* says, and God bless you.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 86.)

London, July 1, 1762.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

FROM my time down to the present, you have been in possession of governing the governors of Ireland, whenever you have thought fit to meddle with business; and if you had meddled more with some, it might perhaps have been better for them, and better

* The *Sir Fopling Flutter* of Etherege.

for Ireland. A proof of this truth is, that an *out* governor no sooner received your commands than he sent them to the *in* governor, who, without delay, returned him the inclosed answer, by which you know what you have to do.

I send you no news from hence, as it appears by your Journal, that you are much better informed of all that passes, and of all that does not pass, than I am; but one piece of news I look upon myself in duty bound to communicate to you, as it relates singly to yourself. Would you think it? Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake not, was one of your *Symposion* while you were in London, and if so the worse man he, takes you off, as it is vulgarly called, that is, acts you in his new farce, called *The Orators*.* As the government here cannot properly take notice of it, would it be amiss that you should show some spirit upon this occasion, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by bringing an action against him? I do not mean for writing the said farce, but for acting it. The doctrine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sidney; but my Lord Coke in his incomparable notes upon Littleton, my Lord Chief Justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my Lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short, all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law, that *agere est agere*. And this is exactly Mr. Foote's case with regard to you; therefore any orders that you shall think fit to send me in this affair, as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of Faulkner *versus* Foote, or bringing a common action

* The character intended for Mr. Faulkner was *Peter Paragraph*. The play was afterwards acted at Dublin.

upon the case, which I should think would be the best of all, the case itself being actionable, shall be punctually executed by

Your faithful friend and servant.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 298.)

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT answer your last kind letter as I could wish, and as you, I believe, wish full as much as I, by telling you that I am better; all I can do for you is, to tell you that I am not worse. I have always reminiscences of my rheumatism more or less, sometimes very severe ones in my legs, which I do not expect ever to be entirely free from, for I never knew any man radically cured of rheumatism; *d'ailleurs je végète et voilà tout.*

I sincerely congratulate you upon the Academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleasure. I look upon your care of him to be now over, as he has learning and knowledge to know, that he must not only keep what he has, but improve it. It is only those who know very little, that stop short, thinking they know enough, which ends in knowing nothing.

The piece of calico which you sent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and spinning, and lay aside your politics; the former will enrich you; but, take my word for it, you will never be better for the latter. I wish I could see your great

politicians labouring for the good of their country, like Hercules, with distaffs, instead of Septuagint Bibles in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr. Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy upon it! I am most sincerely

Yours, &c.

TO COLONEL IRWING.

(Works, vol. ix. p. 382.)

(August 1762)

Sir,

I shall be most extremely glad to see you and the good company you mention to-morrow at dinner. I have not seen the Doctor since he has given himself up to women, and I was afraid that he had forgot me.

Mr. Hutchinson* is one whom I have wanted long to see, more than he could to see me; but what is the worst of it is, that I am in the case of Jacky Bernard† with relation to him; which is, that I cannot see him without his seeing me. However, you will let him know that I have been dead these twelve years, by way of preparing him to see a mind and body equally decayed. I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Yours, &c.

* Afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

† "One year, at Trinity College, Lord Chesterfield had a mind to make "a wit of Jacky Bernard, and had the impudent vanity to imagine "that his authority was sufficient." (Henry Walpole to Mann, May 18, 1762.)

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 300.)

Blackheath, September 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY wretched health, about which you are so kindly solicitous, is so very variable, that I can hardly give you any account of it at the beginning of a letter, without having reason at the end of it to alter that account. The humour, whether gouty or rheumatic, or rather as I think a compound of both, teazes and *chicanes* me, sometimes in my legs, sometimes in my head and stomach, and sometimes, though seldom, is quite quiet, and then I am as well as at my time of life I can ever hope to be. I must take it all as it comes, and will bear it with patience. God has sent physical, as well as moral, ills into the world; and for good and wise reasons of His own, I am convinced, which I do not pretend to know; nor do I at all admit those reasons which men are pleased to assign for it. I wish mankind would condescend to be respectfully ignorant of many things, which it is impossible they can ever know whilst in this world. But no, we must know every thing; and our pride will not let us own our ignorance.

The piece of raw silk which you sent me in your last, seems to me, who understands very little of the matter, extremely good; but, to tell you the truth, I doubt it will never prove an extensive and profitable manufacture. Your climate is not warm enough for mulberry-trees, and the worms will not be nourished as they are in hotter countries. However, you do very well to try; for whatever quantity of silk you may

is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral (or if you will immoral) doctrines have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it; whereas now they die [by the kicks of a couple of asses, I mean the Most Christian and the Most Faithful Kings,* which] I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the Popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Russel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear Lord. I am most faithfully Yours.

In about three weeks I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 189.)

Bath, November 2, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I proposed, last Sunday; but as ill as I feared I should be, when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation† had? He has

* The Kings of France and of Portugal.

† Of the Post of Lord Chamberlain.

considerable connections, and relations; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd *reports*, as there are in the law books; I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 190.)

Bath, November 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries* are very near the mark; and upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi, and that is all? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to

* Of the Peace of Paris, signed by the Duke of Bedford and the Ministers of France and Spain, November 3, 1762.

me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French in the East Indies are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the Articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His Most Faithful [and silly] Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *paie les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, logwood, &c., it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the

for Ireland. A proof of this truth is, that an *out* governor no sooner received your commands than he sent them to the *in* governor, who, without delay, returned him the inclosed answer, by which you know what you have to do.

I send you no news from hence, as it appears by your Journal, that you are much better informed of all that passes, and of all that does not pass, than I am; but one piece of news I look upon myself in duty bound to communicate to you, as it relates singly to yourself. Would you think it? Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake not, was one of your *Symposion* while you were in London, and if so the worse man he, takes you off, as it is vulgarly called, that is, acts you in his new farce, called *The Orators*.* As the government here cannot properly take notice of it, would it be amiss that you should show some spirit upon this occasion, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by bringing an action against him? I do not mean for writing the said farce, but for acting it. The doctrine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sidney; but my Lord Coke in his incomparable notes upon Littleton, my Lord Chief Justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my Lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short, all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law, that *agere est agere*. And this is exactly Mr. Foote's case with regard to you; therefore any orders that you shall think fit to send me in this affair, as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of Faulkner *versus* Foote, or bringing a common action

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TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 298.)

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

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(Works, vol. iv. p. 363.)

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(Works, vol. iv. p. 300.)

Blackheath, September 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

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make, will be so much clear gain, will encourage industry; and let the worst come to the worst, the plantations of mulberry-trees will adorn the country. I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it. Adieu, my dear Lord. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 301.)

Blackheath, October 7, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter; it is some satisfaction, in all misfortunes, to know that those people whom one loves and values interest themselves in them; and I am sure that you take a sincere part in mine. I am not worse, nor I am not better, and I will readily compound for never being worse. President Montesquieu, who had been almost blind for many years, used to say, *je sais être aveugle*; and I am sure I have been long enough ill, to know how to be so. But he was not deaf; and, if I were not so, I should be much less affected by my other complaints. I cannot use myself to deafness, though I have now had it fourteen years; it gives one a stupid look at first, and soon after makes one really so.

This has been a very bad season for the Jesuits,* and I do not very well see why, unless it be that there

* They had lately been banished from Portugal, on a charge of conspiring for the King's assassination; and the trial of Father La Vallette, which led to their expulsion from France, was now in progress.

is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral (or if you will immoral) doctrines have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it; whereas now they die [by the kicks of a couple of asses, I mean the Most Christian and the Most Faithful Kings,* which] I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the Popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Russel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear Lord.
I am most faithfully Yours.

In about three weeks I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 189.)

Bath, November 2, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I proposed, last Sunday; but as ill as I feared I should be, when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation† had? He has

* The Kings of France and of Portugal.

† Of the Post of Lord Chamberlain.

considerable connections, and relations ; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd *reports*, as there are in the law books ; I do not desire to know either ; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 190.)

Bath, November 18, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries* are very near the mark ; and upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain ; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida ; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France ; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi, and that is all ? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with ; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to

* Of the Peace of Paris, signed by the Duke of Bedford and the Ministers of France and Spain, November 8, 1762.

me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French in the East Indies are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the Articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His Most Faithful [and silly] Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *paie les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, logwood, &c., it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the

soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this Session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 192.)

Bath, November 27, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and return you the ball *à la volée*. The King's Speech* is a very prudent one, and as I suppose that the Addresses, in answer to it were, as usual, in almost the same words, my Lord Mayor† might very well call them innocent. As his Majesty expatiates so much upon the great *achievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that when the Preliminaries shall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked-of and unexpected advantage will

* On the opening of the Session, November 25.

† Alderman Beckford. His speech on the Address is thus described in a letter from Mr. Symmers to Mr. Mitchell: "The House was unanimous, but Mr. Beckford, now Lord Mayor, had his vagaries as usual, and gave the House a little prelude of what they were to expect when the masters mount the stage."—See the Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 194.

break out in our treaty with France; St. Lucia, at least. I see, in the newspapers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we shall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not see that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may set it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new stipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, something like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obstante* to be hanged. [But I am apt to think, that neither the Duke of Bedford, nor even Mr. Rigby, were aware of this.]

I now drink so little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcass good, will keep me here some time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publish a new edition of his *Gustavus*, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered; and which I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for while the world endures, style and manner will be regarded, at least as much as matter. And so, *Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde*.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 194.)

Bath, December 4, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, with the enclosed Preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more (bad as they are) than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East Indies during this war;* and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the cod that they shall take, within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America, (a distance easily measured, especially at sea) according to the spirit though not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed, that the strong opposition to the Peace will be in the House of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above six or seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless, (which I cannot suppose) some of the Bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God bless you!

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 321.)

à Bath, ce 7 Décembre, 1762.

A LA fin, Madame, voilà les choses rentrées dans l'ordre; nos ports sont ouverts, les postes courent, et

* There were none whatever. On the contrary, we had made many conquests upon them in that quarter.

notre commerce de lettres est libre. Je préfère ce commerce à celui de l'Amérique, auquel par un côté, il ressemble un peu, car je n'y fournis que des coquillages, et en échange, vous me donnez de l'or, et des pierreries, ou, ce que j'estime infiniment plus, vos lettres. En vérité, Madame, elles font la consolation la plus douce de ma triste vie; elles parlent à mes yeux le plus agréablement du monde, et à présent c'est par les yeux seulement que j'entends. Depuis un mois, je prends les bains ici, pour guérir, si cela se peut, le reste de mon rhumatisme; mais jusqu'ici je n'ai rien gagné, de sorte qu'en quinze jours je compte de retourner à Londres, quoique tous les lieux du monde me soient assez indifférens; pourtant on est plus commodément chez soi.

Comme je sais que vous êtes en liaison avec Monsieur le Duc de Nevers, vous pouvez l'assurer que Monsieur de Nivernois* est aimé, respecté et admiré par tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens à la cour, et à la ville. Mon témoignage ne doit pas être suspect; un Chartreux comme moi n'a pas d'intérêt à flatter personne. Je n'ai pas osé lui parler de l'affaire des Révérends Pères,† il pourroit y avoir de l'indiscrétion, surtout si, comme je le suppose, il y avoit quelque raison d'état là-dessous. Je doute fort que leur habileté, qui leur a si bien servi jusqu'ici, puisse les tirer d'affaire à présent. Ce siècle n'est pas favorable aux sociétés religieuses; il est trop éclairé; et je tremble même pour le Saint Père dans le siècle prochain.

Je vous assure très-véritablement que, si je n'avois

* The new French Ambassador in London. See note, vol. i. p. 301, of this edition.

† The Jesuits.

pas été sourd, j'aurois été près de vous il y a quinze jours ; mais je vous avouerai tout naturellement, que ce seroit trop humiliant pour mon amour propre, de me présenter en l'état où je suis. Je crois bien qu'un meilleur climat me feroit du bien, par rapport à ma santé en général ; mais pendant que qui me parle d'un climat, parle à un sourd, je ne le changerai pas ; cela ne vaut pas la peine. Le feu Président de Montesquieu me disoit *qu'il savoit être aveugle*, il l'avoit été si longtems, mais j'avoue que je ne sais pas être sourd ; je ne puis pas m'y accoutumer, et j'en suis humilié et chagrin, comme la première semaine. Il n'y a pas de philosophie, qui tienne contre la surdité.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 194.)

Bath, Dec. 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your House. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and a half ;* I question even if Belial, who according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen Angels, ever spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Townshend's speaking for the Preliminaries ; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont†

* Which Mr. Pitt had done in the discussion on the Preliminaries (December 9), though suffering under severe illness. A striking account of his entrance, swathed with flannel, supported in the arms of his friends, and hailed by the loudest acclamations from the multitude without, is given by Lord Orford (who was present) in his lately-published Memoirs of George III. (vol. i. p. 223).

† Secretary of State.

must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's,* who they say is dying: when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day sevensnight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous ait dans sainte garde.*

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 88.)

London, January 4, 1763.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MANY thanks to you for your letter, many thanks to you for your almanack, and more thanks to you for your friend Swift's works: in which last, to borrow an expression of Cibber's, you have outdone your usual outdoings—for the paper is whit-ish, and the ink is black-ish. I only wish that the margin had been a little broader. However, without flattery, it beats Elzevir, Aldus, Vascosan; and I make no doubt but that, in seven or eight hundred years, the learned and the curious in those times will, like the learned and the curious in these, who prefer the impression of a book to the matter of it, collect with pains and expense all the books that were published *ex Typographiâ Faulknerianâ*. But I am impatient to congratulate you upon your late triumph: you have made (if you will forgive a quibble upon so serious a sub-

* President of the Council. He died on the 2nd of January following.

ject) your enemy your *foot-stool**—a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens over Aristophanes; nor the great Pompey at Rome, over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him under the name of Magnus, by which he was universally known, and to tell him from the stage, *Miseriis nostris Magnus magnus es*. A man of less philosophy than yourself would perhaps have chastised Mr. Foote corporally, and have made him feel that your wooden leg which he mimicked had an avenging arm to protect it; but you scorned so inglorious a victory, and called justice and the laws of your country to punish the criminal, and to avenge your cause. You triumphed; and I heartily join my weak voice to the loud acclamations of the good citizens of Dublin upon this occasion. I take it for granted that some of your many tributary wits have already presented you with gratulatory poems, odes, &c., upon this subject. I own I had some thoughts myself of inscribing a short poem to you upon your triumph, but, to tell you the truth, when I had writ not above two thousand verses of it, my Muse forsook me, my poetic vein stopped, I threw away my pen, and I burned my poem, to the irreparable loss, not only of the present age, but also of latest posterity.

I very seriously and sincerely wish you a great many very happy New Years, and am Yours, &c.

I like your messenger, young Dunkin, mightily; he is a very sensible, well-behaved young man.

* Mr. Faulkner had just obtained a verdict in the Courts of Law against Foote for his representation of *Peter Paragraph*. See p. 366 of this volume.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 303.)

London, January 6, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself a most lazy and awkward correspondent, but it is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune, for writing now is not the easy task to me that it was formerly, and both my head and my hand undertake it unwillingly. However, in spite of them both, I could not let this season pass by, without wishing you and yours a great many happy New Years: not in compliance with custom, but to satisfy my sentiments of friendship and affection for you.

I am returned from the Bath with much better health than I carried there. I have now a tolerable negative degree of health, which, at my age and with my shattered constitution, is all that I can reasonably ask of Heaven, for the short remainder of my span.

[I rejoice at my friend George Faulkner's triumph,* who has made his enemy his *Foot-stool*. Perhaps he was a little too irascible, and did not agree with Lord Shaftesbury in thinking that ridicule, when groundless, only exposed the author of it, and I would rather have expected a noble contempt, than a legal process, from my philosophical friend. Socrates never prosecuted Aristophanes for having attempted to ridicule him.]

I am glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and the young Bishop this summer. I hope you will not embark before the stormy season is over, which is not till April or May. Yours, &c.

* In his action at law against Foote.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 825.)

à Londres, ce 14 Février, 1768.

LE Comte d'Usson m'a envoyé le discours de Monsieur de Voisenon,* dont je vous rends mille graces : il me plait infiniment ; il a donné un nouveau tour à un sujet très-usé, et il s'exprime avec feu, et élégance. Je ne vous dirai pas que la réponse de — soit également brillante, mais au moins il y a du vrai, en tout ce qu'il dit de Monsieur de Nivernois, qui sûrement mérite tout ce qu'on peut dire de mieux d'un homme. Il se fait à toutes nos manières comme si elles lui étoient naturelles, et pourtant Dieu sait qu'elles sont bien différentes des siennes. Il plait à tout le monde, mais pourtant au fond, il doit se divertir, comme dit Froissard, *moult tristement à la mode de notre pays*. Ma surdité et ses affaires m'empêchent de profiter de son séjour ici, autant que je le souhaiterois, si bien que, pour l'amour de lui, je le voudrois de retour dans sa patrie, dans le sein de sa famille, qu'il chérit, et jouissant des plaisirs d'une aimable société, pour lesquels la nature l'a formé, aussi bien que pour les affaires.

* Claude Henri, Abbé de Voisenon, born in 1708, and whose character might be given in his own language as *mauvais prêtre, poète médiocre*. The speech which Lord Chesterfield mentions was on his reception into the French Academy.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 206.)

Blackheath, June 10, 1763.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon your gout; it is a certain cure for all your other complaints. It is a proof of present riches, and a certain pledge of their future increase. It is a sign of long life, for it is well known that every man lives just as long after the first fit of the gout, as he had done before it.

Though this fit has been a very slight and short one, it is, however, an earnest of frequent and beneficial returns of it.

It is a grant of health for life, not in the power of Kings and Courts to give or take away, and therefore more valuable than all the places and reversions which his Majesty has been pleased to grant lately to so many of his faithful subjects.

As an introduction to this last favour, it pleased Heaven to grant you previously a great share of exemplary patience, to enable you to make a right use of it.

But after all, if comparison lessens calamities, and that you should grumble a little at some trifling shootings and throbbings in your foot, Mrs. Dayrolles can assure you, that they are nothing when compared to the pangs of child-bearing.

God bless you and Co. very seriously; for I am very seriously and sincerely

Yours.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 327.)

Ce 10 Juin (1763).

Non, Madame, le triste reste de mes jours ne vaut pas les soins que vous m'indiquez, ni l'intérêt que vous voulez bien y prendre. A soixante-huit ans, avec une constitution délabrée, et une surdité héréditaire et invétérée, j'aurois beau changer de climat, et courir le monde, on m'appliqueroit avec raison,

Le chagrin monte en croupe et galoppe avec lui :

Je ne pense, et je ne dois penser, qu'à finir tout doucement, et tuer le tems, qui est devenu mon ennemi, aussi bien que je le puis.

Votre protégé le Prince Czartorinski m'a apporté la lettre, dont vous m'avez honoré, et a bien voulu prendre un très-petit diner à ma Chartreuse. Il a bien agréablement débuté avec moi, en me parlant de vous, de la même façon que je lui aurois parlé, s'il ne m'eût pas prévenu. Il n'est point du tout Sarmate, car il a de la douceur, et cherche à plaire : mais aussi il n'a pas pris la vivacité Française, qui, dans de certaines bornes, sied si bien aux jeunes gens. Madame de Boufflers* est fort goûtée ici, à ce qu'on me dit, car je ne l'ai point vue, dont je suis fâché ; mais aussi elle ne m'a point vu, dont je suis bien-aise. On m'assure qu'elle est fort naturelle et aisée, sans prétensions, et n'affichant pas le bel esprit et le savoir.

* La Comtesse de Boufflers, a lady much extolled by Rousseau, was the intimate friend, or as some said the wife by a secret marriage, of the Prince de Conti. Her visit to Strawberry Hill at this period is described by Horace Walpole in his usual lively strain. (To G. Montagu, May 17, 1763.)

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 195.)

Blackheath, June 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the last mail your letter of the 4th from the Hague;* so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our Ambassador's entertainment. I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop for two or three days at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place.† Your Excellency makes a figure already in the newspapers; and let them and others Excellency you as much as they please, but pray suffer not your own servants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here since you went; so I will wish you a good night, and hope that God will bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 196.)

Blackheath, July 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratisbon, where I am glad that you are arrived safe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You must not yield in anything essential, where your public character may suffer; but I advise

* Mr. Stanhope had now returned to the Continent, on a special mission, as Envoy to the Diet at Ratisbon.

† Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England, Landgravine of Hesse.

you, at the same time, to distinguish carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to despise some German *minuties*—such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.

By what I see in Cressener's letter to you, the cheapness of wine compensates the quantity, as the cheapness of servants compensates the number that you must make use of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your existence; for when she does not hear from you, she knows, to a demonstration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The enclosed is a letter of the utmost consequence, which I was desired to forward, with care and speed, to the most serene *Louis*.*

My head is not well to-day. So God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 197.)

Blackheath, August 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE that by this time you are pretty well settled at Ratisbon, at least as to the important points of the ceremonial; so that you may know to precision, to whom you must give, and from whom you must require, the *seine Excellentz*. Those formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themselves; but yet they are necessary for manners, and sometimes for busi-

* Mr. Stanhope's servant. See Lord Chesterfield's letter of July 2, 1765.

ness; and both would suffer by laying them quite aside.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long suspected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu secundo*, till last week, and that is a fit of the stone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a slight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at first took for some remains of my rheumatism; but was soon convinced of my mistake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious sediment of gravel. I am now perfectly easy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafness; other complaints are the common, and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation. God bless you!

TO EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.*

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 357.)

Blackheath, August 12, 1763.

SIR,

I do not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the

* Mr. Jerningham had addressed to Lord Chesterfield the following lines:—

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, AUGUST 7, 1763.

Reclined beneath thy shade, Blackheath!
From politics and strife apart,
His temples twined with laurel-wreath;
And virtues smiling at his heart:

7th. But men, as well as women, are very apt to break through decency, when desire is very strong, as mine I assure you is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks should be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muses, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am, to the invocation of a *septuagenary* invalid. Accept

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muse allow
To break upon his still retreat?
To view, if health still smooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awaked the present theme,
And bade it reach thy distant ear,
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof,
O'er venal domes its flag display,
And health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray.

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,
I'll dress with flow'rs Hygeia's shrine;
Nor thou with wisdom's chaplet bound
At any absent gift repine.

What though thou dost not grace a throne
While subjects bend the supple knee,
No other King the Muses own,
And science lifts her eye to thee.

Though deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
E'en deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praises by the many sung
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

then my humblest thanks, in humble prose, for your very good verses, upon a very indifferent subject; which, should you be reproached with, you may very justly make the same answer that your predecessor, Waller, did to King Charles, after the Restoration: the King accused him of having made finer verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell, than of himself; to which he agreed, saying, that Fiction was the soul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this scrape at my own expense? I am sensible, that before I end this letter, I ought to show some common-place modesty at least; and protest to you that I am ashamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praises you most undeservedly bestow upon me; but I will not, because if I did I should lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that some people disown any, and others avow it: whereas I have truth and impudence enough to say, *tu m'aduli ma tu mi piaci.*

What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

Scribere quod Casi Parmensis opuscula vincat,
An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?

If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that (I will answer for it) they will meet you wherever you please to appoint them. If to those nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth, of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it: but God forbid that I should advise

it. In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten !

Yours, &c.

P.S.—I desire my respects to Lady Jerningham.
But not one word of the tenth Muse !

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 198.)

Blackheath, August 22, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy ; which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be Secretary in his room ? to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townshend ; unless the Duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others ; but, till this happened, every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. [The Triumvirate did nothing, because they had not the power ; and Lord Bute did nothing, though he had the power, because he would not have it thought that he had at present.] Before the next Session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Opposition.

I see by the newspapers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial

at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Minister*, only, in your ostensible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character, *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos prétensions*. As for the rest, divert yourself as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and so God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 199.)

Blackheath, September 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREAT news! The King sent for Mr. Pitt, last Saturday, and the conference lasted a full hour: on the Monday following another conference lasted much longer; and yesterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified: no such matter, for this last conference broke it entirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yesterday evening to their respective country houses. Would you know what it broke off upon,

you must ask the newsmongers, and the coffee-houses; who, I dare say, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know anything that I do not know, honestly and humbly confess, that I cannot tell you; probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little.* However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much consulted, by their making him sole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought surely to have been begun by some inferior agent, and his Majesty should only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Louis XIV. never sate down before a town in person, that was not sure to be taken.

However, *ce qui différé n'est pas perdu*; for this matter must be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the Parliament, and probably upon more disadvantageous terms to the present Ministers, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politica*.

I have at last done the best office that can be done, to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife: and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtless, a separation. God bless you!

* The most authentic account of this transaction is given by Lord Hardwicke in a letter to his son, Lord Royston, September 4, 1763.—See notes to the Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 236–242.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 201.)

Blackheath, September 30, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the Office, that the departments are not cast as you wished ; for Lord Halifax, as senior, had of course his choice, and chose the Southern, upon account of the colonies. The Ministry, such as it is, is now settled *en attendant mieux* ; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the House of Lords : for, since Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townshend to him, there is not a man of the Court side, in the House of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord Bute is certainly playing *un dessous de cartes*, and I suspect that it is with Mr. Pitt ; but what that *dessous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houses do most exactly.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things ; I mean, reading useful books ; and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors ; and I would recommend it to all men ; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation ; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it ; but if a man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation,

and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation; and I have found great advantages from it.

My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 202.)

Blackheath, October 17, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2nd instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the Session; as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furloughs allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace*, what

you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in everything, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things, as much as, by dexterity, you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many respects, yet in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very last day of the Session; and I suppose you have sold your horses and dismissed some of your servants. Though they seem to apprehend the first day of the Session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it, [for I am convinced, that Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt, who are now certainly, though secretly connected, have some mine to spring.]

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the King; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame Dupin's. *Au revoir*.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 204.)

Bath, November 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as you suppose in your letter, last Sunday ; but after the worst day's journey I ever had in my life: it snowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads so slippery, that I was six hours coming post from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence ; so that, but for the name of coming post, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my last violent attack, and am weak and flimsy.

I have now drank the waters but three days ; so that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the least expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed ; but, as the late Pope Lambertini said, *Fra noi, gli miracoli sono passati già un pezzo*.

I have seen Harte, who inquired much after you : he is dejected and dispirited, and thinks himself much worse than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet seen nobody else, nor do I know who here is to be seen ; for I have not yet exhibited myself to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the most private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occasioned severally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very easy Session. Mr. Wilkes is universally given up ; and if the Ministers themselves do

not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bless you.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 205.)

Bath, December 3, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose Charles Townshend let off his speech upon the Princess's portion,* chiefly to show that he was of the Opposition: for otherwise, the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said; for the late Princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a King) had no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger,† and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God has raised up the Earl of Sandwich to vindicate and promote true religion and morality.‡ These two blessings

* The King's eldest sister, the Princess Augusta, was married on the 16th of January following to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. Her Royal Highness's portion was 80,000*l*.

† Mr. Wilkes had been recently wounded in a duel with Mr. Martin, formerly Secretary of the Treasury. The cause of quarrel was a violent altercation in the House of Commons.

‡ Lord Sandwich, then Secretary of State, had denounced to the House of Lords the "Essay on Woman," a profligate parody of Pope's "Essay on Man." It had been written by Wilkes, and fourteen copies of it privately printed. "But the conduct of Sandwich," says

will justly make an epoch in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free access to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he says, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the professed and valorous Knight-errant, and perhaps something more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at least, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of spending great part of his estate in her Royal cause.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimsy still; but the Doctor assures me, that strength and spirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the best of them; if they do not, I will not make their want still worse, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and observed enough, to estimate most things at their intrinsic, and not their imaginary value; and at seventy, I find nothing much worth either desiring or fearing. But these reflections, which suit with seventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the best of your time, enjoy the present hour; but *memor ultimæ*. God bless you!

a most able writer, "excited universal disgust. His own vices were "notorious, and only a fortnight before he laid the 'Essay on Woman' "before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose "catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London." (Edinburgh Review, No. clxii. p. 563.)

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 304.)

Bath, December 5, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind and informing letter, which I received by the last post. I cannot give you such an account of myself as I know you wish. I was dangerously ill of a bilious fever ten days before I left London, and remained extremely weak and low from it. The Faculty hastened me to this place, which was, as they said, to carry off the dregs of the fever, restore my strength and spirits, and what not. The waters, however, which I have now drunk a full fortnight, have done no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day, and my spirits lower. [If this increases, or even lasts much longer, I shall be in the hands of the *undertakers*, as well as your Lord Lieutenant.

The match you mention is intended, I suppose, to plaister up some old sores between two of your great men, but they must be at least as weak as they are great, or rather more so, if they do not know that the matrimonial cement is, of all others, the least durable.]

You have acted in the affair of the charities as becomes your ecclesiastical character, and your private character of integrity and charity as a man, in endeavouring to detect, if you cannot punish, those sacrilegious frauds, in diverting to infamous political jobs, the sums of money bequeathed and appropriated for the relief of the poor. That I call sacrilege in the highest degree, if giving to the poor be, as undoubtedly it is, lending to God. This is a much more

criminal sacrilege than stealing an old pulpit cloth out of a parish church, that can do as well without it; and which, though canonically called sacrilege, is, in my mind, but humble robbery. Go on, then, my good Lord, and detect not only the thieves, but those who connive at them. Thou sawest a thief, and consentedst unto him, was formerly the description of a very bad character, and should be so still, unless your doctors of divinity will say, like Molière's doctor of physic, *nous avons changé tout cela*.* [I can send you no news from hence, not even of Mr. Wilkes, whose fate will be determined, they say, this week. It is no matter what happens to him, for he is a fellow of a most profligate character.] Good night, my dear Lord.

Yours most faithfully.

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 206.)

Bath, December 18, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reason was, that I did not know what to write. There is that sameness in my life here, that *every day is still but as the first*. I see very few people; and, in the literal sense of the word, I hear nothing.

* From Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*, act ii. scene 6.

GERONTE.

Il me semble que le cœur est du côté gauche, et le fois du côté droit.

SGANARELLE.

Oui, cela étoit autrefois ainsi; mais nous avons changé tout cela, et nous faisons maintenant la médecine d'une méthode toute nouvelle!

Mr. Luther and Mr. Conyers* I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by losing his law-suit, and the other by carrying it, is a very just one. To be sure they felt in themselves uncommon talents for business and speaking, which were to reimburse them!

[Lord Northumberland is rightly served for taking for his own man another man's man. Hamilton† most notoriously belonged always to Lord Holland, who, I dare say, has his reasons for putting Hamilton upon all this.]

Harte has a great poetical work to publish before it be long; he has shown me some parts of it. He had entitled it *Emblems*; but I persuaded him to alter that name, for two reasons: the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables: the second was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called *Fables*, though *Moral Tales* would, in my mind, be the properest name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam*——.

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundless; for it still runs strongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be sprung at, or before the end of the Session.

* William Harvey, member for Essex, having died in November, 1763, a new writ was ordered, and Mr. John Luther was elected. His unsuccessful competitor was Mr. Conyers.

† This was Single-speech Hamilton, who had been chosen by Lord Halifax, and continued by Lord Northumberland, as Secretary during their Lord Lieutenancies of Ireland; but he had a quarrel with the latter.

I have got a little more strength, but not quite the strength of Hercules; so that I will not undertake, like him, fifty deflorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compass them. So good night, and God bless you! _____

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 208.)

Bath, December 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONFESS I was a good deal surprised at your pressing me so strongly to influence parson Rosenhagen, when you well know the resolution I had made several years ago, and which I have scrupulously observed ever since, not to concern myself, directly or indirectly, in any party political contest whatsoever. Let parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they please; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor to take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you say, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obstinacy, folly, or philosophy; call it what you please: you may with great truth assure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am sorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold; should it be anything more, pray consult Dr. Maty, who did you so much good in your last illness, when the great medicinal *Matadores* did you rather harm. I have found a Monsieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moisy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am sure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here first. I have recovered some

strength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make use of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments: and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 209.)

Bath, December 31, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much question it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout by the skilful; and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake is not made this year; and that, by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters: but is now so much better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevensnight; but this is *sub spe rati* only. God bless you!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 305.)

London, March 17, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR last letter, which I received this week, made me two letters in your debt; but you are so used to my bad payment, that I am sure you will excuse it, especially when you consider that people of quality seldom pay at all; whereas I sometimes pay something in part, and upon account.

[I am very glad that your daughter's marriage is come on again, because you seem to be so, but I hope that you have employed somebody of more worldly skill than yourself to examine if the husband can solidly realize the stipulated conditions. I know a lady here who has lately lost a very good jointure by a previous mortgage of the lands which were the security for it. You are, to be sure, very kind and liberal by your daughter in this affair, but have you left yourself wherewithal to be equally so to your son? I question it.]

I assure you it is no compliment, but a literal truth, when I tell you that I have the *warmest* sense of your kindness in providing my old and chilled carcass with such a quantity of flannel. I have cut my waistcoats according to my cloth, and they come half-way down my thighs.

I am told you are altogether by the ears in Ireland. We are so here too; and it will always be so, while avarice and ambition triumph over reason and virtue. Adieu, my dear Lord. I am Yours, &c.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 329.)

à Londres, ce 23 Avril, 1764.

LA tête me tourne actuellement, Madame, mais je ne sais pas si c'est un retour de mes vertiges ordinaires, ou si c'est votre dernière lettre qui en est la cause, car, de bonne foi, elle a bien de quoi tourner une tête plus ferme que la mienne. Ménagez-la un peu à l'avenir, je vous en supplie, car quoique la fatuité soit permise, et quelquefois même utile aux jeunes gens, vous m'avouerez qu'elle ne sied pas trop bien aux septuagenaires, et malheureusement votre très-fidèle serviteur est de ce nombre.

Je conviens, Madame, que vous me donnez mille bonnes raisons, pour chercher un air plus pur dans les climats méridionaux, et je ne me le ferois pas dire deux fois, si je n'étois pas sourd ; mais sourd, d'une surdité impénétrable, et incurable, parce qu'elle est héréditaire. Sur ce principe, j'ai fait un calcul fort exact, dont le résultat est, que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. D'ailleurs, comme je déménagerai bientôt pour un plus grand voyage, il ne vaut pas la peine de m'emballer pour deux ou trois mois, à l'adresse de la Provence, ou du Languedoc. *Job de mille maux atteint** n'avoit pas plus de patience, que ma philosophie ne m'en procure ; la lecture m'occupe et m'amuse : d'ailleurs, j'ai le loisir d'avoir plusieurs tête-à-têtes avec moi-même, dont je me flatte d'avoir profité, et auxquels je n'avois jamais pensé, pendant que j'étois rapidement emporté par le tourbillon des affaires, ou

* The beginning of a sonnet by Benserade.

des plaisirs; de sorte que, graces à Dieu, je n'ai ni mélancolie ni humeur, et nonobstant tous mes maux *j'en connois de plus misérables.*

Votre petit protégé part la semaine qui vient pour Dresde, où le Roi a eu la bonté de la nommer son Envoyé. Il prend le chemin de Paris, principalement, à ce que je crois, pour avoir l'honneur de vous y faire sa cour.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 319.)

à la Petite Chartreuse, ce 5 Juin (1764).

FEU Babiole, Madame, assure Bagatelle de ses très-humbles respects, et lui fait savoir qu'elle a changé de nom, pour prendre celui de la Petite Chartreuse, qui convient bien mieux à sa position présente. J'ai cru qu'il étoit nécessaire de vous donner ce petit avis, pour vous préparer à recevoir des lettres fort ennuyantes. En effet, que puis-je vous dire de ma cellule, où je n'entends rien? Je vous épargne le *memento mori*, qui est ce que nous autres nous disons, aux heures que la parole nous est permise, parce que je ne veux pas que vous mouriez ou que vous pensiez à la mort de longtems. Vous avez encore bien du tems, et bien du bon tems même, à vivre, et je dis pour vous, ce qu'un Cardinal moribond disoit pour lui-même, quand le prêtre, qui lui donnoit les sacremens, prioit Dieu de recevoir son ame, *Si, ma non adesso.*

Je n'ai pas eu des lettres de votre petit protégé, depuis qu'il vous aura fait sa cour cette fois à Paris; mais, vous connoissant tous deux, comme je fais, je

sais comme si j'avois été présent, que vous lui avez donné mille témoignages de votre amitié, et que lui, de son côté, en a senti la plus vive reconnoissance, mieux qu'il ne l'aura exprimée, car il est assez, ou plutôt trop, taciturne. Il a de très-bonnes marchandises dans sa boutique, mais il n'a pas le talent de les étaler, et de les fair valoir, comme il devoit. Enfin, malgré tous les soins que j'ai pris pour le décroter, il est encore trop Anglois. Mais à propos, mon heure de silence approche, heureusement pour vous, et comme la solitude rend les sots bêtes, et les gens d'esprit fous, quelle que puisse être ma part à cette alternative, il n'est pas juste que vous en souffriez : bon soir donc, Madame.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 210.)

Blackheath, July 20, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 3rd, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention from Ratisbon ; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now suppose that you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden ; your audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with ; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter ; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I

rather believe that there will be something patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the death and will of Lord Bath : he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages ; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he smuggled, is as much ; both which, at only five-and-twenty years' purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds ; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved [and justly despised] him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody ; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, begins to explain upon him ; and draws such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times ; he wants something or another, and it seems all one to him what, whether civil or military ; in plain English, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of some of the Ministers, but to no purpose. I wish with all my heart that I could help him : I told him fairly that I could not, but advised him to find some channel to Lord Bute, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the Office to you, which I made him seal up ; and I keep it for you, as I suppose it makes up the series of your Ratisbon letters.

As for me, I am just what I was when you left me,

that is, nobody. Old age steals upon me insensibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not suffer, so I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters;* in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einsiedel, whom I love and honour much; and so good night to *seine Excellenz*.

Now our correspondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 212.)

Blackheath, July 27, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 11th, from Dresden, where I am very glad that you are safely arrived at last. The prices of the necessaries of life are monstrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives subsist at all, after having been so long and so often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as soon procure them from the Turkish as from the English Ministry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

* Bielefeld, a native of Hamburgh, had been much employed by Frederick II. of Prussia, and received from him in 1748 the titles of Baron and Privy-Councillor. His *Lettres Familiales*, in two volumes, appeared in 1763.

[The profusion of the Civil List has been so great in idle and unnecessary expenses, silly purchases, and buildings, undeserved pensions, and the hire of Parliament-men, that I am assured the King is the poorest man in his dominions, the Civil List being now above 500,000*l.* in debt.]

Now to come to your Civil List, if one may compare small things with great. I think I have found out a better refreshment for it than you propose; for to-morrow I shall send to your cashier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your use, which, I presume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think that, next Midsummer-day, he will have the same sum, and for the same use, consigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without some foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact between France and Spain; if so, I am sure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at least equal strength; which I could easily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and so far must be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord Grosvenor, Mr. Bouverie, and Mr. Dundas, are, in this respect, very meritorious; for they have all married handsome women, without one shilling fortune. Lord Warkworth must indeed take some pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare say he will bring it about by the help of some Scotch or Irish officer. Good night, and God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 213.)

Blackheath, September 3, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter of the 13th past. I see that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, since so few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the best calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century squandered and lavished with the most absurd profusion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare answer for him, that the gentleness and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant applications. I see in him another Sully; and therefore I wish he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both insult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am persuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy at least equal to ours, which cannot be these three or four years, at soonest; and then, indeed, I believe, we shall hear of something or other; therefore, this is the moment for us to speak loud, and we shall be feared if we do not show that we fear. [I do not blame our ostensible Ministers for this weak conduct, for it is certain that they have not so much as *Voix au Chapitre* in those matters, and the secret, the real, and the only Minister is the most timid irresolute man living.]

Here is no domestic news of changes and chances

in the political world ; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when the Parliament sits. I think there will be some then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as, I confess, it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English ; he has even scattered graces upon his subject ; and, in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will send you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleasure.

I know Mackenzie,* whom you mention. *C'est un delié ; sed cave.*

Make mine and Lady Chesterfield's compliments to Comte and Comtesse Flemming : and so, *Dieu vous ait en sa sainte garde.*

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 215.)

Blackheath, September 14, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th past, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I sent you the day after I had received your former ; you have had no great loss of it ; for, as I told you in my last, this inactive season of the year supplies no materials for a letter ; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what

* The Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother of Lord Bute.

grain, I neither know, guess, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord Bute *survagera encore*, but by the assistance of what bladders or cork-waistcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonshire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcastle, seem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it. [I own I cannot see why Lord Bute should not publicly resume the power which he really engrosses, and which makes him but the more unpopular, for disowning and trying to conceal it, as a prude with child is always less spared than a coquette. For it is *lippis ac tonsoribus notum* that he names absolutely to every employment, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and that the ostensible Ministers might as well walk on foot.]

You ask me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the person who ordered it.* You may remember that I often said, she would murder or marry him, or probably both; she has chosen the safest alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above scruples and hesitation. If Machiavel were alive, she would probably be his Heroine, as Cæsar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all so far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do anything with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with some Scythian as free from prejudice as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of Guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear

* The Empress Catherine the Second.

country, depose and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien nippé* at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *font equipage leste*. The German ones will give you, *seine Excellenz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

TO ARTHUR CHARLES STANHOPE, ESQ.

(Letters published in 1817, p. 107.)

Blackheath, September 29, 1764.

SIR,

I HAVE forwarded your letters to their respective owners. That to Edwyn Stanhope was a very proper one. You must know that our kinsman has very strong and warm animal spirits, with a genius not quite so warm, and having nothing to do, is of course busy about trifles, which he takes for business, and sits upon them assiduously, as a certain bird, much in request upon this day particularly, does upon a piece of chalk, taking it for an egg. My boy was with me on Thursday for the last time this season. He was very well, but had a little breaking out about his lips, for which I made him take a little manna, which has done him good. He has an excellent appetite, and prefers the *haut goût*, when he can get it: and the more so, I believe, because he cannot get it at school. I indulge him but little in it, when he dines with me; for you know that I do not deal much in it myself.

But when he spies anything in that taste at table, he begs so hard, that I dare not refuse him, having promised him, provided he learns well, not to refuse him anything he asks for: which promise he often puts me in mind of, without putting me to any great expense: for his last demand was a hoop to drive, value twopence. It is certain that there is a great deal of stuff put into his noddle by snatches and starts, but by no means digested as it ought to be, and will certainly be in time. When you write to him, pray tell him that his sister's application and knowledge often make you wish, that she were your son, and he your daughter: for I have hinted to him, that I was informed you had said something like it to Dr. Plumtre.

I am, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 306.)

Blackheath, October 1, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE been a long time in your debt, but I hope that my age and infirmities give me some privileges to compensate a little for the loss of youth and health. I am past the age at which a Roman soldier was *rude donatus*, which some have translated, *given to be rude*. I adopt that version. Since your friendship for me makes you solicitous to have accounts of my health, I will tell you that I am neither better nor worse than when you heard from me last. I am never free from physical ills of one kind or another, but use and patience make them supportable; and I own this obligation to them, that they have cured me of worse

ills than themselves, I mean moral ills, for they have given me leisure to examine, and reflexion to subdue, all my passions. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum*.

[I see that you are in fears again from your White Boys, and have destroyed a good many of them; but I believe, that if the military force had killed half as many landlords, it would have contributed more effectually to restore quiet. The poor people in Ireland are used worse than negroes by their Lords and Masters, and their Deputies of Deputies of Deputies. For there is a sentiment in every human breast that asserts man's natural right to liberty and good usage, and that will, and ought to rebel when oppressed and provoked to a certain degree.]

Are you a grandfather in embryo yet? That ought by this time to be manifest. When you shall be really so, may your grand-children give you as much satisfaction as your own children have done!

Good night, my dear Lord; I am most affectionately yours.

P.S.—Lady Chesterfield desires me to add her compliments to all.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 216.)

Blackheath, October 4, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your last letter, of the 16th past, lying before me; and I gave your enclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute

your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cosel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it: so many *minuties* concurring to increase or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which, by experience, I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermost farthing; but if you would show them *une galanterie*, let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *Commissionnaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*; who is your Comtesse de Cosel? Is she daughter, or granddaughter, of the famous Madame de Cosel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old, ugly or handsome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surprised at our tameness and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. [The reason is evidently this. Lord Bute is extremely jealous of the reputation of the Peace, upon which he has staked his own. And as the brat is singly his own, he would not have it appear sickly and rickety either here, or in other countries, and will therefore submit, rather than resent what he calls little infractions.] Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sus-

tained there. But France is not even so tractable ; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broken his parole. This does not do France honour ; however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time perhaps this century, when we might, with safety, be otherwise ; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so : and one may say, upon this occasion, what Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam*—.

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like most of them so little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name.* I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcass, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night.

* These tales in verse, which first appeared in 1762, were really written by Voltaire, though purporting to be by one Guillaume Vadé, deceased. The preface is signed Catherine Vadé, and thus begins : *Je pleure encore la mort de mon cousin Guillaume Vadé qui décéda, comme le sait tout l'univers, il y a quelques années !*

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 218.)

London, October 19, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. Lovel Stanhope came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds; that this Parliament had not sat above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted that you will have a letter from Sandwich, by this post to that effect, so that you must consider what you will do. What I advise, is this; give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the first part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be had to the two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last Session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expense of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thousand pounds too much,

considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think this proposal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make use of your seat this Parliament; and further, as it will secure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in case they meet, or fear to meet, with difficulties in any ensuing Session of the present Parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do *de bonne grace*. *Dixi*. God bless you!*

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 220.)

Bath, November 10, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of yourself, in your last letter. There is, to be sure, at such a town as Dresden, at least some one very skilful physician; whom I hope you have consulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your several attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laybach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that, in your last illness in England, the physicians mistook your case, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatism, and cured you. In my own opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatism; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can possibly be, and should be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling

* It appears that a new writ for the borough of St. Germain's was moved on May 22, 1765, and that William Hussey, Esq. was elected in the place of Philip Stanhope.

medicines and regimen, instead of those inflammatory cordials which they always administer where they suppose the gout, to keep it, as they say, out of the stomach.

I have been here now just a week; but have hitherto drank so little of the water, that I can neither speak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte seems settled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not so ill neither as he thinks himself, or at least would be thought.

I long for your answer to my last letter, containing a certain proposal, which by this time, I suppose, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God bless you, my dear friend, and send you better health! Adieu.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 221.)

London, February 26, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you, before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *Corps Diplomatique* and the Saxon Ministers is, *que*

voilà bien du bruit pour une omelette au lard ! It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation show yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from hence will allow, especially to Comte Flemming. The King of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *Corps Diplomatique* here assure me it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de frais*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday, without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 222.)

London, April 22, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3rd instant. I find that your important affair of the Ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and, I was sure, would not break with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority.

A propos of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a Bill to settle a Regency, in case of a demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a Bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended Bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it by the common post. You know what passed at first between Monsieur de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which both our Ministers and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur du Vergy published, in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters from himself to the Duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, *que ce n'étoit pas pour se servir de sa plume, mais de son épée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre*. This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Ministers; and they both puzzled on for some time without doing anything, because they did not know what to do. At last Du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the Grand

Jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Monsieur de Guerchy had hired him (Du Vergy) to assassinate D'Eon. Upon this deposition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually prosecuting Du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, *il y a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part*.*

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect, at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bless you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.†

* "Of Guerchy's affair you probably know more than I do; it is now forgotten. I told him I had absolute proof of his innocence, for I was sure that if he had offered money for assassination, the men who swear against him would have taken it!" (H. Walpole to Lord Hertford at Paris, March 26, 1765.)

† "Towards the end of his life he (Mr. David Mallet) went with his wife to France, but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765." (Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii. p. 429, ed. 1821.)

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 224.)

Blackheath, July 2, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22nd past; and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Ministry, but in vain; for, after a thousand conferences [between the King, the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Temple, every one of which, it was thought, would finally have fixed the new Ministry,] all things remain still in the same state which I described to you in my last. Lord Sandwich has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my Lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that the King has thought proper to re-establish his old servants* in the management of his affairs; for he shows them all the public dislike possible, and at his Levee hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to anybody else, especially to those who belong ever so remotely to Lord Bute. Conferences in the mean time go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me, at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophesy, that the whole will soon centre in Mr. Pitt. [Neither the King nor Lord Bute will ever forgive the present Ministry, the push which they made at Lord Bute,

* Mr. George Grenville, the Duke of Bedford, &c. The King had attempted to dismiss them, but Mr. Pitt refusing to accept office at this juncture, his Majesty was compelled most unwillingly to take them back again.

and Mr. Pitt and Company are unwilling to come in either with, or under him.

From thence, in my opinion, proceed all these demurs. But I would bet any money that they will be got over, and that both the King and Lord Bute will sooner take in the Devil, than *re-establish his old servants in the management of his affairs.*]

You seem not to know the character of the Queen. Here it is. She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother, and an unmeddling Queen. The King, loves her as a woman; but I verily believe has never yet spoken one word to her about business; [that is reserved entirely for the nocturnal conferences with the Princess of Wales and Lord Bute.] I have now told you all that I know of these affairs; which, I believe, is as much as anybody else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 226.)

Blackheath, July 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TOLD you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the Office letters, for all that has been done;* and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused. There was evidently some trick in this, but what, is past my conjecturing. *Davus sum non Oedipus.*

[You will perhaps ask me, who, then, brought about this change? To which I answer according to

* The formation of a new administration, the Marquis of Rockingham being on the 13th of July, 1765, appointed First Lord of the Treasury in the place of Mr. George Grenville.

my conjecture, but not knowledge, Lord Bute, who, exasperated by the strong push the late Ministers made at him, resolved to crush them, no matter, for a time, who came into their places, and left it to the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Newcastle to nominate their successors, as you may observe by the persons restored or promoted. There are certainly some secret articles to this treaty, which the contracting parties can reciprocally break through when they please. But is Lord Bute's favour decreased? Not in the least. He only suspends his apparent influence *en attendant mieux*. A man so irresolute and timid as he, thinks he has gained all when he has gained time.]

There is a manifest interregnum in the Treasury; for I do suppose that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts at least equal to his business, to which I dare say he will apply. The same may be said, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requisite for the executive part of those employments. The Ministerial part is another thing; they must scramble with their fellow-servants for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not so much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But surely some counterbalance would be necessary to the Family Compact; and, if not soon contracted, will be too late. God bless you!

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 227.)

Blackheath, August 17, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cause of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourself, let your Secretary send me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now seen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court, but, at the same time, I believe you have seen that there must be more, before a Ministry can be settled; what those will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I should say, that the whole will centre, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co., the present being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townshend calls the present, a Lutestring Ministry; fit only for the summer. The next Session will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will easily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*. [Lord Bute is certainly to be attacked in Parliament somehow or other by the *Outs*, and consequently must be defended by the *Ins*, who are only *Ins* by his means.]

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold; the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 228.)

Blackheath, August 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but four days ago your letter of the 2nd instant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good spirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Ministry, is a very just one; and that they have not yet the true seal of the covenant, is, I dare say, very true; at least, it is not in the possession of either of the Secretaries of State,* who have only the King's Seal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal,† [but I suspect it to be still in Lord Bute's pocket.] I own I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next Session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it will be the warmest and most acrimonious one that has been known, since that of the Excise. The late Ministry, *the present Opposition*, are determined to attack Lord Bute publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Opposition, *the present Ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiser and the Public Advertiser; in

* The Duke of Grafton, and General the Hon. H. S. Conway.

† The Duke of Newcastle.

which all the political letters are inserted, and some very well-written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord Townshend is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother Charles Townshend, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the newspapers, two or three days ago: *We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. Charles Townshend is indisposed, at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side, but it is not said in which side.*

I do not find that the Duke of York* has yet visited you; if he should, it may be expensive, *mais on trouvera moyen*. As for the lady, if you should be very sharp set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you, if she pleases. Pray tell me, in your next, what you think of, and how you like Prince Henry of Prussia.† God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 230.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very just one, lowers the King of Prussia's a great deal; and probably that is the cause of their being so ill together. But the King of Prussia, with

* Edward Augustus, next brother of King George the Third. He died at Monaco, September 17, 1767.

† Brother of King Frederick the Second.

1. The first thing should involve open hat rule and to
2. The second thing should involve open hat rule and to
3. The third thing should involve open hat rule and to
4. The fourth thing should involve open hat rule and to
5. The fifth thing should involve open hat rule and to
6. The sixth thing should involve open hat rule and to
7. The seventh thing should involve open hat rule and to
8. The eighth thing should involve open hat rule and to
9. The ninth thing should involve open hat rule and to
10. The tenth thing should involve open hat rule and to

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is essential to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it and identify the key factors that influence the outcome. This often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. After analysis, a plan or strategy should be developed. This plan should outline the steps that need to be taken to solve the problem or answer the question.

5. The final step is to implement the plan and monitor the progress. This involves carrying out the tasks outlined in the plan and making adjustments as needed based on the results.

By following these steps, one can effectively address a wide range of problems and questions. It is important to remain flexible and open to new information throughout the process.

which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to show the Duke of Kingston that he cannot live without her? A dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to show her civilities, *cela ne gête jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supple my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better, than I could reasonably expect to be, *anno septuagesimo primo*. May you be so as long, *y mas*. God bless you!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 307.)

Blackheath, September 25, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR letter gave me the pleasure of knowing your safe arrival in Ireland; but if you were as sick as usual at sea, notwithstanding my brandy and lemon, and your own saffron-bag, you sink it upon me, which is not quite fair to your doctor, who should always be informed of the success of his prescriptions.

As you are always as solicitous about my health as I am, and more so about my life, I will tell you that I am just as you left me, neither well nor ill, and hobbling on to my journey's end, which I think I am not afraid of, but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. That

moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please, and by the way those people have commonly the most reason to fear it.

Your Lord-Lieutenant* will be with you very soon, to meet your Parliament. Those first meetings are generally kind ones, and often much kinder than the partings. I really think he will be liked, for he is, in my opinion, the honestest and most religious man in the world, and, moreover, very much a gentleman in his behaviour to everybody. But what orders he may bring with him from hence, or what temper he may find you in, that may create differences, I cannot say, because I am sure I do not know; but this I know, that those amongst you who are wise will avoid quarrelling with England. I say this only for the sake of Ireland, to which I most sincerely wish well, and I believe that I am generally thought to do so. Do not think of mimicking our Parliamentary tricks in England, for they will not do in Ireland.

I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most; whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours sail easily and safely many years.

I am, &c.

* The Earl of Hertford.

To ARTHUR CHARLES STANHOPE, ESQ.

(Letters published in 1817, p. 144.)

London, October 12, 1765.

SIR,

IN answer to the favour of your last letter, in which you desire my opinion concerning your third marriage, I must freely tell you, that in matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice; because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge. You say that you find yourself lonely and melancholic at Mansfield, and I believe it: but then the point for your mature consideration is, whether it is not better to be alone than in bad company; which may very probably be your case with a wife. I may possibly be in the wrong, but I tell you very sincerely, with all due regard to the sex, that I never thought a woman good company for a man *tête-à-tête*, unless for one purpose, which, I presume, is not yours now. You had singular good fortune with your last wife, who has left you two fine children, which are as many as any prudent man would desire. And how would you provide for more? Suppose you should have five or six, what would you do for them? You have sometimes expressed concern about leaving your daughter a reasonable fortune: then what must be your anxiety, if to Miss Margaret, now existing, you should add a Miss Mary, a Miss Betty, a Miss Dolly, &c.; not to mention a Master Ferdinando, a Master Arthur, &c. My brother gave me exactly the same reasons that you do for marrying his third wife. He was weary of being alone, and had, by God's good providence, found out a young

woman of a retired disposition, and who had been bred up prudently under an old grandmother in the country; she hated and dreaded a London life, and chose to amuse herself at home with her books, her drawing, and her music. How this fine prospect turned out, I need not tell you. It turned out well, however, for my boy.* Notwithstanding all these objections, I made your proposal to my sister and her girl, because you desired it. But it would not do: for they considered that her fortune, which is no great one, joined to yours, which is no great one neither, would not be sufficient for you both, even should you have no children: but if you should have any, which is the most probable side of the question, they could not have a decent provision. And that is true. Moreover, she has always led a town life, and cannot bear the thoughts of living in the country even in summer. Upon the whole, you will marry or not marry, as you think best: but to take a wife merely as an agreeable and rational companion, will commonly be found to be a grand mistake. Shakspeare seems to be a good deal of my opinion, when he allows them only this department,

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

I am just now come to town to settle for the winter, except an excursion to Bath. I shall see my boy on Monday or Tuesday next, and I am apt to think that we shall be very glad to meet. I shall now soon know what to trust to with Mr. Dodd. I am, &c.†

* His godson, Philip, who on the failure of issue in Sir William Stanhope became heir to the Earldom.

† The advice given or rather hinted in this letter, however cogent, proved, as might be expected, wholly ineffectual. It appears from

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 232.)

London, October 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *sonica*; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flèche*. Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the Parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th of December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late Ministers threaten the present ones; but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other administration; he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present Ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them, *telle est la disette de sujets Papables*. The Duke of

Collins's Peerage that Mr. Arthur Stanhope took to his third wife Frances, daughter of — Broade, Esq. He had no issue by her, and after his decease she re-married the Rev. Thomas Bigsby.

Bedford swears, that he will have Lord Bute personally attacked in both Houses; but I do not see how, without endangering himself at the same time.

Miss Chudleigh is safely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that she tried, in leaving him so long; but it seems she knew her man.

I pity you, for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelm you; *je sais ce qu'en vaut l'aune*. It is, besides, expensive; but, as I look upon the expense to be the least evil of the two, I will see if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 233.)

Bath, November 28, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the same kind as yours; I mean pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a decision in favour of either, and have absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatism is

the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to ask leave, and I dare say you will easily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, supposing you have consulted some skilful physician, if such a one there be, either at Dresden or at Leipsig, about the nature of your distemper, and the nature of those baths; but, *suos quisque patimur manes*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worse. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one as is often suspected.

Here has been a Congress of most of the *ex-Ministres* [as the Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, Lord Sandwich, Lord Gower, in short, all of them but Lord Halifax]. If they have raised a battery, as I suppose they have, it is a masked one, for nothing has transpired; only they confess that they intend a most vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there seems to be a total suspension of all business, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*. I am very glad that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reasons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been sent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hotwell at Bristol. He is a better poet than philosopher; for all his illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill-success of his Gustavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift till I come to town, which will be before Christmas, at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

TO SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, BART.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 363.)

. Bath, December 8, 1765.

SIR,

I ALWAYS thought myself much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkshire, while you were in the hurry both of business and pleasure; your land-steward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleasure and profit: but I think myself still more obliged to you for your last letter, from your monastic retreat in the midst of Ranelagh Garden; the place in the world the best calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philosophical and religious solitude, uninterrupted, except, now and then, by the rolling of coaches, the sound of forty instruments of music, and the much shriller sound of the tongues of about two thousand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed; and, in addressing myself to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter: but confine myself to grave and moral reflections. For instance: see the dire effects of passion, or brandy, or both, in the case of Mr. ———, whose usual tranquillity and immobility have been transported to the most violent excesses, of assault and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom, I really believe, he never assaulted with so much spirit before: and if he gets the reputation of

madness, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many great folks, and a great many fine folks: the former met in Council, to consider how they should best serve their country in the approaching Session; that being their only view: and the latter, I mean the ladies, in the intention of serving themselves, or of being served right enough by others. But all these are dispersed, or dispersing, now; and, I believe, I shall follow their example soon, and take myself away from hence to London; where I am too material a part of the busy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer absent. But, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am very truly

Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 235.)

London, December 27, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still; and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be sure, had from the Office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting; and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting; I mean the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp Duty; which our Colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward

children of their mother country: the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent, measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping: and I would not have the mother country become a step-mother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a-year; and the Stamp Duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a-year; which I would by no means bring into the stock of the Exchequer, at the loss, or even the risk of a million a-year to the national stock.

I do not tell you of the Garter given away yesterday, because the newspapers will; but I must observe, that the Prince of Brunswick's riband is a mark of great distinction to that family; which, I believe, is the first (except our own Royal Family) that has ever had two blue ribands at a time; but it must be owned they deserve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the separation of men and their wives. Will Finch the ex-Vice Chamberlain,* Lord Warwick,† your friend Lord Rolingbroke,‡ I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for still living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well understood.

* See vol. iv. p. 11. of this edition. Mr. Finch had married in 1748 Lady Charlotte Fermor.

† Charles Cavendish, first Earl of Warwick, had married in 1742 Frances, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton.

‡ Frederick, second Viscount Rolingbroke, of whom see the note at page 38 of this volume, had married Lady Maria Spencer, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. A divorce ensued in 1768, and Lady Maria became the wife of the Hon. Tobias Fennelick.

I have this day sent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Christmas-box, which I suppose he will inform you of by this post. Make this Christmas as merry a one as you can; for *pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reste, rien n'est si funeste qu'un noir chagrin*. For the new years, God send you many, and happy ones! Adieu.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 309.)

London, January 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

THOUGH I too long delayed sending you my wishes of this season, I am sure you did me the justice to believe that I formed them as heartily and sincerely for you, as you could do for me; and more, I think, cannot be said on either side. We have known one another too long to have any doubts upon that subject.

The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the Channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them squirted out by my friend Dr. Lucas. Surely your Government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under Lord Harrington's Government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they

had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moorfields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then Ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was, however, wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.*

I have been unwell of late, and have been let blood twice this week, which has done me so much good, that I am now better than I was before my disorder ; but, well or unwell, I am always Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 237.)

London, February 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past ; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago ; this may easily be accounted for from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter ; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcase so much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days ; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains

* See Lord Chesterfield's letter to Captain Irwine of October 26, 1749, and the note appended (vol. iii. p. 381, of this edition).

in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be disappointed; for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is; it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and I amongst the rest, that the date of the present Ministers is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a New Style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Ministers had a contested election in the House of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry anything: the next day they lost a question in the House of Lords, by three, [Lord Bute at the head of this majority, and all his people in the minority of the other House.] The question in the House of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will draw from these premises, I do not know: I protest I draw none; but only stare at the present undecypherable state of affairs, which, in fifty years' experience, I have never seen anything like. [It is hard to believe that Lord Bute should desire to demolish the present Ministers whom he made, and who have turned out none of his people, in order to take in the last, who turned out his brother, and two or three of his chief favourites. But I remember that Dryden says somewhere, that *Politicians neither love nor hate*.] The Stamp-Act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great

numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be entirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P. S.—Lord Bolingbroke, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w——, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 238.)

London, March 17, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest: but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations, have been so frequent this winter, that they have almost lost their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, so I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for *Baden* I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are distinguished by some epithet, as *Wiesbaden*, *Carlsbaden*, &c. I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill

opinion of in all arthritic or rheumatic cases; and your case I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I shall be as secret as Hotspur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what she did not know; but, what is singular, nobody seems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, stare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Ministry, or in the Ministry, at least, are daily reported and foretold; but of what kind, God only knows. It is also very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the administration or not; the two present Secretaries are extremely desirous that he should; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance. I will say nothing to you about American affairs, because I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the subjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp-Act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; because I saw many more inconveniences from the enforcing, than from the repealing it. [N. B.—The repeal of it was carried in both Houses by the Ministers against the King's declared inclinations, which is a case that has seldom happened, and I believe seldom will happen. Lord Bute's conduct has been, through all this affair, extremely irresolute and undecided.]

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and assured me that he left you very well. He said that he saw me at Spa; but I did not remember him;

though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the ravisher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Present my respects to Count Flemming; I am very sorry for the Countess's illness; she was a most well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunswick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'avoit accablé de politesses.* God bless you.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 310.)

London, May 17, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter yesterday, and forwarded the inclosed according to your directions. It is true I was long in your debt; but it is as true too, that I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, *Non sum qualis eram*, [and, between you and I, I have such a distrust of my own parts, decayed I am sure, but how much I do not know, that I am ashamed to set my hand to what my head can now dictate.] My state of health, which you are always kindly inquisitive about, is just as you left it. I am too old to expect it to mend, and thank God it declines but gently, and I rather glide than tumble down hill.

I heartily congratulate you upon the good effects of your Bill, and it is almost a pity that you have no sins for this act of charity to cover. [As to the White

Boys, now that the Priest, Shehee, is hanged, there will be no Popish massacre. Massacres are now out of fashion in all Europe, and arts, sciences, and letters, which are always attended by humanity, are too well established to suffer those atrocious actions. I see, too, that the numerous French Officers, in white sashes, who are supposed to be training the White Boys to subdue Ireland, were rather in buckram than in white sashes, for there has not a white sash been known in France from the time of Clovis to this hour. The Papists are very quiet here, because we let them alone: and therefore do not provoke them in Ireland, where they are three to one.] Adieu, my dear Lord.

Yours, &c.

P. S.—My compliments to your son.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 89.)

London, May 22, 1766.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

You reproach me gently, but with seeming justice, for my long silence: I confess the fact; but think that I can, in some degree at least, excuse it. I am grown very old, and both my mind and my body feel the sad effects of old age. All the parts of my body now refuse me their former assistance, and my mind (if I may use that expression) stutters and is as unready as any part of my body. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that I delayed writing to such a critic and philosopher as you are. However, I will now trust to your indulgence.

I thank you for the book you sent me, in which

there is great labour and great learning; but I confess that it is a great deal above me, and I am now too old to begin to learn Celtic.

Your Septennial patriotic Bill is unfortunately lost here, and I humbly presume to the great joy of the patriots who brought it in; to whom one may apply what has hitherto been charged as a blunder upon our country, that *they have got a loss*. It is not the case with a Habeas Corpus Act, if you can get one, and were nobody wiser than I, you should have one to-day; for I think every human creature has a right to liberty, which cannot with justice be taken from him, unless he forfeits it by some crime.

I cannot help observing, and with some satisfaction, that Heaven has avenged your cause, as well and still more severely than the courts of temporal justice in Ireland did, having punished your adversary Foote in the part offending.* The vulgar saying, that mocking is catching, is verified in his case: you may in your turn mock him, without danger to your adopted leg.

Adieu, my good friend, be as well as ever you can, and as serenely cheerful as you please. I need not bid you grow rich, for you have taken good care of that already; and, if you were now to grow richer, you would be overgrown, and after all, *est modus in rebus*. I am, very seriously and truly,

Yours, &c.

* Foote had formerly, in his farce of the *Orators*, ridiculed Mr. Faulkner for a wooden leg. (See Lord Chesterfield's letter of July 1, 1762.) But "in February 1766, Foote had the misfortune to fall "from his horse while at Lord Mexborough's seat in the country on a "visit; and he lost his leg by this accident."—Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. p. 249.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 240.)

Blackheath, June 13, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of six weeks ; nor your mother neither, who began to be very sure that you were dead, if not buried. You should write to her once a week, or at least once a fortnight ; for women make no allowance for either business or laziness ; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both : however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my Midsummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of Ministerial affairs here ? I protest I do not know : your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *dérangement* ; consequently, a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the Seals, he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the House of Lords : he declared, *that he had no objection to the persons or to the measures of the present Ministers ; but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success ; and that he knew but one man* (meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt) *who could give them that strength and solidity ; that, under this person, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a*

pioneer; and would take up a spade and a mattock. When he quitted the Seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the same reasons that made the Duke of Grafton resign them: but, after their going a begging for some time, the Duke of Richmond begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mountstuart* was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. [Lord Bute seems to suspend the exertion of his influence for the present, and, like old Dayrolles and yourself, *il laisse faire*.] To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the best informed public, upon the present wonderful situation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of business at present.

I am in as good health as I could reasonably expect, at my age, and with my shattered carcase; that is, from the waist upwards: but downwards it is not the same; for my limbs retain that stiffness and debility of my long rheumatism, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and still more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourself very warm, especially your legs and feet.

Lady Chesterfield sends you her compliments, and triumphs in the success of her plaister. God bless you.

* Eldest son of Lord Bute.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 242.)

Blackheath, July 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor,* by your account, seems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which Princes are ever instructed; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgau, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better, or worse together; but I think rather the latter; for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The

* The Emperor Joseph the Second. An interview between him and the King of Prussia took place in the August following; and the two monarchs passed several days together, not, however, according to the first design mentioned by Lord Chesterfield, at Torgau, but at Neisse in Silesia. A second interview at Neustadt ensued in 1770. On this occasion Frederick paid a most graceful compliment to the ablest of his adversaries in the Seven Years' War. "Monsieur de Laudohn," said he, "come and sit by my side. I do not love to have you "opposite!"

King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity to analyse his Imperial Majesty; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian Eagle; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one. I wish I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they should, together with some of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alsace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre;* but I only say what I wish; whereas he thought everything that he wished practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great bustles at Court, and a great change of persons is certainly very near. You will ask me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I answer, I do not know, [but I am very apt to think Lord Bute does know.] My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume *qu'il aura mis de l'eau dans son vin par rapport à Mylord Bute*, [without whose protection in the Closet, he must have found out that there is no doing.] When that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Minister, as Minister, is very apt to be the object of public dislike; and a favourite, as favourite, still more so. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be some time next week, you shall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I shall never be free from

* The Abbe de St. Pierre was an amiable enthusiast, whose *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle* and *Polytechnie* were abridged and commented upon by Rousseau, and are now included in the works of the latter (vol. v. pp. 1-94, ed. 1828).

my flying rheumatic pains as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few is extremely indifferent to me: in either case, God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 244.)

Blackheath, August 1, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at last drawn up, the day before yesterday, and discovered the new actors, together with some of the old ones. I do not name them to you, because to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himself for? Lord Privy Seal, and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up stairs*, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Everybody is puzzled how to account for this step; [and in my mind it can have but two causes; either he means to retire from business, or he has been the dupe of Lord Bute and a great lady. The latter seems to me, of the two, the most probable, and] it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now certainly only Earl of Chatham, and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any respect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House

of Commons, (which procured him his power, and which alone could insure it to him) and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Ambassador to Russia; and my nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the Red Riband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I suppose he has notified to you this post, by a circular letter. [He has abilities, but is proud above them, so, pray, lay him on pretty thick in your answer to his circular.] Charles Townshend has now the sole management of the House of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a question which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham in his new dignity, which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are stupified and dumb-founded. If I mistake not much, he will, in the course of a year, enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss Chudleigh with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of Courts; to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester-fields.*

There never was so wet a summer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one single day, since March, without some rain; but most days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all these inundations, it has not been cold. God bless you!

* The residence of the Princess Dowager of Wales.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

A CARD.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 90.)

LORD CHESTERFIELD sends his compliments to his good friend Mr. Faulkner; hungers and thirsts after him; and hopes that he will take some mutton with him at Blackheath, any day or two days that he has leisure.

Blackheath, August 13, 1766.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 246.)

Blackheath, August 14, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past; and I find by it, that it crossed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The newspapers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am sure I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even those who are to make them: they will, I suppose, be occasional, as people behave themselves. [Mr. Pitt is now looked upon with the general joy of his enemies, and sorrow of his friends, as politically buried in the Earldom of Chatham. He is undoubtedly fallen into the snare that was laid for him by a man of much more cunning, though much less abilities than himself; and without inspiration, I will venture to prophesy, that he will have perfect *otium cum dignitate*.] The causes and

consequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet published by Lord Temple; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himself, I believe, but by some friend of his, and under his sanction. The former is very scurrilous and scandalous, and betrays private conversation. My Lord says, that in his last conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Ministry as Mr. Pitt, and consequently named Lord Gower, Lord Lyttelton, &c., for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord Temple broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where, I presume, he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able, to send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that respect, is tedious to those who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such extreme contempt of Lord Temple, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article.—“But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord Temple) not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality.”—I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half-sheets that swarm here upon this occasion; but that is impossible; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, espe-

cially in the City; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next Session, in the House of Commons; there being now nobody there who can have the authority and ascendant over them that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Hervey told you at Dresden, that I look very well; but these are words of course, which every one says to everybody.* So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 248.)

Blackheath, September 12, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year, at Baden, would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders; have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord Chatham's conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord Bute, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great offices, I believe, will never fit the same case.

* *On se porte toujours à merveille pour ceux qui ne s'en soucient guères !*
says Madame de Sévigné.

It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord Granby over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old general. All this to quiet the Duke of Rutland to a resignation, and to make Lord Bristol Lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of Guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God bless you; and, particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 249.)

Blackheath, September 30, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bourdeaux; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which, by experience, I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal sun, and the

sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet. [And *Venus rarius colatur*, as Boerhaave added, by way of postscript, to a prescription he sent me when I was in Holland.]

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will answer for it, there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world since my last; so God bless you!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 311.)

Blackheath, October 10, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM conscious that I have been long in your debt; and, were my letters of any value, I would make you my excuses for non-payment. The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly; my body totters, and my understanding stutters; but, I thank God, I am wise enough still, not to put either of them upon attempting, what neither of them could probably perform. I have run the silly rounds both of pleasure and business, and have done with them all. I think there is some merit in knowing when to have done. I have lived here at my hermitage in peaceful retirement all this summer, without any grievous physical ills, but at the same

time never quite free from some of the lesser ones. Upon the whole, I have no reason to murmur at my lot, it is better than I have deserved; and, as I have generally observed that there is a compensation of good and ill even in this world, I ought not to complain, considering the former part of my life, that the latter part of it is as wretched as it now is, I mean relative to my deafness.

You have a new Lord Lieutenant,* [who is to reside upon his benefice, and not give a small stipend to three curates.†] I have seen him once, and he seems resolved to do well. One thing I verily believe, that he will have no dirty work done, nor the least corruption suffered.

I give you a thousand thanks for executing the commissions, which I was impertinent enough to trouble you with; but I do not know so good a Master of the Robes as you are. You keep me in flannel, and you procure me linen, which are all the cloathings I want.

How goes it with your son, and also with your little grandson? for I shall always take a sincere part in whatever relates to you, being, with great truth and affection,

Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 250.)

London, October 29, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both asses and mares milk enough in

* Lord Townshend.

† The Lords Justices.

the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no doctor but a horse, and no apothecary but an ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant*; I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old age; but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this Session, which meets the 11th of next month: but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently everybody conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow, from Bath, where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *aides-de-camps*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois goutte*; and so God bless you!

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

(WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF HIS FOOTMAN.)

(Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 334.)

Bath, November 6, 1766.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP,

MY Lord told me as how that it was your Ladyship's orders that I should write you a card to acquaint you how he did after his journey hither; but with submission to his Lordship, I thought that that would be too great a presumption in one like me, to a lady of your quality, to send you such a card as we carry twenty times a day in town, and therefore I chose the way of a letter, as the most respectful of the two. For you must know, that we London footmen pick up a sort of second-hand good-manners from keeping good company, and especially from waiting at table, where we glean up some scraps of our master's good-breeding—if they have any.

To say the truth, I cannot very well understand why my Lord would rather employ my hand than his own in writing to your Ladyship; and if I dare say so, I think he was a good deal out in point of breeding; which I wonder at the more, because I have heard him say that there was nobody in the world that he honoured and respected more than your Ladyship, and that you was the oldest acquaintance, friend, and fellow-servant that he had: and, indeed, I believe he spoke what he thought; for you know he could have no reason for telling an untruth in my hearing, who was not then very likely to have an opportunity of telling it you again.

But to come to the point,—my Lord was very much fatigued with his journey, not being (as I heard him say) what he was *thirty* years ago—I believe he might have said *fifty*. However, he is pretty well for him; but often complains that he feels a sensible decay both of body and mind, and, between you and I, I think not without reason; for I, who see him every day, can, notwithstanding, observe a considerable alteration in him, and by no means for the better: and so I rest, with duty and respect, &c. THOMAS ALLEN.*

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

(WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF HIS FOOTMAN.)

.(Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 339.)

(Bath, November, 1766.)

MADAM,

WHEN I made bould to write last to your Ladyship, it was by my Lord's order, and, as he said, by your Ladyship's too; but I fear it is great presumption in me to trouble you now, as I do, upon my own account. The case is this: I received a letter some time ago from one Mrs. Wagstaff, whom I am not acquainted with, and so do not know in what manner to address her, but must beg your Ladyship's directions, for fear of offending her. If she is Mrs. with a surname, she is above the livery, and belongs to the upper servants; but if she be Mrs. only with her Christian name—as, Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Dolly, &c.,

* On receiving this letter Lady Suffolk applied to her neighbour at Twickenham, Horace Walpole, for literary aid, and he wrote at her request an humorous answer in the name of her maid, Mrs. Elizabeth Wagstaff.—See the Suffolk Letters, vol. ii. p. 336.

our cloth often looks as high as that, and they often condescend to look as low as us. Now, when I know Mrs. Wagstaff's station in life, I will either answer her letter, or refer it to my Lord's valet-de-chambre; for we of the cloth have lately improved very much both in style and propriety, by the great number of cards that we daily carry to and from the nobility and gentry, which are models of fine writing

Now, Madam, it is time to give you some account of my Lord, for whom you show so friendly a regard. He is as well as can be expected in his condition; as is usually said of ladies in child-bed, or in great affliction for the death of somebody they did not care for. Now, I heard his Lordship say very lately at table, that he was seventy-three complete, with a shattered carcase, as he was pleased to call it. To say the truth, I believe my Lord did live a little too freely formerly; but I can assure your Ladyship that he is now very regular, and even more so, I believe, than I am. But he is still very cheerful; and as an instance of it, a gentleman having said at table that the women dressed their heads here three or four stories high—"Yes," said my Lord, "and I believe every story is inhabited, like the lodging-houses here; for I observe "a great deal of scratching."* I thought this comical enough to tell it your Ladyship; and, to confess the truth, I repeated it as my own to some of my brethren of the cloth, and they relished it wonderfully. My Lord often mentions your Ladyship with

* "Lord Chesterfield rallies, with the good sense of his own and "the coarseness of the assumed character, the fashion of attributing "to him everything, good, bad, or indifferent, which anybody said." (Note to the Suffolk Letters.)

great regard and respect, and Miss Hotham* with great affection and warmth for an old gentleman. And so I remain, &c. THOMAS ALLEN.†

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 251.)

Bath, November 15, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th instant, from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance he dares not prescribe anything, as there may be such different causes for your complaint, which must be well weighed by a physician upon the spot: that is, in short, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own case, in 1732, which may be something parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerously ill of a fever, in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my

* Dorothy Hobart, niece of Lady Suffolk (see vol. iii. p. 94, of this edition), had become Lady Dorothy in 1746, on the creation of her father as Earl of Buckinghamshire. She married in 1752 Charles Hotham, Esq., who succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1771, and Miss Hotham, mentioned in this letter, was their only child.

† This is the last of the letters to Lady Suffolk, who died in the July following. The Editor of her Correspondence, and of her second husband, Mr. George Berkeley's, observes that "the collection" begins and ends with Lord Chesterfield; his letters are marked with "his characteristic elegance and wit, and his last letter is as gay as "his first, written fifty-five years before." (Preface, p. xxxii.)

legs, and swelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was shocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and consulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the least good; but, on the contrary, increased the swelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near six months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I resolved to consult Palmer, the most eminent surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. He immediately told me, that the physicians had pursued a very wrong method, as the swelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakness of the cutaneous vessels; and he must apply strengtheners instead of emollients. Accordingly he ordered me to put my legs, up to the knees every morning, in brine from the salters, as hot as I could bear it: the brine must have had meat salted in it. I did so; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint absolutely ceased, and I have never had the least swelling in them since. After what I have said, I must caution you not to use the same remedy rashly, and without the most skilful advice you can find where you are; for if your swelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying so powerful an astringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the best advice, upon a view of the parts.

I shall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monsieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I suppose, *sedentaire* at Basle, which it is not sure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a descendant of the French poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to see here, out of compassion, is in a most miserable way; he has had a stroke of the palsy, which has deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in some shape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the last great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as possible; and so *jubeo te bene valere*. God bless you.

TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 360.)

Bath, November 26, 1766.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty pretend to monopolize writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying: let the Faculty say as much of theirs if they can! I am very sorry to find that you have not been *vastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found Hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon enjoyment; and without which we should be, from our boasted reason, the most miserable animals of the creation. I do not think that a physician should be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own person, at least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable

and rational chivalry, a Knight could not even present himself to the adorable object of his affections till he had been unhorsed, knocked down, and had two or three spears or lances in his body; but, indeed, he must be a conqueror at last, as you have been. I do not know your Goddess Venus or *Vana*,* nor ever heard of her; but if she is really a goddess, I must know her as soon as ever I see her walk into the rooms; for *vera incessu patuit Dea*. It is for her sake, I presume, that you now make yourself a year younger than you are; for last year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of seventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you saw it last; it labours under no particular distemper but one, which may very properly be called chronical, for it is *χρονος* itself, that daily steals away some part of me. But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that *levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas*. And so good night, dear Doctor.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 253).

Bath, December 9, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel

* An allusion apparently to Lady Vane, too well known from her many scandalous adventures, and her own publication of them in *Peregrine Pickle*. She was then at Bath. "I cannot play at cribbage "by myself," writes Horace Walpole, "and the alternative is to see "my Lady Vane open the ball and glimmer at fifty-four." (To G. Montagu, Bath, Oct. 5, 1766.)

the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed three or four days at Nimes, where there are more remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town of Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that I ever saw; and the amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest: if it were in England, everybody would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now, just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which, I believe, will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions sur la Poësie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great town in France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me; but I can tell you that you will have none; for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. [Lord Chatham and Lord Bute are evidently united; and, indeed, without the consent of the latter, the former could neither have come in, nor continue in.] Eight or nine people, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which Lord Chatham made overtures to the Duke of Bedford and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his

Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Woburn: so that negotiation is entirely at an end.* People wait to see who Lord Chatham will take in, for some he must have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this Ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth Ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

TO SAMUEL DERRICK, ESQ.†

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 103.)

London, February 6, 1767.

SIR,

WHEN I left Bath, I thought I left your throne as solidly established as any throne in Europe. You ruled with lenity, and your subjects obeyed with cheerfulness. But such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that it seems a conspiracy has broke out, to distress, and even to subvert, your government. I do not see what I can do at this distance to assist you, knowing nobody at Bath but my brother and Lord Ancram,‡ who are both, as I am informed, much in your interest. There is a committee, you say, formed against you; form a counter committee of your most

* See some letters on this subject in the Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. pp. 134–139.

† Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.

‡ William John Kerr, Earl of Ancram, succeeded in 1775 as fifth Marquis of Lothian.

considerable friends, not forgetting two or three of our tough countrymen,* who are *Manu quam consilio promptiores*. Among gentler, but perhaps not less effectual, measures, you may call ridicule in to your assistance, and give their committee the name of The Committee of Safety, which was manifestly formed to destroy the then established Government, and (avert the omen!) did so. They begin with the reformation of your music, the Round-heads did so with the organs; but the latter meant more, and so do the former. The profit is the real cause of discord, and therefore I am afraid that some man of quality and fortune should avail himself of those civil dissensions, and come and swallow the oyster, and leave you and your antagonist only the shells. For my own part, I say, O King, live for ever!

I am your faithful and loyal subject.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 255.)

London, February 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you that I am alarmed about your health: and fear, that the southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

* The Irish, whom in this and several other passages Lord Chesterfield (as their former Lord-Lieutenant and constant friend) calls his countrymen.

I have no news to send you from hence; for every thing seems suspended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power, [*mais sous le bon plaisir de Mylord Bute, s'entend.*] In what little business has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more Ministerial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, since Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himself from that House, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his deputy.

I do not send you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the English printed papers; some of which, I presume, are sent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Essex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen,* who has 20,000*l.* down, besides the reasonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress, perhaps, in Europe, [and ugly in proportion.] In short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is, epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you guess what the women marry for. God bless you, and send you health!

* Lord Essex's first wife, the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, had died in childbirth, July 19, 1759.

To HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 256.)

London, March 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of last December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for I assure you that I answered all yours the next post after I received them; and about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you had been so long silent; and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th of February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too; though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find, that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age, and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence, Charles Townshend has talked of him and at him, in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of

the land-tax taken off; which was opposed by the Court; but the Court lost it by eighteen. The Opposition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reason; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other, if they stayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats*, while there was some liberty subsisting in France.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 313.)

London, March 12, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

You clothed me when I was naked, but I believe you have often done that to many others; so I will not trouble you with many thanks upon that subject. Your linen was very good and cheap, and your flannel very comfortable to my old carcase, during the last very severe winter, and I shall not leave it off even in summer; but, conformably to the laws of Ireland, I believe I shall be buried in Irish woollen.

[How are you now? I hope as well, and as strong as a man can be with safety, and without a tendency to the iteration of nuptials.] My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope, of Mansfield, [has most prudently yielded to those inclinations, and] has married a [girl of five and twenty, himself sexagenary. She is] niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know.* His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune.

Your new Lord-Lieutenant seems extremely well disposed to Ireland, and I really believe will do it all the good that his situation, and some deep-rooted national prejudices, will allow of.

Has your son taken either orders or a wife yet? Both these blessings are indelible. For my own part, I am as well as I could expect to be at seventy-three past. I have no immediate complaint of either pain or sickness, and *nihil amplius opto*; but our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me above fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly. I have survived almost all my contemporaries, and as I am too old to make new acquaintances, I find myself *isolé*; but I find too, upon self-examination, for which I have abundant time, that I am, most affectionately and sincerely,

Yours.

* See p. 436 of this volume. In Collins's Peerage the name is given as Broade.

To SAMUEL DERRICK, ESQ.

Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 241.

London, March 17, 1767.

SIR,

DID I not tell you when first these little convulsions shook your throne, that they would tend to fix and establish it upon solid foundations? This has happened, and I look upon your power to be, since your restoration, more permanent and more extensive than ever. It was the case of King Charles the Second upon his Restoration, when all his subjects were in haste to surrender into his hands all their rights and privileges. You are now in possession of all those at Bath, in as full and as ample a manner as the most absolute of your predecessors* ever enjoyed them. But I must recommend to you to use your unlimited power with moderation and lenity, and to reflect, that despotism is a state of violence which human nature abhors. How could you think me so bad a courtier, as not to be willing that my name should appear in the list of your flatterers? Make what use you please of it, but do not put me down in the list of your Ministers, for I do not like that profession. I cannot say that I approve of your Poll Tax, as a fund for your Civil List, for I am convinced it will prove a deficient one. Your Balls were a much better. Your Balls took in every body, and many could not refuse taking a ticket from you *pro tenua*, who will slip and shuffle out of the way of your subscription book.

I should be unworthy of my peerage if, now that you are King indeed, I were not

Your loyal subject, and faithful servant.

* Beau Nash.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 258.)

London, April 6, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nimes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin, I presume he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health; for as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the natural debility of old age, have never recovered the severe attack of rheumatism that plagued me five or six years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a situation that I never saw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been so ill, these last two months, that he has not been able (some say not willing) to do or hear of any business: and for his *sous Ministres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; so that everything is now at a stand. This situation, I think, cannot last much longer; and if Lord Chatham should either quit his post, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connec-

tion, stands the fairest for the Ministry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 259.)

London, May 5, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By your letter of the 25th past, from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself.

If you complain of the weather, north of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here, for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my promised fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed; and, what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking, that the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, *s'en-voient comme larrons en foire*, though the former was not appear in it, upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the Dissidents: I

am sure I wish them success; for I would have all intoleration intolaterated in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter; for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Russias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that those ignorant Goths would have dared to banish the Jesuits? There must have been some very grave and important reasons for so extraordinary a measure: but what they were, I do not pretend to guess; and perhaps I shall never know, though all the coffee-houses here do.

Things are here in exactly the same situation in which they were when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham is still ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, sent him repeated messages, desiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is resolved to support him *pour et contre tous*. God bless you!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 261.)

London, June 1, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 20th past, from Dresden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived safe and sound. This has been everywhere an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here still. Everybody has fires, and their winter

clothes, as at Christmas. The town is extremely sickly; and sudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to say to you upon public matters; things remain *in statu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen soon, perhaps next week; but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though everybody else does. I am apt to think that it will be a Mosaic ministry, made up *de pièces rapportées* from different connections.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very seasonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The King's inferior servants are almost starving.

I suppose you have already heard, at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon to be so, to Lady Egremont.* She has, together with her salary as Lady of the Bedchamber, 2,500*l.* a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will sound great *en écus d'Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the Empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the King of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

* Alicia Maria, daughter of George Lord Carpenter, and widow of Charles, Earl of Egremont. She married Count Brühl shortly after the date of this letter.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 262.)

Blackheath, July 2, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then, that your friend, Miss Cockburne, was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. Hamilton, an Irish gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an estate of above two thousand pounds a year.* He settles upon her 600*l.* jointure, and, in case they have no children, 1500*l.* He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once shot dead by her charms; but, as dead men sometimes walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his person and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, she very prudently accepted; for his person is sixty years old.

Ministerial affairs are still in the same ridiculous and doubtful situation as when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any business, but lives at Hampstead, and rides about the heath; his gout is said to be fallen upon his nerves.

* The names of this lady and gentleman were left blank in the previous editions, but are now (with the kind assistance of Sir Henry Ellis at the British Museum) supplied from the following entry in the *St. James's Chronicle*, June 27-30, 1767:—

“Saturday, at Greenwich, Henry Hamilton, Esquire, Member of “Parliament for Londonderry in Ireland, to Miss Cockburne, daughter “of the late Physician of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.”

Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languished. Two Lords are talked of to succeed him ; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillsborough : I rather hope, the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week ; but nobody guesses who is to succeed him as President. A thousand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition : he has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech ; notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since. God bless you !

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 91.)

London, July 7, 1767.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I AM to thank you, and I heartily do thank you, for your kind and welcome present.* You have clothed your old friend the Dean very richly, and suitably to his merit, and your own present dignity ; but, after all, the poor Dean pays dear for his own fame, since every scrap of paper of his, every rebus, quibble, pun, and conversation-joke, is to be published because it was his. It is true his *Bagatelles* are much better than other people's ; but still many of them, I believe, he would have been sorry to have had published. How does your new dignity agree with you ?

* A new edition of Swift's Works.

Do you manfully withstand the attacks of claret? or do you run into the danger, to avoid the apprehension? You may set the fashion of sobriety if you please, and a singular one it will be; for I dare say that in the records of Dublin there is no one instance to be found of a sober High-Sheriff. Remember Sir William Temple's rule; and consider, that every glass of wine that you drink beyond the third is for Foote, the only enemy that I believe you have in the world. I am sure you have a friend, though a very useless one, in
Your faithful servant.

I hope your fair fellow-traveller is well.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 264.)

Blackheath, July 9, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of the 21st past, with the enclosed proposal from the French *refugiés*, for a subscription towards building them *un Temple*. I have shown it to the very few people I see, but without the least success. They told me (and with too much truth) that while such numbers of poor were literally starving here, from the dearness of all provisions, they could not think of sending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned useless. In truth, I never knew such misery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purses of those who have either. For my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon

is only giving to masons and carpenters, and the treasurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing still continues *in statu quo*. General Conway has been desired by the King to keep the Seals till he has found a successor for him, and the Lord President the same. Lord Chatham is relapsed, and worse than ever; he sees nobody, and nobody sees him: it is said, that a bungling physician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worst distemper that a Minister or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos. [It will be what Lord Bute pleases.]

The Electorate,* I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as sturdy and inexorable as a Minister at the head of the finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be of some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, which scarcely anybody dies of: and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you!

* Of Saxony.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 314.)

Blackheath, October 16, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

My right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart being, I am sure extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. Nothing but the warmest sentiments of friendship could have carried you through the deserts of Ireland and Scotland, not to mention crossing the sea, to see an old acquaintance, whom it was ten to one you did not find alive at your journey's end. This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor. My general state of health is at present tolerable, that is, negatively well, but I continue very near as weak as when you saw me. My legs neither recover strength nor flesh, as I expected, and as I was promised by the skilful; and my two *valets-de-chambre* are as necessary to me as they were a month ago.

I shall remove to London this week for the winter, as the weather is now excessively cold and damp. Perhaps I may take my usual journey to Bath, if the faculty pronounce me free from all suspicions of a lurking fever. I do all I can to make the short remains of life as comfortable as I can; but if that will not do, I shall with the greatest resignation consider the physical ills of my old age, as a very slight and reasonable tax upon the errors and follies of my youth. I am, with the utmost truth and esteem,

Yours, &c.

P. S.—I thank you beforehand for the books you left for me at my house in town, for I have not yet seen one of them. I forbid their being unpacked till I came to town myself. I cannot read above a quarter of an hour at a time, for my eyes have suffered by my illness as much as my legs.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 265.)

London, October 30, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and have, in a great measure, lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most, for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I shall do as good courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire, and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are disposed of, come evidently from Lord Bute, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks, that if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left

all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a-year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had — from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington,* who was his next nearest relation; and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches of the world!

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 267.)

London, November 8, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say

* Henry Vane, second Earl of Darlington.

will not be refused. If you choose a worse climate, you may come to London; but if you choose a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday. *Utinam ne frustra!* God bless you!

TO SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, BART.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 214.)

Bath, November 30, 1767.

SIR,

I CANNOT conceive why you will not allow your letter to have been a news-letter; I am sure I received it as such, and a very welcome one too. However, I am glad you do not reckon it one, for that makes me expect another very soon, according to a good custom, which I hope you will not break through now.

I ask no politics, they are both above and below me. I have quite lost the clue to them, and should only bewilder myself, if I were to put my head into that labyrinth. The three great strokes of Lord — I approve of. The enclosure of the King's forests, now an expence to the Crown, and a great grievance to the country, will be an advantage to both, and I am astonished it has not been done long ago; but, for a general excise, it must change its name by Act of Parliament before it will go down with the people, who know names better than things. For aught I know, if an Act for a general excise were to be entitled an Act for

the better securing the liberty and property of his Majesty's subjects, by repealing some of the most burthensome Custom-house laws, it might be gladly received.

The two great weddings you mention have supplied the town with that sort of conversation which is the fittest for them. Custom, which governs much more than reason, has laid the tax of foolish expence upon young and rich couples, which is collected by folly. I do not entirely disapprove of that ingenious gentleman, who has married ——; he has rushed into the danger to avoid the apprehension, reflecting no doubt that, had he married any other woman of equal beauty, he must at all events have worn the fashionable badge of distinction that he now does.

I flatter myself that I am well with your brother, the Primate of Ireland, who is here at present in perfect health, and by much the fattest of the family. My brother's fit I take to have been only such a vertigo as I have had a thousand times formerly, when, if I had not been supported by two people, I should have fallen down. I have sent him my prescription, which, I am sure, will relieve, if not cure him, if he will but follow it.

Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 316.)

Bath, December 5, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED yesterday your very kind letter, which reiterates your solicitude for the state of my health. It is, in general, neither bad nor good; I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as

lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us; this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses; otherwise I am tolerably well for me.

I most heartily congratulate you upon the success of your son in his first pulpit. It is a pledge of still more, when his concern and trepidation, inseparable from his first attempt, shall be got over.

[I think your Lord Lieutenant* might as well have let his own caricatura alone, for who tied his hands behind him, if they are so tied, but himself? He must have known the conditions upon which he accepted his employment, and therefore, in truth, put on his own hand-cuffs himself, but at worst he can shake them off any day that he pleases.]

I hope you go on successfully in your charity affair, in which I am sure neither your zeal nor your diligence will be wanting. It becomes your profession, and your life becomes it. To you it is an ornament, to many it is a cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

May I beg of you to make my compliments to my old and constant friend George Faulkner, and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon, but that one letter a day is as much as either my head or my hand will admit of. When I go to town, which will be in about three weeks, I shall open all his packets, which lie there ready for me.

My compliments to your son. I make you none, for we have known one another too long and too well for that.

Yours, &c.

* Lord Townshend.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 269.)

Bath, December 19, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it, at my age; I have a good stomach, a good digestion, and sleep well; but find that I shall never recover the free use of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I first came hither.

You ask me questions, concerning Lord Chatham, which neither I, nor, I believe, anybody but himself can answer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I guess concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and spirits, except now and then some little twinges of the gout. We saw one another four or five times, at our respective houses; but, for these last eight months, he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends, *les sous Ministres*: he would receive no letters, nor so much as open any packet about business.

His physician, Dr. Addington, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish; and would neither see nor speak to anybody, while he was here. I sent him my compliments, and asked leave to wait upon him; but he sent me word, that he

was too ill to see anybody whatsoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his post-chaise, and he looked very well. He set out from hence, for London, last Tuesday; but what to do, whether to resume, or finally to resign the administration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our conversations here, this time twelvemonth, I desired him to secure you a seat in the new Parliament; he assured me he would; and, I am convinced, very sincerely; he said even that he would make it his own affair; and desired I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for some venal borough: and I spoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, that there was no such thing as a borough to be had now; for that the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least; but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord Chatham had done anything in it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and, as soon as I know it, you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord Chatham is *hors de combat*, as a Minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 359.)

Bath, December 23, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. White, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the same time said, that I might e'en answer it myself; for how the devil should he know how I did, so well as I myself did? I thought there was reason in what he said; so take the account of myself from myself, as follows. When I first came here, which was just six weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am so still. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moisy called only a *Febricula*; for which he prescribed phlebotomy, and, of course, the saline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the saline draughts did me no harm; which is all I ask of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general state of health has, ever since that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep. You will, perhaps, ask me what more I would have? I answer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free use of my legs, and of all my members. But that, I know, is past praying for. Perhaps you may be in the same case. Whom have you quarrelled with, or whom have you been reconciled to lately? The house of G——, or the house of M——? And where are you now; in Norfolk or Monmouthshire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vastly* well; for I am, very sincerely,

Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 270.)

Bath, December 27, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

En nova progenies!

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Post-master, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the Seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his repurchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be; but no more are yet declared. It seems to be a resolution taken by somebody, that Ministers are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is, next week, to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter.

I never knew it so cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep snow; by which, if it continues, I may be snow-bound here for God knows how long, though I proposed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here ; he mentions you often,
and with great affection. God bless you !
When I know more, you shall.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 817.)

London, March 2, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

MANY thanks to you for your friendly anxiety concerning my health, or, as the more fashionable phrase is, for your kind inquiries. As I told you in my former letter, I have, I thank God, neither pain nor sickness, and I think it would be both impudent and absurd in me to wish for better at my age, and with my constitution. It is true that I am very weak in my limbs, but I can walk for a quarter of an hour at a time upon even ground, which I do five or six times a day, for you know that *use legs and have legs* ; but I cannot go up stairs without great difficulty ; and I should tumble down stairs with great facility, if I were not supported by the rails on one side, and a *valet de chambre* on the other.

I do not comprehend your transactions in Ireland, but in general they appear to me to be *tout comme chez nous*. Courtiers want to keep their places or to have better, and patriots want those very places. By the way, I am apt to think that the patriot Members of your House of Commons are confoundedly bit, by passing the Octennial Bill, which I believe was never their intention. This is certain, that it will ruin a great number of your country gentlemen, who are as

election-mad as we are here. I reckon that this next summer will be the maddest and most drunken summer that ever was known in the three kingdoms; and, if the weather should prove very hot into the bargain, the Lord have mercy upon us!

My little boy* received your son's letter in due time, and will answer it soon; which he tells me he should have done much sooner, but that he has had a great deal of business of late upon his hands: doubtless very important! Pray make my compliments to him, and to his son, if born.

Adieu, my dear Lord: may you be for these many years as happy as you deserve to be!

Yours most sincerely.

TO HIS SON.

(*Letters*, vol. iv. p. 271.)

London, March 12, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter of the 21st past, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you desired; and I send you his answer enclosed: from which (though I have not heard from him since) I take it for granted, and so may you, that his silence signifies his Majesty's consent to your request. Your complicated complaints give me great uneasiness, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier physicians have mistaken a material part of your case; as indeed all physicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion you have no gout, but a very scorbutic and rheumatic habit of body,

* His godson, Philip Stanhope.

which should be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk diet, with the seeds, such as rice, sago, barley, millet, &c., for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies anything, (in which, by the way, I have very little faith,) you are, in my mind, in the finest climate in the world, neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this Parliament, at least not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord Chatham's promise, above a year ago, at Bath. He desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the Duke of Grafton, whose province it was to make the Parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reason; but, since that, Lord Chatham has neither seen nor spoken to anybody, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the Duke of Grafton, to know if Lord Chatham had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither; that all was full, or rather running over, at present; but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this acci-

dent; for I am of a very different opinion from you about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*

I do not pretend to give you any account of the present state of this country, or Ministry, not knowing nor guessing it myself.

God bless you, and send you health, which is the first and greatest of all blessings!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 319.)

London, March 29, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM ordered by my little boy to send you the inclosed for your son, which I hope you will do with my compliments: I thank you for your letter: and also for your red flannel, which I have received, and in which I am at this time very comfortably wrapped up. It is not worth either your while or mine to tell you of the riots and tumults which the general election produces in this island, as you will soon see a duplicate of them in Ireland. In this country it is Wilkes and liberty for ever, huzza! In that of Dublin, I suppose it will be Lucas and liberty for ever! For my own part, I say, *Beatus ille qui proulet negotiis!*

Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 273.)

London, April 12. 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 1st; in which you do not mention the state of your health, which I desire you will do for the future.

I believe you have guessed the true reason of Mr. Keith's mission, [which is to give a Scotchman something to eat for the present;] but, by a whisper that I have since heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as *Chargé d'Affaires*. I forgot to tell you, in my last, that I was most positively assured, that the instant you return to Dresden, Keith should decamp. I am persuaded they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reason in the world why they should not. I will send your annual to Mr. Larpent in a fortnight, and pay the forty shillings a day quarterly, if there should be occasion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no *Chargé d'Affaires* sent. I agree with you, that *point d'Argent point d'Allemand*, as was used to be said, and not without more reason, of the Swiss; but, as we have neither the inclination nor (I fear) the power to give subsidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that cost them nothing, as Archbishopricks, Bishopricks, besides corrupting their Ministers and favourites with places.

Elections here have been carried to a degree of frenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds a side, and George Selwyn has sold the borough of Luggershall, to two Members, for

nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the City, he set up for the county of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occasion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no light *for Wilkes and liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you!

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MON-
CONSEIL.

(Works, vol. iii. p. 331.)

à Londres, ce 14 Juin, V. S. 1768.

DANS le moment que je reçus votre avant-dernière lettre, j'envoyai celle qu'elle contenoit à Milady Holland.* Ne craignez jamais, Madame, que je remette pour un instant l'exécution des ordres, dont vous voudrez bien me charger, quand il dépendra de moi. Mais, hélas! qu'est-ce qui dépend de moi? La vieillesse, qui d'elle-même est un mal assez grand, et de surcroît les maux physiques, dont je suis accablé, me rendent également inutile aux autres et à moi-même. Je n'ai au monde que la lecture en partage; encore a-t-elle perdu beaucoup de ses charmes auprès de moi, depuis qu'elle est devenue une affaire de nécessité, et non de choix: on diroit que je l'ai épousée. Vos bons auteurs sont ma principale res-

* Lady Georgina Lennox, married in 1744 to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

source; car à present nous en avons très peu ici. Voltaire surtout, vieux et baissé comme il peut bien l'être, étant précisément de mon âge, me charme, à son impiété près, dont il ne peut pas s'empêcher de larder tout ce qu'il écrit, et qu'il feroit mieux de supprimer sagement, puisqu'au bout du compte on ne doit pas troubler l'ordre établi. Que chacun pense comme il veut, ou plutôt comme il peut, mais qu'il ne communique pas ses idées, dès qu'elles sont d'une nature à pouvoir troubler le repos de la société.

Je ne crois pas que vous me reprochiez de vous avoir endossé Monsieur le Général Irwine: car pour un Anglois il a des manières, ce qu'il faut avouer, est assez rare dans ce pays ici. Des François m'ont dit que notre nombreuse jeunesse à Paris a infecté la vôtre, et leur a inoculé beaucoup de nos manières impolies et brusques. Si cela est vrai, il faut que ce soit depuis peu—mais je sens que je bavarde trop; je finis donc brusquement, et sans vous dire l'attachement respectueux, et l'amitié inviolable, avec lesquels je serai toute ma vie, Madame, votre, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 320.)

Blackheath, June 25, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT send you a satisfactory answer to the inquiries your friendship prompts you to make concerning my health; for I am not ill, and am very far from being well. I suffer no pain nor sickness; but, on the other hand, I enjoy no health: I feel what the

French call a general *mal-aise*, and what we call in Ireland an *unwellness*. This awkward situation I impute to seventy-five, which will account for any physical ill; and mine is, thank God, more a privation of health than any one positive ill. *J'en connois de plus misérables*; though the greater sufferings of any of my fellow-creatures will never be the least comfort to me under mine.

I am very glad you have placed your son upon the first step of the ecclesiastical ladder. *Felix faustumque sit!* May he rise as high as he wishes himself! I chide my boy for not acknowledging his letter; but he excused himself, by saying that he had so much writing of his task upon his hands, that he had very little time. The truth I take to be, that to so young a penman a letter is a laborious work, and requires time.

[I take you now to be the only man in Ireland who is not drunk with your Octennial Parliament. Where interest and inclination join, reason, I doubt, will seldom prevail over them, and both turn now to claret. The constitutions and fortunes of many country gentlemen will be destroyed by this favourite Bill.

I say nothing to you about our great patriot, Mr. Wilkes. You have seen his sentence in all the newspapers, which some people, of course, think too severe, and others not severe enough. But I think with Sir Roger de Coverley, that much may be said on both sides.]

I congratulate the poor upon your being their champion, and you upon your success in so good a work. It becomes your honest and compassionate heart, and your character in the Church. Adieu, my dear Lord. I am,

Yours, &c.

TO HIS SON.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 275.)

Bath, October 17, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR two last letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than you are. A dropsy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned the temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs were swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropsy; but the faculty assured me that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the Duchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man to be so; he thinks too much of his distemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning among the ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here still, is in a most miserable condition ; he has entirely lost the use of his left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have, in a manner, lost the use of my legs ; for though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery !*

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 321.)

Bath, October 30, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS morning I received your most friendly inquiry after my wretched constitution ; the best that I can say of it is, that it is not worse ; but, I think, rather a shade better than it was six months ago. I can walk upon my three legs half an hour at a time, and repeat that exercise three or four times in a day ; which I could by no means have done when you saw me in my go-cart at Blackheath. I have now been here a fortnight, and am something the better for the water, especially as to bathing, which supple my old, stiff, and almost ossified limbs.

* Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died on the 16th of November following.

Here is a young man of your country, a Lord Mountmorris,* whom I take to be a very hopeful one. I am told that he has distinguished himself already in your House of Lords, as a speaker, [and as a thief-catcher. You are extremely well with him as a detector and punisher of robbers.†] He is very warm from the honesty of his heart, as a young and honest heart always is.

I find by all accounts that your Lord Lieutenant‡ is very popular, and will not enrich himself by the Lieutenancy. I even question whether he will get so much by it as I did; for I can assure you I got five hundred pounds clear upon the whole.

Good-night, my dear Lord. I believe I need not tell you that no man living can be more sincerely your faithful friend and servant, than CHESTERFIELD.

P. S.—Lady Chesterfield sends you many compliments, or rather truths.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IRWINE.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, November 21, 1768.

I BELIEVE, my dear General, that you are the first English traveller that could bring testimonials from Paris of having kept good company there. I know the reason of it; but I will not tell you, because I am

* Henry Redmond Morris had succeeded his father as second Viscount Mountmorris, in April 1766. He died unmarried in 1797.

† See letter to the Bishop of Waterford of December 5, 1763, *ante*, p. 399.

‡ Lord Townshend.

sure you know it yourself as well as I do. Our friend seems to know it too, and, in justice to her, I send you here enclosed her letter which you brought. In seeing my old acquaintance, the Maréchal de Richelieu, you saw without exception the greatest, but at the same time the prettiest, coxcomb in Europe. To be sure, he did not say a word of Minorca, Genoa, or Lower Saxony!

Your late debate about Corsica was surely a very idle one. How can we hinder the French from taking Corsica, but by a war with France? And how can we make that war? Where can we find the money for it? Where can we find a Minister to conduct it? and where an Eugene or a Marlborough to command it? Do not put the *Gentle Shepherd* upon me for all these *wheres*.* Besides, I fear there is a very sore place in this affair. What will you gentlemen of the Lower House do with Wilkes, the defender of our liberty? Do not wonder at my question, for I know that not a fortnight ago one Minister asked another that very question, and was answered, *I do not know*. As they puzzled themselves into this difficulty, I confess I want to see how they will puzzle themselves out of it. There must certainly be some secret article in Sir Jeffrey Amherst's treaty with the administration; for by all that appears, he has ac-

* "In the discussion of the Ways and Means (1763), George Grenville complained that men objected to laying burthens on the Sinking Fund, and called rather for new taxes. He wished gentlemen would show him *where* to lay them. Repeating this question in his querulous, languid, fatiguing tone, Pitt, who sat opposite to him, mimicking his accent aloud, repeated these words of an old ditty,—*Gentle shepherd tell me where!* . . . The appellation of *The Gentle Shepherd* long stuck by Grenville." (Lord Orford's *Memoirs of George the Third*, vol. i. p. 251.)

cepted of worse conditions than those which he rejected a month ago with such indignation.

My old kinsman and cotemporary* is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next; but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible; for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding!

It is a common observation, that blind people are apt to be talkative; and it is no less true (as you find to your cost) that deaf people are apt to be *writative*; but I am only so *quoad hunc*, and from a desire of expressing the true friendship and esteem, with which I am,

Yours, &c.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IRWINE.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, November 27, 1768.

SIR,

How can *un Milord Anglois* answer a letter *frappée au coin du bon ton de Paris*, where flattery passes only for common civility? I must content myself with

* Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, died four days before the date of this letter. His relationship (mentioned here and elsewhere) with Lord Chesterfield proceeded from the marriage of Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Stanhope of Shelford, to John Holles, first Earl of Clare, the ancestor in the maternal line of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham.

telling you, in home-spun English, that I thank you heartily for your letter which I received yesterday; and though I know you flatter me, I am extremely pleased with your thinking me worth your flattery. *Tu m'aduli, ma tu mi piaci*, is a very true Italian saying, which self-love, if sincere, would confess.

Conway's motion* was the only sensible one that could be made, now that the people called Ministers (as the newspapers call the Quakers) have bungled themselves into a situation of not being able to do anything quite right. They have puzzled themselves, too, into the same situation with regard to America. Shall they submit to the Colonies they have incensed? Or shall they proceed with what they call vigour, which is War, and drive them to despair? Honour alone commands: Pull both boots on; but common sense does whisper: Pull on none; and do not lose your exports, to the amount of fifteen hundred thousand pounds a-year, for a point of honour with Mr. Cushing and Co. This silly situation puts me in mind of a story which I have read some time ago; I think in the *Menagiana*. A very cholerick man was riding a very mettlesome horse. The horse, beginning to be a little troublesome, the man grew very angry, and whipped and spurred his horse furiously, who grew only the more vicious for it. A friend of his happened to come by, found him in this conflict with his horse, and said to him, *Eh fi! fi! mon ami! montrez vous le plus sage des deux!*

* On the 17th of November General Conway had moved for copies of all the correspondence between the Secretaries of State and our Ministers at the Court of France, relative to the affairs of Corsica. This motion produced a long debate, but was not carried.

I am much obliged to you, and through you to Madame de Choiseul, for communicating to me the verses of the Chevalier de Boufflers; * they are exceedingly pretty, and, had you not told me the author, I should have mistaken them for Voltaire's; a mistake, which no author could have reason to take ill. The ninth line is extremely pretty, though not quite new; but the last line of all is new, true, and wonderfully delicate; perhaps too delicate for our solid sound classical judges to relish, who will call it, *French tinsel*.

I will abruptly wish you good-night; and am,
Yours, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE (AT PARIS).†

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 277.)

London, March 16, 1769.

MADAM,

A TROUBLESOME and painful inflammation in my eyes, obliges me to use another hand than my own, to

* Stanislaus, Chevalier, and afterwards Marquis, de Boufflers was born in 1737, and survived till 1815. During his long career he was chiefly remarkable for light, and sometimes licentious, pieces of poetry. As a specimen of the former may be quoted his answer to Madame de Staël, who had asked him why he did not belong to the French Academy:—

“Je vois l'Académie où vous êtes présente,

“Si vous m'y recevez mon sort est assez beau.

“Nous aurons, à nous deux, de l'esprit pour quarante,

“Vous comme quatre et moi comme zero!”

† “The affliction (the news of his son's death) of itself was sufficient” (to Lord Chesterfield), but it was enhanced by another scarcely less “distressing piece of intelligence. It was announced by a lady, who “took this first opportunity of acquainting the Earl that she had been “married to Mr. Stanhope several years, and had two children (sons) “by him, which were then with her. Whatever Lord Chesterfield's

acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th past.

I am extremely surprised that Mrs. du Bouchet should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired to be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I desire, for my own burial, is not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, must be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commission to trouble you with, during your stay at Paris; from whence, I wish you and the boys a good journey home; where I shall be very glad to see you all, and assure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful humble servant.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 92.)

London, March 25, 1769.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

A VIOLENT inflammation in my eyes, which is not yet quite removed, hindered me from acknowledging your last letter sooner; I regretted this delay the more, as I was extremely impatient to return, through you, my heartiest thanks to the Dublin Society, for the honour they have done me, by remembering in so

“feelings might be at receiving this authentic information of a clandestine engagement, contracted by his son so long before, concealed with so much art and industry, and brought to light at such an instant, he did not confound the innocent with the guilty, but took upon himself the care of providing for the children.” (Maty's Memoirs, p. 352.)

advantageous a manner, and after so long an interval, an old and hearty friend and well-wisher. Pray tell them, that I am much prouder of the place they have given me amongst those excellent citizens, my old friends Prior, Madden, Swift, &c., who benefited and improved mankind, than I should be of one amongst heroes, conquerors, and monarchs, who generally disturb and destroy their species. I did nothing for the Society but what everybody, in my then situation, must and would have done; so that I have not the least merit upon that score; and I was aware that jobs would creep into the Society, as they do now into every Society in England, as well as in Ireland, but neither that fear nor that danger should hinder one from founding or encouraging establishments that are in the main useful. Considering the times, I am afraid it is necessary that jobs should come; and all one can do is to say, woe be to him from whom the job cometh; and to extract what public good one can out of it. You give me great pleasure in telling me that drinking is a good deal lessened; may it diminish more and more every day! I am convinced, that could an exact calculation be made of what Ireland has lost within these last fifty years in its trade, manufactures, manners, and morals, by drunkenness, the sum total would frighten the most determined guzzler of either claret or whiskey, into sobriety.

I have received, and thank you for, the volumes you sent me of Swift, whom you have enriched me with in every shape and size. Your liberality makes me ashamed, and I could wish that you would rather be my book-seller than my book-giver. Adieu, I am, very sincerely,

Yours, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE (IN LONDON).

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 278.)

Wednesday (1769).

MADAM,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was so taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How soon would you have them placed at school? When I know your pleasure as to that, I will send to Monsieur Perny, to prepare everything for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c., all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys should cost you one shilling.

I am with great truth, yours, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 278.)

Thursday morning (1769).

MADAM,

As some day must be fixed for sending the boys to school, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and settled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, send my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough House, with all their immense baggage. I must recommend to you, when you leave them there, to suppress, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderness;



which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new establishment.

I am with great truth, yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 322.)

Blackheath, July 9, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE only reason that I had for not writing to you sooner was, that I could not, which I dare say you will allow to be a sufficient one. I have, for these last three months, had an inflammation in my eyes, which hindered me from either writing or reading; and this letter is almost the first, as well as the most pleasing, service they have done me. You will easily judge how irksome it must have been to a man, who has lost his ears these last twenty years, to lose his eyes, though but for three months. It is losing my livelihood, for I live only upon reading, incapable of any other amusement. Nature has laid very heavy taxes upon old age; and I must pay my share of them, be it what it will.

I congratulate you heartily upon your success in detecting and punishing the worst sort of thieves, those sacrilegious robbers of the poor.

As for the Papists of Ireland, you know I never feared them; but, on the contrary, used them like good subjects, and to a certain degree, made them such; for not one man of them stirred during the whole rebellion. Good usage, and a strict adherence

to the Gavel-Act, are the only honest and effectual means that can be employed with regard to the Papists.

You do not tell me one word of your family, in which you are very sure that I interest myself very sincerely. Have you another grandson or granddaughter? and are those you have already all well? I look upon you now as a patriarch. I am sure you have all the virtues of any that I ever read of. I am, with the greatest truth and affection, Yours, &c.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IRWINE.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 367.)

Blackheath, August 6, 1769.

SIR,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter; it informs me of an event, which I should hardly have believed from a less authentic hand than yours. The journey to Wootton seems to confirm the re-union of the triumvirate;* but still it is a triumvirate, and a triumvirate consists of three, who, without an Athanasian unity, which is not to be expected, will be subject to accidents and jealousies. This I am sure of, that it is the interest of all the three to keep strictly united. It will alarm the administration; but still I think they will hold it out

* Wootton was the seat of Mr. George Grenville. A few months before a reconciliation had been effected between Lord Chatham and his two brothers-in-law, lately his fiercest antagonists, Mr. George Grenville and Lord Temple.—See the Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 349.

another year, by certain ways and means, which the payment of the civil debts will enable them to put in practice; and you well know, that the votes in both the chaste Houses of Parliament are counted, not weighed. Another thing will be of use to the administration, which is, that factious and seditious spirit that has appeared of late, in petitions, associations, &c., which shocks all sober thinking people, and will hinder them from going so far as otherwise they really would have gone. At the latter end of King Charles the Second's reign, the two belligerent parties remonstrated and addressed; upon which my grandfather Halifax told the King, That the remonstrants spit in his face, and that the addressers spit in his mouth. The Livery petition seems to be of the former kind. But enough of politics, which, from long disuse, and seeing them at present only remotely and through a mist, I must necessarily talk absurdly about.

As to my own decayed carcass, which you so kindly inquire after, I can only tell you that it crumbles away daily; my eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone; many other physical ills crowd upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy; and I would rather that death would distract at once, than groan long under the burthen.

Pray, how have I deserved some compliments in your letter? I cannot recollect that I have ever offended you; I never made you any compliments: and I am sure that I do not make you one now; when I assure you that I am with the truest esteem and friendship,

Yours, &c.

Pray make my compliments to *tutti quanti* where you are, with whom I have passed the most agreeable part of my life formerly, at Stowe.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 279.)

Bath, October 11, 1769.

MADAM,

Nobody can be more willing or ready to obey orders than I am; but then I must like the orders and the orderer. Your orders and yourself come under this description; and therefore I must give you an account of my arrival and existence, such as it is, here. I got hither last Sunday, the day after I left London, less fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the last part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I shall soon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to see either Monsieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholic* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the last time I went to see the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarterage in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but assure them, that I have not the least intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully, the two quarters together, at Christmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am sure you are so.

I am, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 280.)

Bath, October 28, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life, is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burden; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got some benefit by drinking these waters, and by bathing, for my old, stiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now out-crawl a snail, or perhaps even a tortoise.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare say, has been in some scrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of strength and resolution.

I am, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 281.)

Bath, November 5, 1769.

MADAM,

I REMEMBER very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du Bouchet, and see no reason yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at least nineteen widows in twenty had authorised. I had not then the pleasure of your acquaintance; I had seen you but twice or thrice; and I had no reason to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, so much, as to put perpetual shackles upon yourself, for the sake of your children: but (if I may use a vulgarism) one swallow makes no summer: five righteous were formerly neces-

sary to save a city, and they could not be found; so, till I find four more such righteous widows as yourself, I shall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can assure you that I drink here very soberly and cautiously, and at the same time keep so cool a diet, that I do not find the least symptom of heat, much less of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in consequence of having drank these waters: for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of summer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minutiae*, and my sister delights in them.

Charles will be a scholar, if you please: but our little Philip, without being one, will be something or other as good, though I do not yet guess what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone: that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life. Useful knowledge in my opinion consists of modern languages, history, and geography: some Latin may be thrown in, for the bargain in compliance with custom, and for easier amusement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words to be I am a scholar to be a bad one: he says, that water-drinkers are worse nightingales: so I am with that wish and excuse.

Yours &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 324.)

Bath, November 21, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks for your kind letter. You inquire after my health, in which I well know that you warmly interest yourself; but I can hardly return you a precise answer: I am turned of seventy-six, a sufficient distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age; the most irksome of them all to me is, that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts; but *melius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas*.

The Archbishop of Cashel,* who is now here, tells me, that, by your indefatigable endeavours, you have recovered near twenty thousand pounds for the several defrauded charities. He always speaks of you with great esteem and regard. Go on to detect such abominable sacrileges, infinitely worse than the stealing of a pulpit-cloth out of a church. Excommunication would be more proper for such robbers of the poor, than for the usual and slight causes for which it is commonly denounced. As for your political affairs in Ireland, I am not in the least surprised when I hear of the many and sudden variations of Patriots to Castlemen, and of Castlemen to Patriots; *c'est tout comme ici*; and money, which is the necessary medium of foreign commerce, is not a less powerful medium in domestic transactions.

You have nothing of a Pope about you, not even

* Dr. Michael Cox.

the nepotism, or by this time you might have done better for your son, to whom I desire my compliments. I hope you will live long enough to provide for him abundantly, notwithstanding all your moderation.

Lady Chesterfield, who charges me with her compliments to you, has been very much out of order here, of a disorder in her stomach and bowels; but is now so much better, that we shall set out for London in a couple of days.

My old friend George Faulkner sent me the other day a pamphlet relative to the present state of Ireland, as to trade, commerce, absentees, &c. which, if it states matters fairly, as I have but too much reason to believe it does, proves that Ireland must in a few years be undone. Adieu, my dear Lord.

I am, &c.

TO ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 93.)

London, January 2, 1770.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I RETURN you many thanks for your letter, with the inclosed papers which I received yesterday. You say with great truth that you are all in confusion in Ireland; but I will say nothing upon that subject. I am much obliged to the Dublin Society for thinking my busto worth putting up among so many better heads: my head never did Ireland much good; but, upon my word, my heart always wished it, and if it loves me a little, it is but love for love. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction among you; but I hope it will not run into faction, which is too much the case in

England at present; be angry, but sin not. I am sorry to find, by your votes, that you persist in your Militia scheme. Of your five or six thousand Militiamen there will be at least one half Papists; and would you put arms into their hands, and discipline in their heads? Those who were the most for the Militia here at first are sick of it now, and have at last found out that it is only an addition of thirty thousand men to our regular army of twenty thousand, and full as dangerous to the constitution. I find every day, more and more, that it is not without reason, that many years ago I looked upon you as the Atticus of Ireland; for in all these bustles you stand unmoved, and uncensurable, and enjoy the storm by growing very rich in the midst of it. Adieu, and many happy years to you! I am very sincerely Yours, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 326.)

London, March 11, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE correspondents I have left, though few, must forgive my irregularity, and accept my intentions instead of my letters, especially you, who I am sure will never doubt of the truth of mine. I am an anomalous noun, and scarcely a substantive one. My eyes are not what they were a few years ago; and my understanding, if I may use that expression for want of a better, stutters. In short, without any immediate distemper, I feel most sensibly the complaints of old age; however, I am thankful that I feel none of those

torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life; and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, but I am sure with resignation. Upon the whole, I have had no reason to complain of my lot, though reason enough to regret my abuse of it.

I am sorry that you met with so many rubs in your commendable endeavours to do justice to the poor.

You do not seem to be very quiet in Ireland; but, I can assure you, you are so in comparison of what we are now in England. A factious spirit on one side has seized three parts of the kingdom, and a most notorious incapacity distinguishes the administration: what this collision may produce, God only knows; but I confess I fear. Good-night, my dear Lord. I need not tell you, and I am sure I cannot tell you, how sincerely and affectionately I am Yours.

P. S.—Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

There seems to be an infectious distemper in the house of Stanhope; your acquaintance, Arthur,* died about ten days ago, as did his next brother Sir Thomas† three days after. I suppose I am too old and too tough to take the infection.

* Arthur Charles Stanhope, Esq., of Mansfield.

† A Captain in the navy. He had the honour to command the *Swiftsure*, a seventy-four gun ship, at the battle off Lagos, in 1759, and also in the battle off Quiberon in the same year.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 327.)

London, June 14, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE long told you, and you have as long found, that I was an anomalous noun, I can hardly say a substantive; for I grow weaker and weaker every day, particularly in my legs and my thighs, so that I can walk very little at a time, and am obliged to take my share of exercise by several snatches in the day; but this is by no means the worst part of my present case; for the humour that has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather increases than decreases, and to a degree that makes writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have: if I should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all men the most miserable.

You know that you have long been in possession of clothing me; and I must now apply to you to do so again, not only as an act of friendship, but of charity, for I have not a shirt to my back. I therefore must beg of you to procure me some Irish linen to make me four dozen of shirts, much about the same fineness and price of the last which you got me. I know you too well to make any excuses for giving you this trouble. Adieu! my dear Lord: you know my sentiments with regard to you too well for me to mention them. I am

Yours, &c.

P. S.—Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 829.)

London, August 15, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE linen, which you were so kind as to procure me, dropped out of the clouds into my house in town last week, and is declared, by better judges than I am, very good, and very cheap. I shall not thank you for it; but, on the contrary, expect your thanks for giving you an opportunity of doing what always gives you pleasure, *clothing the naked*. I am sure that, could you equally relieve all my other wants, you would; but there is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience; and, as I have many of Job's ills, I thank God, I have some of his patience too; and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth.

I send you here inclosed some melon-seed, of the best and largest Cantelupe kind; and also of the green Persian sort, as much as I can venture at one time with the post; but, as none can be sown at this time of the year, I will from time to time send you more, so that you shall have of different kinds before the season. Adieu, my dear Lord; my eyes will have it so.



TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.*

(Works, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 105.)

Bath, October 22, 1770.

MY LORD,

I CONSIDER Lord and Lady Sudley's passing through Geneva as a fortunate accident for me, as it was the occasion of reviving me in your Lordship's memory, for whom I always had the greatest regard and esteem. The advantageous testimony which my kinswoman Lady Stanhope† bore of Lord and Lady Sudley, in a letter to me, ought to have the greater weight, as it was unasked and unbiassed; for she could not know the part I took in everything that concerned you: and I have been so long out of the world, that I did not know who Lord and Lady Sudley were, till I was informed by my old friend George Faulkner. Having mentioned him, give me leave to set your Lordship right as to a very great mistake in a letter from you to him, which he showed me. Your Lordship says there, that you thought I looked coldly upon you for having proposed, in the House of Commons, the augmentation of four or five thousand men. Now I assure your Lordship, upon my honour, that I had no such intention: it is true I disapproved of the motion, which I thought at that time unnecessary, and I think time

* Sir Arthur Gore, Bart., created in 1758 Earl of Arran, in the peerage of Ireland. His eldest son, Lord Sudley, had married in 1760 the daughter of Lord Glerawley.

† Griselda, sister of Thomas, seventh Earl of Haddington, and wife of Philip, second Earl Stanhope. Surviving till her ninety-third year, till December, 1811, her long life was distinguished (as the Editor hopes he may be pardoned for here commemorating) by the most affectionate feelings towards her family, a cheerful piety, an ever-ready benevolence, and an exemplary discharge of every social duty.

has justified my opinion. I had always a great contempt for that extravagant attempt of the Pretender, which, though it scattered shameful terrors both here and in Ireland, I own never gave me one moment's uneasiness. In all events, I thought the affair must be decided one way or the other before the troops proposed could be raised and tolerably disciplined; but I well knew, that the half-pay of the officers would remain for many years a burden upon Ireland, which I was unfashionable enough to consider, and to prevent if I could; but I had not the least reason to be displeased with whoever proposed or voted for that question; on the contrary, it flattered my vanity in giving me the nomination of all the officers, and might have flattered my purse still more, had I been an infamous corrupt rascal. I never tampered with votes, nor ever made the least distinction in my reception of the Members of either House upon account of their political conduct; nor indeed could I well do it, for your Lordship well knows that I met with no difficulty or opposition during my short administration: you all judged favourably, and give me leave to add justly, of my intentions, and in consideration of them excused my errors. When I returned from Ireland, I thought that the weight of property was too unequally divided between the two Houses, and preponderated too much on the side of the House of Commons; and, therefore, I laid a list before the late King of six Commoners, of the largest property and the best characters, to be made Peers, in which list I give your Lordship my word and honour you was one: the King approved of it; but fate soon disposed of me in another department, much against my incli-

nations. Since that time I have ever heartily, though ineffectually, wished the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and shall always value myself upon its good opinion. I ask pardon for this tedious letter, relative only to times past; but I plead the privilege of seventy-six years of age, which is always apt to be garrulous.

I am, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 282.)

Bath, October 9, 1770.

MADAM,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myself, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confess care and anxiety; for, while I am to crawl upon this planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at least of an insect. How far these waters will restore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aspire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week; the only difference I hitherto find is, that I sleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourself, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the pine plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber; however, somebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as somebody or other will fell and sell the oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, &c.

your friend to you, which I return you here inclosed, according to your desire.

I now see your Irish affairs at too great a distance, both of time and place, to form any just opinion upon them; but this I will confess to you, that the present situation does not at all flatter my good wishes for the peace and prosperity of Ireland. I hope things will mend, and I am sure there is great room for them to do so. Adieu, my friend. I am, &c.

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 380.)

London, August 12, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter three days ago, and make haste to acknowledge it, never knowing, nor guessing what may happen to me from one day to another. I am most prodigiously old, and every month of the calendar adds at least a year to my age. My hand trembles to that degree that I can hardly hold my pen,* my understanding stutters, and my memory fumbles. I have exhausted all the physical ills of Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom of it; but who can hope at seventy-seven? One must only seek for little comforts at that age. One of mine is, that all my complaints are rather teasing than torturing; and my lot, compared with that of many other people's, who deserve a better, seems rather favourable. Philosophy, and confidence in the mercy

* "The original of this is written in a very trembling hand."—
Note by the Bishop of Waterford.

of my Creator, mutually assist me in bearing my share of physical ills, without murmuring.

I send you here inclosed two little papers of melon-seed, of the best kind I ever tasted; and I shall from time to time send you more, as you cannot sow any till February.

I had the pleasure of your son's company at dinner six weeks ago, where he met Lord Bristol, who observed exactly his diet, in eating no animal food, and drinking no wine, and is in better health and spirits than I ever knew him. I am glad that he goes to Nice, which I have known to do a great deal of good to many people in his case. May you and he have all you wish for!

Adieu, my dear Lord; I am, to you and yours, &c.

TO MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 284.)

Bath, October 27, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence, more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the enclosed.

I am not at all surprised at Mr. ——'s conversion; for he was, at seventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dullness. I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.



TO CHARLES AND PHILIP STANHOPE.

(Letters, vol. iv. p. 285.)

Bath, October 27, 1771.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, two of the best written letters that I ever saw in my life; the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well, that one can almost say of you two, *et cantare pares et respondere parati?* Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at school, from your intimacy with Master Strangeways; and that they call you Master *Strangerways*; for to be sure, you are a strange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bless you both!

TO THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 831.)

London, December 19, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some

philosophy,) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear Lord. May this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours most affectionately and sincerely.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, September 10, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I KNOW, by long experience of your friendship, that you will not grudge in a manner any trouble that I may desire of you, that can either be of use or pleasure to me. My present request to you is of that kind.

I have had several letters from the boy* since he has been abroad, and hitherto all seems to go very well between him and M. d'Eyverdun.† But I am too old to trust to appearances, and therefore I will beg of you to write to M. d'Eyverdun, and desire him to

* His godson, Philip Stanhope.

† A Swiss gentleman, who had been selected as travelling governor to Mr. Stanhope.

send you a confidential letter concerning everything good or bad of his *élève*, and I promise you upon my honour not to discover the secret correspondence to any mortal living. You must be sensible of the great importance which it is of for me, to be thoroughly informed of his faults as well as of his perfections (if he has any); and this is, if not the only one, I am sure the best, method of my knowing them really and truly.

I am rather better than I was when you saw me last, but indeed very little, and extremely weak. I hope you and *tutti quanti* are in a better plight. My compliments to them all, and believe me to be, what I sincerely am,
Yours, &c.

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.

(Works, vol. iv. p. 209.)

Blackheath, September 17, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I ACKNOWLEDGE my blunder; for how should the boy and Monsieur d'Eyverdun have communicated to you their direction without inspiration; which, though you are a very devout man, I don't believe has been granted you. The direction is very short; To Monsieur d'Eyverdun at Leipsig; and I send all my letters by the common post, and not one of them has miscarried.

I am very angry at the return of Mrs. Dayrolles's old complaint, especially as she is out of the call of Doctor Warren; but I am glad to hear, that your olive-branches are all well. Good night to you.

Yours, &c.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, ESQ.*

(Now first printed entire.)

Blackheath, September 24, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE just now received your letter, and likewise the copy of that which, at my request, you wrote to Monsieur d'Eyverdun. I think it must have its effect, and that I shall be able to find out by it how matters go on at Leipsig.

I am extremely sorry for Mrs. Dayrolles's situation,

* This, and the two last preceding letters to Mr. Dayrolles (Sept. 10, 17, and 24, 1772), are not in Lord Chesterfield's writing, with the exception of the signatures, which appear greatly altered, indicating a most feeble and tremulous hand. His strength was now, indeed, gradually giving way, and (as already stated in the Preface) he expired on the 24th of March ensuing, "having enjoyed," says the Editor of the Suffolk Correspondence, "the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man ever, perhaps, obtained from his contemporaries."

As a proof of the tender regard which his widow continued to entertain for his memory, the Editor will here subjoin (from the original MS.) a letter which she wrote to Mr. Dayrolles, who, it seems, was supplying some notes for Dr. Maty's intended biography.

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD TO S. DAYROLLES, ESQ.

à Londres, ce 13 Août, 1773.

MONSIEUR,

QUOIQUE j'aie une fluctuation à un œil, je n'ai voulu tarder de vous dire avec quelle satisfaction et plaisir j'ai reçu votre lettre, accompagnée des circonstances de la vie de ce très cher et très digne homme feu my Lord Chesterfield. Je crois que personne au monde auroit été assez habile ni assez ami, pour avoir pu mettre si bien au jour et étaler son mérite et ses rares talens comme vous avez fait. Comme j'avois cela fort à cœur, je vous en suis, Monsieur, d'autant plus obligée, et souhaiterois de pouvoir vous faire voir par mes remerciemens jusqu'où va ma reconnaissance, et combien je suis, avec toute l'estime possible,

M. CHESTERFIELD.

but I am a little in her case ; for it is now four months since I have been labouring under a diarrhoea, which our common Doctor Warren has not been able to cure. To be nearer him, and all other helps, I shall settle in town this day se'nnight, which is the best place for sick people, or well people, to reside at, for health, business, or pleasure. God bless you all.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.







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